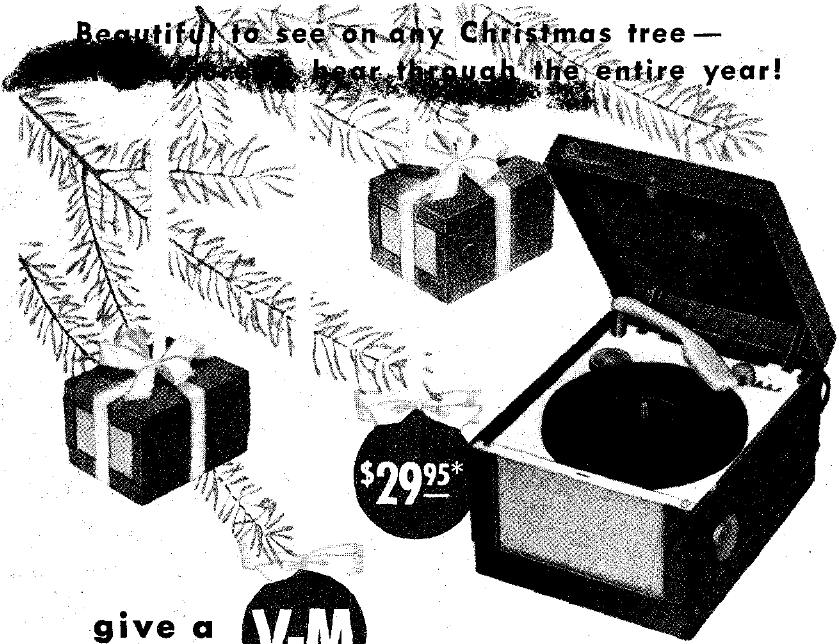
DECEMBER 25c

Coronet

[redacted]

Beautiful to see on any Christmas tree — wonderful to hear through the entire year!



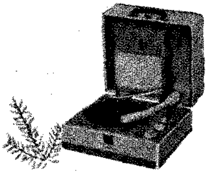
give a V-M

tri-o-matic®
tri-o-speed®

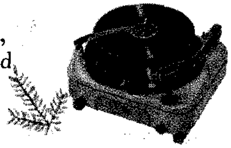
PHONOGRAPH

The Jewel Case V-M tri-o-speed
121 Portable Phonograph
Plays 16 rpm Talking Book Speed

Select the rich-toned V-M Jewel Case for the tuneful treasure it can give the loved ones on your list. This "smallest of all" 4-speed manual phono plays records of all speeds, all sizes (even 12″ records). Fine quality speaker is custom-matched to case for faithful tonal reproduction. You must hear it to believe its purity and power! Colorful case is available in glowing Satin Red or Green, tone arm and grille are gold. Manufactured by V-M Corporation, Benton Harbor, Michigan, world's largest manufacturer of phonographs and record changers exclusively.



V-M tri-o-matic 990 Portable Automatic three speed Phonograph. Has big folded horn speaker in lid. **$69.95*.**



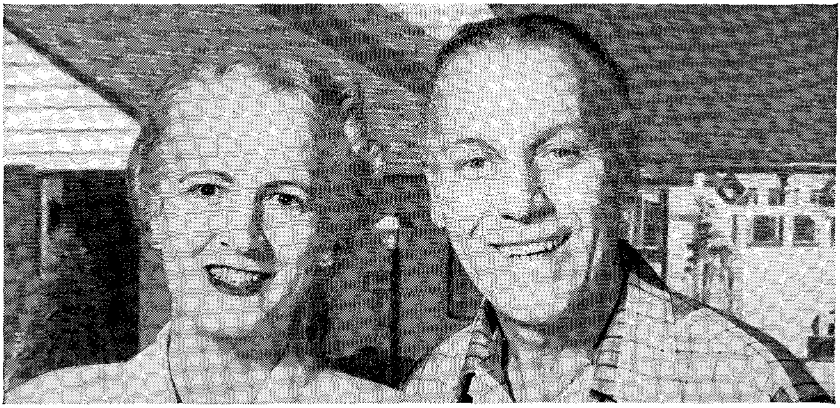
V-M tri-o-matic 972 Table Model Automatic three speed Phonograph. Has convenient Siesta Switch. **$59.95*.**

The Recorded Voice of Music

LOOK FOR THE VM U.L. Approved

**Slightly higher in the west.*

See, try, hear ALL these V-M models. See your V-M dealer.



How we retired in 15 years with $250 a month

"Odd as it seems, it wasn't till fifteen years ago that Ruth and I found the one sure way to retire. And that's how we're living as we are here in New England, with $250 coming every month, guaranteed for life!

"We'd saved a little when times were good in the twenties. But the little business we put it into collapsed in the depression. I began to realize that it takes long, careful training to become an expert on investments—training I didn't have.

"And more than that, I was 40. I couldn't take chances. I wanted to retire young enough to enjoy life.

"Probably I'd seen those Phoenix Mutual Retirement Income Plan ads often. I meant to write in sometime. But then one day another Phoenix ad caught my eye . . . It showed how a man my age—40—could retire in fifteen years—with his income guaranteed for life.

"So I clipped the coupon. Soon I had a booklet that described Phoenix Mutual Plans fully. I saw I could get $250 guaranteed every month starting at 55. All during the fifteen years, Ruth and the children would be protected with life insurance.

"Soon, I applied and qualified for my own Phoenix Mutual Plan. Fifteen years flew by. Two years ago we got our first check and retired. It's just as we planned it. We're taking life easy, with time for trips, for friends, for really living. And we're financially independent for life!"

SEND FOR FREE BOOKLET. This story is typical. Assuming you start at a young enough age, you can plan to have an income of $10 to $250 a month or more—beginning at age 55, 60, 65 or older. Send the coupon and receive by mail and without charge, a booklet which tells about Phoenix Mutual Plans. Similar plans are available for women. Don't put it off. Send for your copy now.

ESTABLISHED 1851

PHOENIX MUTUAL

Retirement Income Plan

GUARANTEES YOUR FUTURE

PLAN FOR MEN

PLAN FOR WOMEN

Phoenix Mutual Life Insurance Co.
950 Elm Street, Hartford 15, Conn.

Please send me, without cost or obligation, the booklet checked below, describing retirement income plans.

Plan for Men ☐ Plan for Women ☐

Name______________________________

Date of Birth____________________________

Business Address_________________________

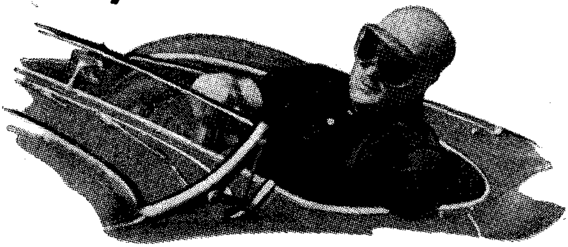
____

Home Address___________________________

Copyright 1953, By Phoenix Mutual Life Insurance Company

"The finest automobile engine in the world is no better than its weakest spark plug!"

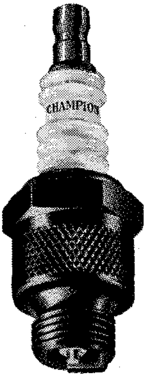
—says Tom McCahill



TOM McCAHILL, well known, free-lance automotive journalist whose test reports of American and European cars appear regularly in *Mechanix Illustrated* magazine.

"I've been around automobiles for a long time and have road-tested practically every make of hack put together on these shores or across the pond. You learn a lot about any engine when you start dishing out the punishment. But there's one thing you discover quickly—the finest engine in the world is no better than its weakest spark plug.

"Spark plugs may look small and unimportant but, brother, if you want that mill of yours to unleash all its horses, make sure you have the best spark plugs money can buy. That's where Champions take the spotlight. I've had Champions go on delivering the mail in car tests that were downright brutal. Furthermore, I've watched Champion-equipped cars cream everything in sight in the world's great speed, endurance and reliability runs—from Indianapolis "500" to the LeMans 24-Hours.



"So take a tip from your Uncle Tom, and get set for winter driving by putting dependable Champion Spark Plugs in your car. They're your best assurance of positive starting and worry-free motoring when, 'the north wind doth blow and we shall have snow'."

CHAMPION SPARK PLUG COMPANY, TOLEDO 1, OHIO

Coronet

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Photograph by Tana Hoban from Rapho-Guillumette

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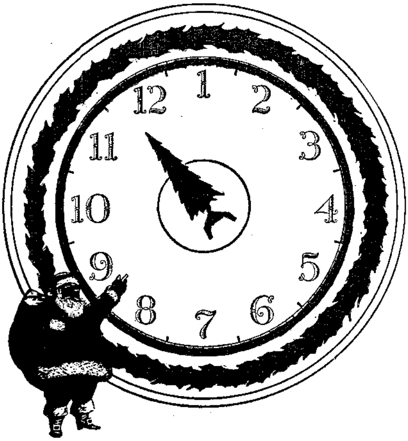
CORONET GIFT FINDER

Your Personal Guide to Christmas Giving

EVERY YEAR at Christmastime, we face the old, familiar problem—what to give to our family, our friends, our relatives. Every year at the holiday season, the shopping windows are filled with fascinating new products, with delightful new enjoyments for our leisure hours, with newly created devices for saving time and labor.

This year, Coronet offers the Gift Finder—a simple method to help you choose the right gift from the many that are available in stores and shops everywhere. Listed to the right are 12 categories that embrace the kinds of people, places and moods that guide your holiday buying. On this page, and on the pages that follow, each product described is labeled as belonging to certain of these categories. In addition, many items are marked "Practical" or "Personal" as a further help to making your selections.

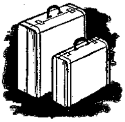


1. Home
2. Family
3. Masculine
4. Feminine
5. Children
6. Friends
7. Hobbies
8. Sports, Recreation
9. Cultural
10. Beauty and Health
11. Travel
12. Entertainment

Thus, by checking your gift needs for Christmas against the Coronet Gift Finder, you will find something to suit every member of your family, every friend, every relative—the right gifts to suit every taste, desire and budget—the right gifts to help you make this a Merry Christmas for everyone.

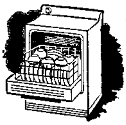
(See page 170 for list of stores featuring Gift Finder selections)

Travel, Practical



Luggage is the thrilling gift which portends the glamorous excitement of summer vacations and travel. If you are giving luggage to children (particularly camp-bound children), look for sturdiness. If it's for adults, buy the lightest you can find—regardless of whether they intend to travel by plane. Soft-side leather luggage will take much abuse and won't be hard to carry.

Home, Practical



Before they get married, women dream of wedding gowns. After the wedding, they dream of dishwashers. Models now on the market dry the dishes after they are washed, cut the clean-up period to ten minutes flat and are compact enough to be installed in the tiniest of kitchens. Prices range from $230 to over $300, including installation.

(Continued on page 10)

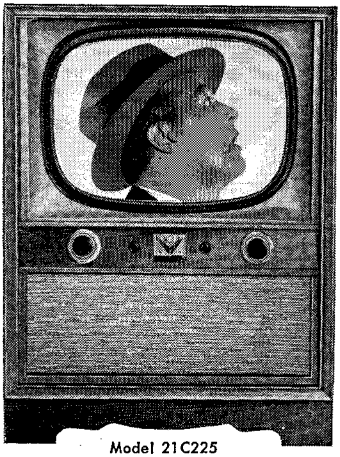
YOU SEE WHY

YOU SEE WHY

G-E voted best picture 7 to 1 in side-by-side comparisons

General Electric
Comedy Theatre presents
RAY MILLAND
in "Meet Mr. McNutley"
TV & Radio—
CBS networks—weekly

BLACK-DAYLITE TV
WITH **Ultra-Vision**®



Model 21C225

G-E gets every station in range—all 82 VHF and UHF channels.

- G-E Black-Daylite TV with Ultra-Vision... *7 to 1 winner* nationwide! World's first 21-inch TV with Aluminized Picture Tube. Blacker blacks, whiter whites. TV's sharpest contrast, clearest picture—easier on eyes. Compare!

General Electric Co., Radio and TV Dept., Syracuse, N. Y.

G-E TV prices start at $189.95*

**Incl. Fed. Excise Tax, one-year Factory Warranty on picture tube, 90 days on parts. Prices subject to change without notice. All-channel UHF tuner at slight additional charge.*

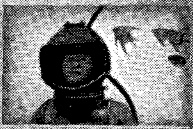
You can put your confidence in—

GENERAL ELECTRIC

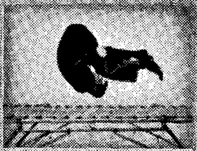
*Gyromatic

* SELF-WINDING

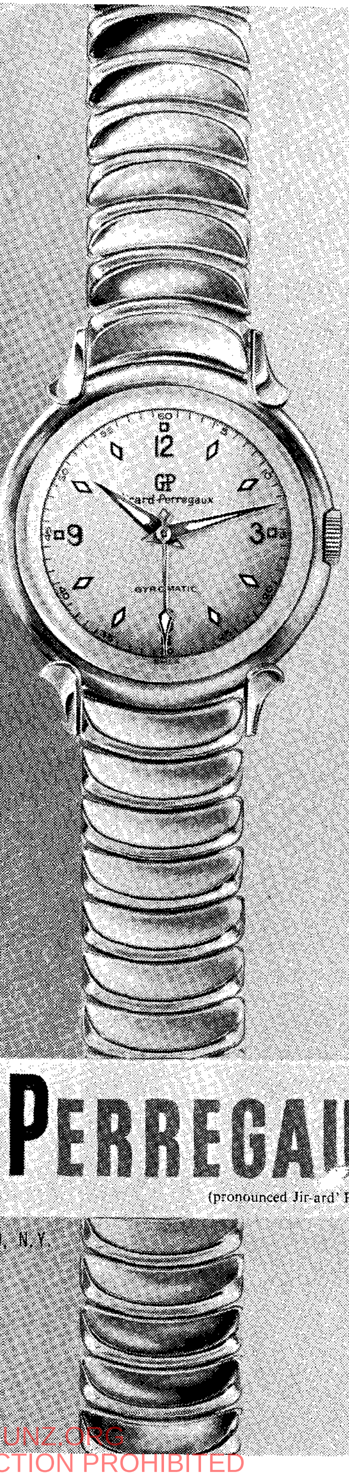
* WATER-PROTECTED



* SHOCK-RESISTANT



In engineering... In styling...
The world's finest automatic watch.



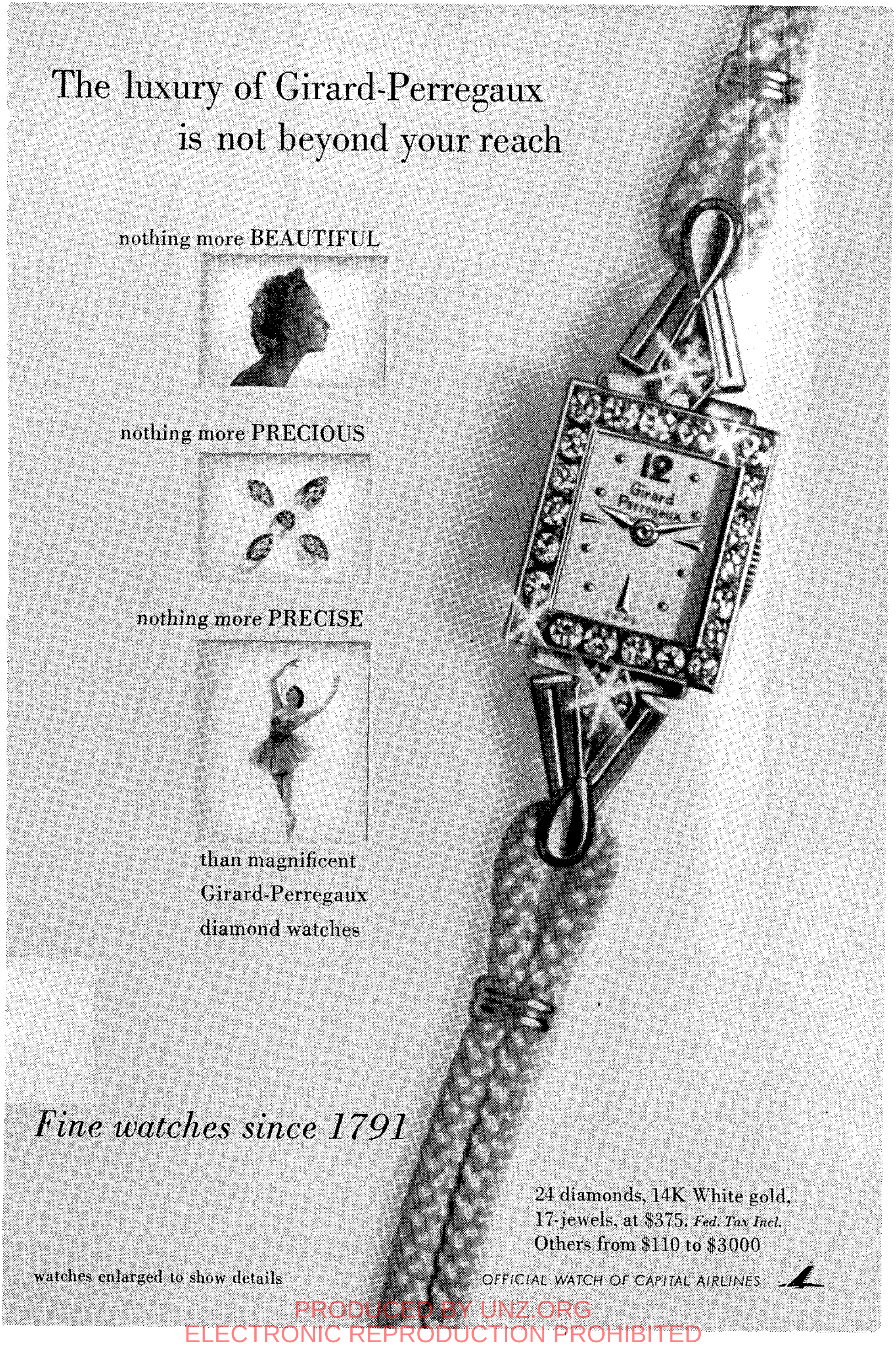
GIRARD PERREGAUX

(pronounced Jir-ard' Perry-go')

610 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 20, N.Y.

Gold-filled with expansion bracelet $90
Other models from $71.50
Stainless steel from $67.50
14 Kt Gold from $140
All models 17 Jewels

Fed. Tax incl.
* Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.



The luxury of Girard-Perregaux
is not beyond your reach

nothing more BEAUTIFUL

nothing more PRECIOUS

nothing more PRECISE

than magnificent
Girard-Perregaux
diamond watches

Fine watches since 1791

24 diamonds, 14K White gold,
17-jewels, at $375. *Fed. Tax Incl.*
Others from $110 to $3000

watches enlarged to show details

OFFICIAL WATCH OF CAPITAL AIRLINES

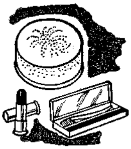
CORONET GIFT FINDER

Masculine, Sports

Gifts for the fisherman: Of course he likes to rough it, but a few little handy devices can make the hard and rugged vacation infinitely more enjoyable. For instance, electric fish-scalers are available, which take the mess out of cleaning and make it a neat and speedy operation. Or, for the Compleat Angler, compartmented belts with plastic containers for his equipment, about $6.

Feminine, Beauty

Toiletries, either single items or sets, can be an economical and charming way of saying Merry Christmas to a woman. Suitable gifts include such luxury items as Heather liquid creme rouge, made by the Whitehall Pharmacal Company; mascara, eye shadow and eyebrow pencil by Maybelline; and unique Christmas sets containing two or more feminine beautifiers by Helene Curtis.



Home, Practical

Bric-a-brac may be beautiful little dust-catchers, or they may make a career for themselves by serving the housewife in all sorts of ways. Dust-catchers have their place in the Christmas stocking, but if you insist on being practical, try a different-looking bread tray or snack tray of natural finish hardwood, or a wrought-iron cigarette urn and ashtray set.

Cultural, Hobbies

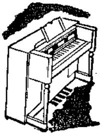
Although a course in art is an unusual gift, a new development in home-study courses now makes it possible to give such a present to even the busiest person. The Famous Artists Course of Westport, Conn., which has unearthed many a hidden talent, might lead a friend of yours to a lifelong painting hobby, and—who knows?—perhaps to a profitable career as an illustrator.

Feminine, Practical

Everybody wants a white Christmas, but to enjoy the snow and the slush which inevitably follows, special equipment is needed. For men and children alike, get heavy rubber boots. Women are harder to please—they want to be protected but insist on looking feminine. Just for them, the Lucky Sales Company has "Rain Dears," transparent and featherweight but triple-thick, $2.

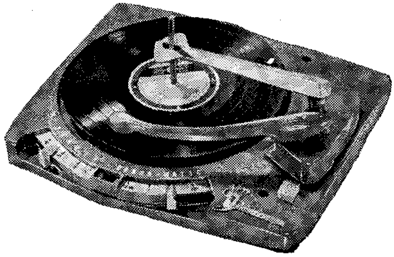
Home, Cultural, Entertainment

A fine musical instrument in your home may mark the beginning of a lifelong source of enjoyment. The Hammond Chord Organ is an electric instrument which has brought a new love of music to thousands of families. Never before was such an instrument so easy to own. An investment for now and for always, it will become more precious each year. $975, F.O.B. Chicago.



(*Continued on page 12*)

Caruso Sounds Like CARUSO and MELCHIOR Sounds Like Melchior



. . . on Zenith's Extended Range High Fidelity System

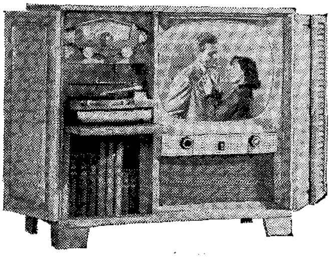
The only high fidelity combination that can give you perfect pitch. Zenith Cobra-Matic Record Player with Stroboscope permits perfect playing speed for all records.

For true sound reproduction . . . for high fidelity . . . for perfect pitch and tempo, a record must be played at exact recorded speed. Many record players vary in speed. Not so with Zenith. The Zenith Cobra-Matic Record Player plays *any* speed—10 to 85 RPM . . . 78, 33⅓, 45 and the new 16⅔ "talking book" speed. With the Stroboscope you can instantly set the turntable to play at the exact recorded speed. See your Zenith dealer!

Only Zenith gives you this true high fidelity feature

You cannot have true high fidelity in any phonograph that does not have Stroboscope variable speed and speed control, any more than you can tell how many miles an hour you are travelling without a speedometer! Only Zenith has the built-in Stroboscope.

Zenith offers 7 High Fidelity Combinations—5 with radio and TV—2 with radio



The Barry—Model I2593H. 24" Cinébeam Picture Tube, FM-AM Radio, Cobra-Matic Record Player with Stroboscope. Cherry Veneers and solids. $850*

Now Even Better!
Invest More in Savings Bonds

**Manufacturer's suggested retail price (subject to change) includes Federal Excise Tax and Parts and Tubes Warranty. Slightly higher in South and Far West.*

ASK ANY ZENITH OWNER

ZENITH
The royalty of RADIO and TELEVISION®
ALSO MAKERS OF FINE HEARING AIDS

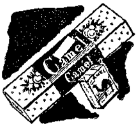
Backed by 35 years of Leadership in Radionics Exclusively • Zenith Radio Corporation, Chicago 39, Ill. COPR. 1953

Friends, Personal, Practical

The Around-the-World Shoppers Club will send its members surprise gifts from a different country every month. Representatives of the Club scour Europe, Asia, Africa and South America to find the things you *can't* get in the U.S.A.—precious gifts made by native craftsmen. One year's subscription for $22, 6 months $11.50, 3 months $6. Address: 73 Concord St., Newark 5, N.J.

Feminine, Practical

Christmas is a wonderful occasion to trade in that old vacuum cleaner, and the new models make *this* Christmas an ideal time to do it. New disposable dust bags pop out at the push of a button. Universal's small but powerful Jet 99, which glides after the housewife like an obedient puppy, has special attachments to clean walls and blinds, moth-proof your clothes, do the painting. $99.95.

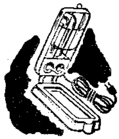


Masculine, Feminine, Personal

The smoker is the easiest person in the world to make happy. Whether he (or she) is your sweetheart, mailman, or boss, tobacco in whatever shape you choose fits the occasion. Personalize this gift by getting the right brand, and any tobacco lover will be able to settle down to hours of enjoyment while your Christmas present goes up in smoke.

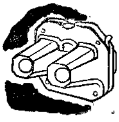
Family, Practical

Special food packages, all wrapped for Christmas giving, are a great bonus for holiday parties. Fruit baskets, piled high with delicacies, look grand under the tree and can be had starting at about $8.50. Packages of assorted cheeses start at about $4. Swift's Premium Ham comes Christmas-wrapped, ready to cook or ready to eat, with or without caramelized fruits.



Beauty and Health

Sun lamps and heat lamps were once strictly luxury items, but now their prices are so low that they are among the most practical of all gifts. A combination heat-sun lamp is now on the market, $16 complete. The ultra-violet bulb will give its owner a glowing suntan in December, and the infra-red heat bulb will relieve sore muscles, dry your hair, defrost the refrigerator.



Cultural, Entertainment

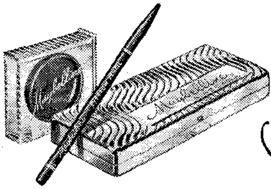
View-Master Stereoscopic Pictures now offers 400 different reels at 35 cents each, or three for $1. The subjects, carefully planned to blend education and entertainment, cover everything from the Navajo Indians to a three-reel *Alice in Wonderland*. The pictures are in full color and can be shown in View-Master's own stereoscopes ($2) or projectors ($10.95 and $47.50, including tax).

(*Continued on page 18*)

GIVE YOUR EYES

personality-plus

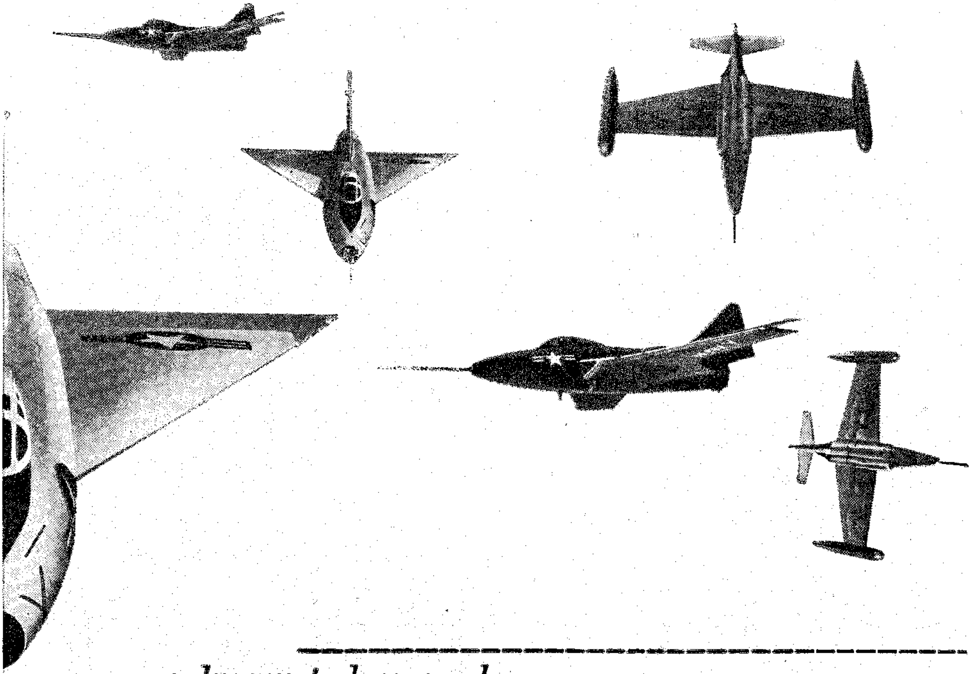
From out of the "ordinary"... into radiant new loveliness. That's what MAYBELLINE does for your eyes —Mascara for longer, darker appearing lashes . . . Eyebrow Pencil for expressive brows . . . and Eye Shadow for a subtle touch of color. It's so easy with Maybelline—just try it and see the difference!



Maybelline

PREFERRED BY SMART WOMEN THE WORLD OVER

MASCARA ★ EYE SHADOW ★ EYEBROW PENCIL



a dream today, perhaps...

but don't nap too long, lady!

Research scientists at Interstate Engineering believe in doing "the improbable, today . . . the impossible, tomorrow!"

Look at the facts:

In addition to manufacturing such nationally-known consumer products as the Compact vacuum cleaner, Interstate has also pioneered in many other fields. As one of the largest producers of light aircraft, Interstate played a vital role in the development of this country's aviation training program. During World War II, more than 5,000 Interstate employees produced over fifty million dollars' worth of material for the Armed Forces — everything from a solenoid-operated machine gun breech lock, to actuating cylinders that opened the bomb bay doors of the B-29 carrying the Atom Bomb over Hiroshima.

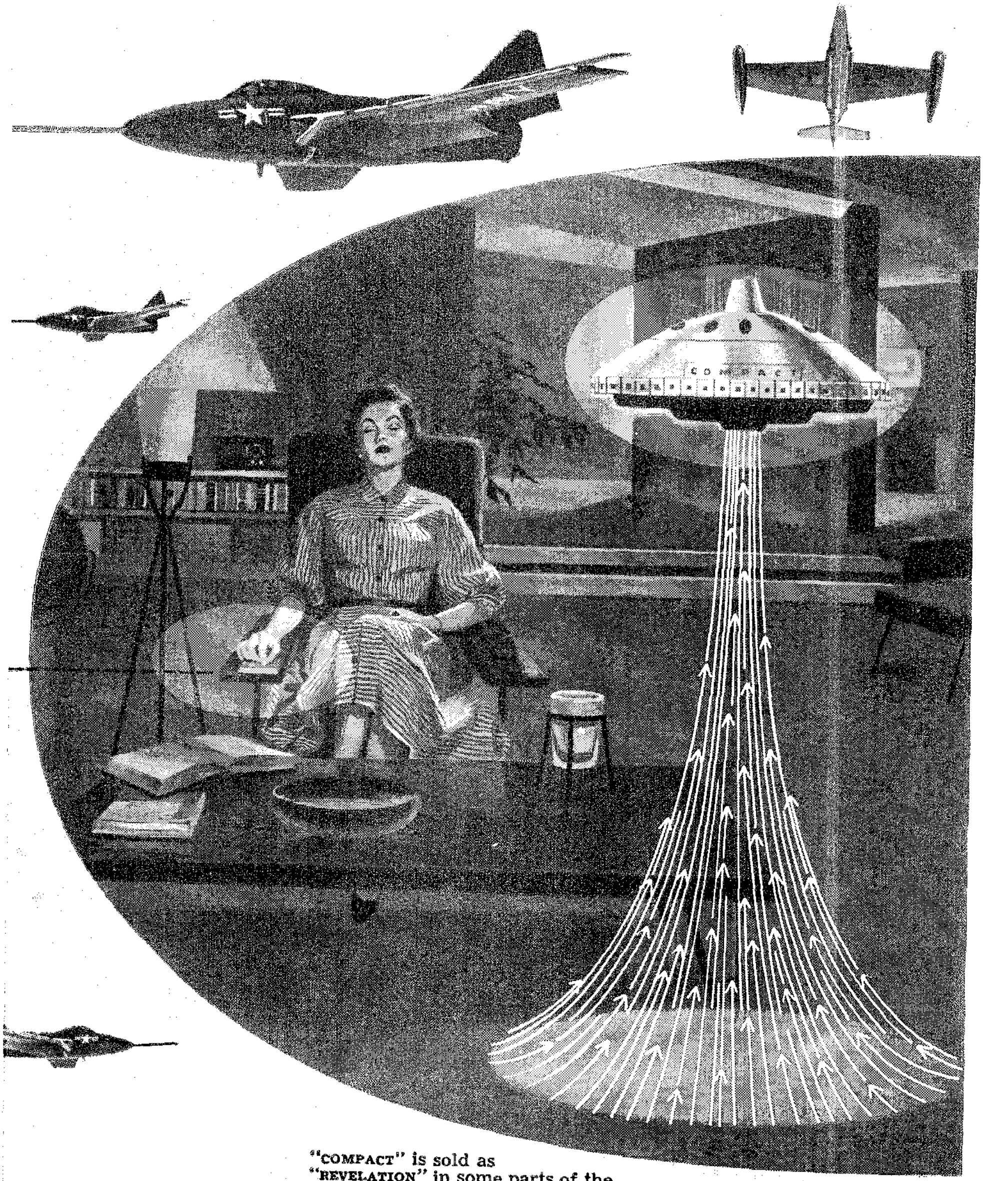
In post-war years more than 400 Hiller Helicopter fuselages have been produced by the company.

Today, Interstate is opening new doors into the still-unknown realms of speeds above sonic velocities. The company is also making intricate components for the advanced Douglas F3D "Skynight," the Grumman Cougar Jet — Navy's latest swept-wing fighter, and the Convair XF-92A, world's first delta-wing airplane. Other Interstate projects include complete fuselages for the AD "Skyraider" planes, as well as important work on the super-secret NIKI guided missile.

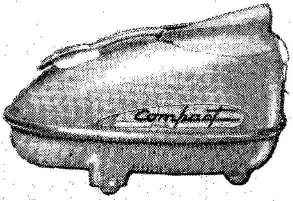
No, you can't laugh at the young housewife's dream of a "push-button vacuum cleaner"!

And you can't forget that today's Compact is the *world's lightest cleaner — with more power per pound than any other vacuum cleaner!*

So, enjoy life today while you're dreaming of the future! Call your nearest Compact representative and let him show you how to *take the work out of housework!*



"COMPACT" is sold as "REVELATION" in some parts of the United States. The cleaners are identical. Consult the Classified Directory for the name and address of your nearest "COMPACT" or "REVELATION" representative. Or write:



REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

UL

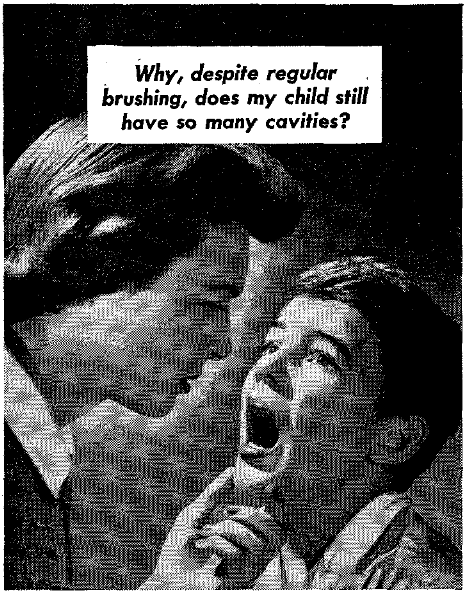
COMMENDED BY THE CONSUMER SERVICE BUREAU OF PARENTS' MAGAZINE AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

SA

engineering corporation
Vacuum Cleaner Sales Division
707 E. Vermont Ave., Anaheim, California

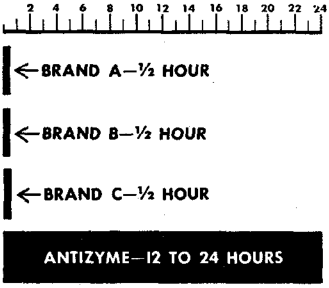
THERE IS ONLY ANTI-ENZYME

AND THE NAME


Why, despite regular brushing, does my child still have so many cavities?

Compare Antizyme's 12 to 24 hour protection with the action of so-called "anti-enzyme" tooth pastes.

Effectiveness against tooth decay acids of advertised "anti-enzyme" brands.



1 Antizyme Tooth Paste was used by a great mid-western university in developing the all-day anti-enzyme principle which you have read about recently.

2 Antizyme is the only tooth paste on the national market which can *deliver* the benefits that were promised in those articles. Antizyme contains an exclusive anti-enzyme ingredient.*

3 Any tooth paste can be called "anti-enzyme." But, part-time anti-enzymes can protect your teeth for only ½ hour.

4 The big news is that science discovered a way to protect against tooth decay acids all day long—12 to 24 hours!—to stop the enzymes that turn sugars and starches on the teeth into destructive decay acids.

5 Antizyme Tooth Paste is the only tooth paste on the national market which brings you this all-day protection against the major cause of tooth decay . . . and shows you, *right on the package*, that it contains the research-proven anti-enzyme ingredient.*

ONE REAL TOOTH PASTE IS ANTIZYME

No other kind of tooth paste—regular, ammoniated, chlorophyll or part-time anti-enzyme...can protect your teeth from decay acids for more than ½ hour.

ANTIZYME TOOTH PASTE—AND ONLY ANTIZYME!—HAS THE EXCLUSIVE ANTI-ENZYME INGREDIENT* PROVEN TO STOP THE MAJOR CAUSE OF TOOTH DECAY ALL DAY LONG—12 TO 24 HOURS.

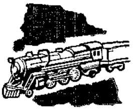
A Product of The Lambert Company

LISTERINE
Antizyme
THE CONTINUOUS ACTION TOOTH PASTE
TRADE MARK
LISTERINE
Antizyme
ACTIVE ANTI-ENZYME INGREDIENT: SODIUM DEHYDROACETATE
ANTIZYME
LISTE

No other tooth paste has this exclusive anti-enzyme ingredient, which in actual tests stopped tooth decay acids right on the teeth, for 12 to 24 hours with just one brushing in nine out of ten cases.

CORONET GIFT FINDER

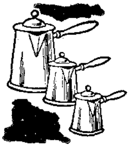
Children, Recreation



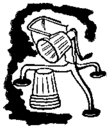
Even if his father should turn out to be a man who does *not* like to play with locomotives, an electric train is a wonderful toy for any youngster. Lionel has a $40 set which includes a locomotive and tender, four freight cars that can be uncoupled by remote control, smoke pellets, tracks. Once a boy has a toy like that, he'll be only too happy to play by himself.

Home, Masculine

Gifts for the home are among the most worthwhile you can give, but often they are so feminine in design and purpose that a man feels left out. To make the Mr. happy, too, there are masculine home gifts available. Jenifer House, New Marlboro Stage, Great Barrington, Mass., has a 3-piece coffee service, $10.95—a big copper pot for coffee and two little ones for cream and sugar.



Feminine, Practical

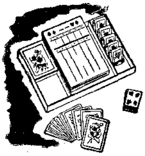


A Saladmaster is more than a time-saver. With this multipurpose machine, you will create new luncheon fashions—dishes which look like Waldorf concoctions and taste like the kind your grandmother pampered your grandfather with. Its usefulness is by no means confined to salad-making, since this 20-fingered device peels, shreds and slices; crumbs, chops and rices. $29.95.

Family, Cultural

Library statistics show that once people get out of college, the amount of good reading they do declines steadily. Book clubs were designed to remedy this situation, and a subscription to such a club is a worthwhile Christmas gift. There are special clubs for those interested in particular fields, like history or classics, general clubs for a wide range of choices, fiction and non-fiction.

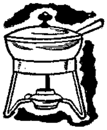
Home, Recreation



There is no reason why children should have a monopoly on games. Here are some which adults delight in: table tennis and shuffleboard sets. Smaller games like checker sets or playing cards can be had between $1 and $5. The Arrco Playing Card Company has a "3 on a Match" set made up of two plastic-coated Duratone bridge decks, score pads, and matches, $2.95.

Home, Practical

For the hostess and the host, to keep dishes warm as toast—all through the meal. Three good-looking chafing dishes, modern, contemporary or Regency design, all about $30, come with warming pan which can turn the dish into a double boiler. An electric tray, thermostatically controlled, keeps food hot at the table and gives the hostess a chance to relax before dinner: about $13.



(*Continued on page 22*)

Hallmark Cards takes pleasure in announcing that

Dr. Norman Vincent Peale

has written inspiring messages for a new
series of Hallmark Christmas Cards

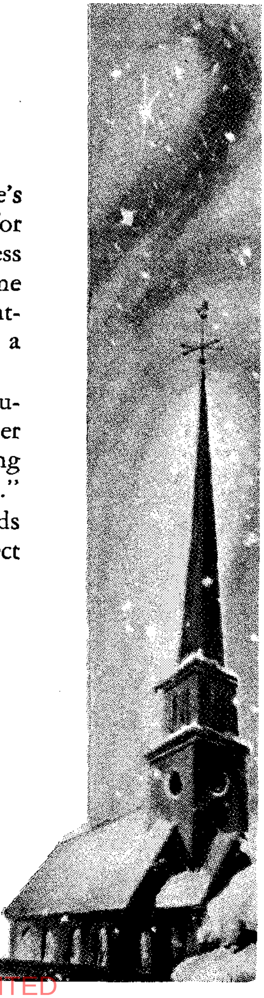
The Reverend Dr. Norman Vincent Peale's thought-provoking words have appeal for people of all faiths. These new cards express the true beauty, peace, and love that come over the earth every December 25th. Paintings of famous American churches make a perfect complement for Dr. Peale's words.

Dr. Peale's writings are well known to thousands of Americans through his newspaper columns and his best-selling books, including his recent "The Power of Positive Thinking."

You'll find these Hallmark Christmas Cards in boxes at stores where you naturally expect "the very best."

Hallmark Cards

"When you care enough to send the very best"



NEW • NON-FATTENING

SWEETA

(SQUIBB SACCHARIN IN A HANDY SQUEEZE-A-DROP PLASTIC BOTTLE)

Sweetens instantly even in iced drinks . . .
boil it or bake it, it won't lose its flavor . . .
it's calorie-free and the sweetest news
ever for folks on reducing diets—

a new product of

SQUIBB

The priceless ingredient of every product
is the honor and integrity of its maker.

LOOK FOR SWEETA

"SWEETA" IS A TRADEMARK.

LIQUID SWEETENER

SWEETA
SQUIBB

HIGHLY CONCENTRATED. Just 2 drops of Sweeta equal a teaspoonful of sugar in sweetening.

SWEETA
SQUIBB
Concentrated Sweetener
E.R. SQUIBB & SONS
New York

EXTRAORDINARY VALUE. Purse-size Sweeta at 69¢ equals 432 teaspoonsful of sugar in sweetening power.

SWEETA
SQUIBB

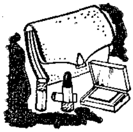
CONVENIENT SQUEEZE-A-DROP PLASTIC BOTTLE with safety cap and accurate dropper-tip spout is handy to carry, smart looking.

NO PROBLEM OF DISSOLVING. Liquid Sweeta instantly sweetens hot or cold drinks, cooking recipes, and liquids used in fruits and cereals.

AT YOUR DRUGSTORE

CORONET GIFT FINDER

Feminine, Personal

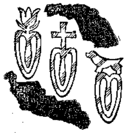


Some gifts for Cinderella: The girl who wears an apron all day long can be transformed at night into a lady of leisure, a fashionable beauty queen, if you present her with evening-wear accessories. Avon has a black compact, with lipstick attached so it won't get lost in her bag, for $5.75, and an evening bag of white or gold brocade with compact, lipstick and perfume, $10.95.

Home, Cultural

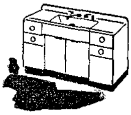
A dozen Ph.D.'s could not bring within your reach the endless resources of knowledge of one encyclopedia. For any family, but especially for one with children, this is an ideal gift. The Funk & Wagnalls 36-volume set is $70. The World Book Encyclopedia, 19 volumes in washable binding, is $120. The Encyclopedia Britannica ranges, depending on binding, from $279 to $650.

Masculine, Personal



During his leisure hours, The Big Reader is always content. He needs a book, a chair, and a lamp—no more. His only unhappy moments come when he must put down his book. You can make these moments a little less painful by giving him extra special book marks. Zenith Gifts, 2674 Valentine Ave., N.Y.C. 58, has sterling silver ones in three designs at $1.20 each, including postage.

Home, Practical

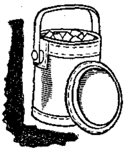


With a garbage disposal unit, a housewife can say good-bye to the most hated of all kitchen chores. Youngstown Kitchens' compact disposer fits right into the cabinet sink so that garbage simply vanishes down the drain. Because of its size (only 14 inches high), it can be installed in many previously impossible locations. Because of its price (about $100), it will fit many family budgets.

Masculine, Feminine, Personal

It is difficult to live on 24 hours a day, but you can make it easier for one you love by giving him (or her) a dependable watch. Girard Perregaux has a 14K watch for women, in white or yellow gold, six diamonds, $185. For men, Movado offers the "Calendarmeto," a leather-covered pocket clock which tells the month, day, date, time—even moon phases. Will stand on desk, $135.

Family, Recreation



If you are looking for something for the house, and particularly the man in the house, picnic and party items are guaranteed to fill the bill. An all-purpose wheelbarrow can be transformed into a portable barbecue with the addition of a charcoal tray and grill. One cooler will hold a gallon of ice, and there is a party bucket which holds four gallons, with drinks and foods in separate units.

(*Continued on page 26*)

"So Easy On the Eyes!"

say owners of

SYLVANIA TV with HALOLIGHT

The Frame of Light That's Kinder to Your Eyes

Floral Park, New York: Watching my old set for even a short time bothered my eyes. But Sylvania TV with HALOLIGHT gives me hours of comfortable viewing.
Mrs. Mae Allen

West Hyattsville, Maryland: Real eye comfort! After friends watch our Sylvania with HALOLIGHT they say it's a let-down to go home and watch ordinary television.
Mrs. J. A. Hartley

Fort Worth, Texas: Sylvania's feature, HALOLIGHT, is an added pleasure. Makes it much easier on the eyes. Picture seems larger and clearer, too.
Stanley Stadish

Newport, Kentucky: Sylvania TV with HALOLIGHT gives us so many hours of clear, comfortable viewing. Of all sets I've seen Sylvania is best.
Mrs. Florence Benzinger

Madison, Indiana: Wonderful eye-comfort feature like Sylvania's HALOLIGHT is just what television needed. Makes viewing a real pleasure.
Mrs. Bertha M. Smith

Portland, Oregon: Sylvania TV with HALOLIGHT adds greatly to viewing comfort. Clear, sharp pictures, too. Other sets can't compare.
Earl E. Alford

YES, actual owners—*thousands of them*—say HALOLIGHT is the greatest eye comfort feature in all television. And only Sylvania TV has HALOLIGHT—the frame of light that softens the contrast between bright picture and surrounding darkness.

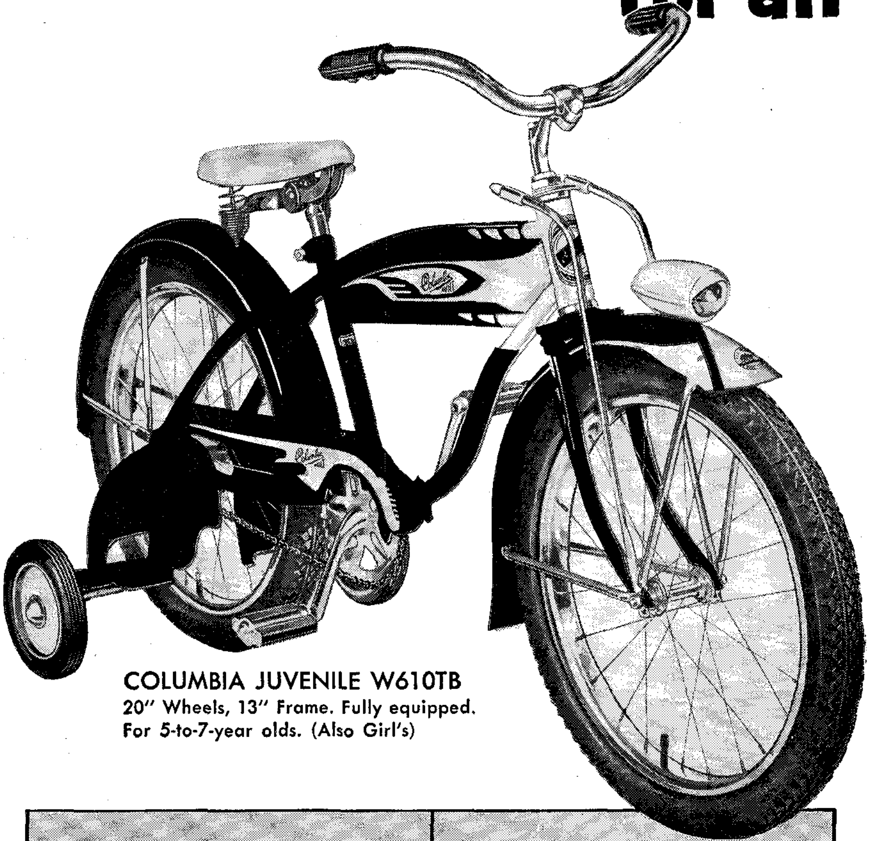
HALOLIGHT is now available on more models—at lower prices than ever. See the 40 beautiful new 1954 Sylvania models at your nearest Sylvania TV dealer. Visit him *today*.

SYLVANIA TV

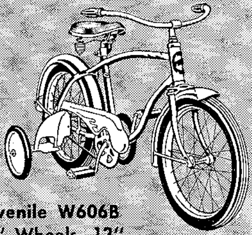
HALOLIGHT is a Sylvania Trademark

SYLVANIA ELECTRIC PRODUCTS INC.
254 Rano Street, Buffalo 7, New York

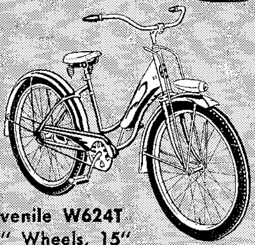
For an



COLUMBIA JUVENILE W610TB
20″ Wheels, 13″ Frame. Fully equipped.
For 5-to-7-year olds. (Also Girl's)



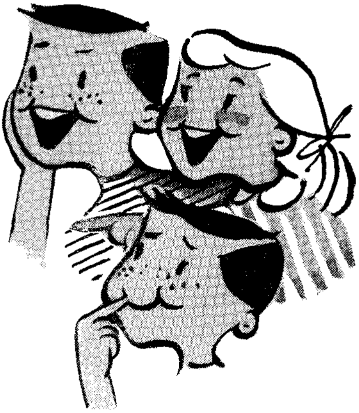
Juvenile W606B
16″ Wheels, 13″
Frame. The smallest Columbia, for
3-to-6-year olds. (Also Girl's)



Juvenile W624T
24″ Wheels, 15″
Frame. Fully equipped. For 6-to-9-year olds. (Also Boy's)

• ***EVERY MODEL "GUARANTEED AS LONG***

Eyes-a-Poppin' Christmas!



Columbia BUILT

JUVENILES

SINCE 1877 . . .
AMERICA'S *FIRST* BICYCLE

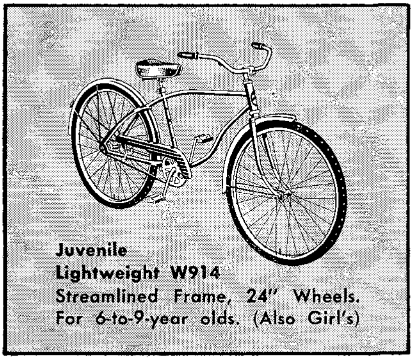
WATCH THEIR eyes pop — listen to 'em thrill with joy when they first see this beauty on Christmas morning!

Here's "America's First Bike" for between-agers, sparked up with all the important features of big brother's model, made in the same factory, with the same high-quality workmanship. Shown attached is the famous Columbia Adjust-O-Matic* Trainer with jiffy three-way positive adjustment of balancing wheels. Columbia Juvenile bikes with Adjust-O-Matic Trainers are available in sizes for 3-to-9-year olds, and nothing—*absolutely* nothing makes a grander Christmas present!

28 Juvenile Models to Choose From! All with or without *Adjust-O-Matic* Trainer . . . 17 Super-Styled Full Size Balloon Tire Models . . . 9 Adult Five-Star American Lightweight Models!

THE WESTFIELD MANUFACTURING COMPANY
Westfield, Massachusetts

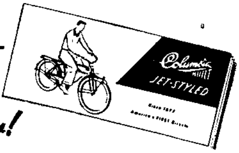
**Patent Pending*



Juvenile Lightweight W914
Streamlined Frame, 24" Wheels.
For 6-to-9-year olds. (Also Girl's)

AS YOU OWN IT"

Mail this coupon now!



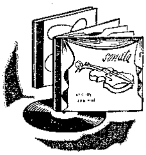
The Westfield Manufacturing Company
D2912 Cycle Street
Westfield, Massachusetts

Send me the colorful, exciting 32-page catalog, showing 43 models, including lightweights.

Name...
Address...
City..................(Zone)......State.............

CORONET GIFT FINDER

Friends, Cultural



If you want your friends to have the music they want, give records. Columbia offers three outstanding albums: Charles Laughton's adaptation of *John Brown's Body*, with Judith Anderson, Raymond Massey and Tyrone Power; Tchaikovsky's *Nutcracker Suite* and *The Sleeping Beauty Ballet*, with the Philadelphia Orchestra; and Bach's *St. Matthew Passion*, Willem Mengelberg conducting.

Masculine, Personal

There was a time when only women were supplied with special lotions to keep them smelling sweet, but men have now come into their own. Masculine-scented cologne comes in distinctive bottles, $1 and up. Shaving cream, invisible talc, and after-shaving lotion come in sets starting at about $3.50. The new Suave hairdressing, $1.00, gives his hair that extra touch of good grooming.

Home, Entertainment

A record player is the gift on which every member of the family might be happy to pitch in. Here are three first-rate portables, each a bargain. The Duosonic Capri is as small as a briefcase, sells for about $30. The V-M 990, about $70, has a switch which automatically shuts it off after the last record is played. Webcor's handsome high-fidelity Musicale is about $150.

Feminine, Travel

Special features for the traveller, which will also come in handy while she or he is at home: A five-piece manicure set in a leather case, available at around $2. A tiny sewing kit stocked with scissors, thimble, needles and a staggering supply of thread, every color, is about $3. A light, compact travel iron that can be used everywhere (AC-DC) will receive warm welcome.

Home, Practical

Any meal you serve to guests will look lovelier with beautiful silverware to set it off. That is why any woman, whether she is practical or sentimental, a bride or a veteran homemaker, loves to receive it. It is wise to ask beforehand whether she is hankering after any particular style, especially if you suspect that she may already have started a piece-by-piece collection.

Masculine, Feminine, Personal

A fountain pen is suitable for anybody, useful for everybody—a solution to any gift problem. If your friend already has one, he will find it a luxury to have two. (He'll keep one in his pocket, one on the desk.) Sheaffer's Snorkel Valiant, $17.50 including tax, is mess-proof, comes in five colors, and will look as handsome in a lady's purse as it does clipped to a man's pocket.

(*Continued on page 186*)

Saladmaster

The Gift Supreme

Peels
Waffles
Slices
Crumbs
Shreds
Strings
Grates

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
Replacement or refund of money
If not as advertised therein

[illegible]

NOT SOLD IN STORES

THE GIFT SUPREME — to yourself — to others. You've seen it on television. You've read about its marvels in magazines. Truly the wonder machine. Prepares food 200 ways . . . luscious salads — cuts paper-thin potato chips — shoestrings and French fries — shreds cocoanut — peels celery and apples — prepares baby foods, health foods and vegetable juices. Blades of rust-proof, stainless, 20-gauge cold-rolled solid steel. Completely chrome plated — looks like jewel. Easy to clean! You'll thrill to its amazing speed and ease of operation. Safe enough for a child to use!

Complete with 5 mirror-like CUTTING CONES (guaranteed not to dull, rust or stain), RECIPES, and INSTRUCTIONS. Only $29.95. Plus state tax, if any. Postage paid if check sent with order. Higher outside U. S.

Unconditionally Guaranteed — in Writing for 10 Years

Rush Order for Christmas Delivery

SALADMASTER SALES, INC.
131-C13 HOWELL ST., DALLAS, TEXAS

Be a Champion Giver...

(TO THE WHOLE FAMILY)

Underwood
Merry Christmas to the whole family — Dad

Place your order today at your nearest
Typewriter Dealer, Department
Store or Jeweler . . . Easy Terms.

Underwood Finger-Flite Champion Portable

Made by the Typewriter Leader of the World

I'm Glad I'm an Army Wife!

by ELOISE SIBLEY DAVIS

I'M AN ARMY WIFE, and I'm glad. Frequently I meet women who look at me with that raised eyebrow "my dear, how can you stand it?" look. I always feel a little sorry for them. They don't realize how much they are missing.

Being an Army wife is not an easy job, by a long shot. There is hard work in it and more than an average share of heartaches. But at the same time there is adventure, friendship and a satisfying sense of belonging.

We live in palaces one day, tourist courts the next. Frequently we eat roast beef the first of the month and hash on the thirtieth.

We gripe, sure, and we worry; but most of us love it. In the midst of the complaints we grin a little and admit, "But I wouldn't change it for anything."

I have been married to a soldier for nearly eight years. In that time, we have lived in 18 different places, and I have just finished hanging the curtains in the sixth place in exactly three years.

Hard? Certainly it's hard. But to me, and every Army wife I have known, moving around is fun; and it is part of a life of warmth and comradeship that we could not find anywhere else.

Part of the thing we Army women feel is easy to understand. We live in a common community. Soldiers, and soldiers' wives, have the same problems wherever they are, so that even when we are among Army people we have never seen before we are never among strangers.

Another part of it, only the wives of soldiers and policemen can understand: we are in constant fear of being widows.

Our husbands are like life insurance—people pay for them so they will be there when they are needed. Probably our husbands don't think about that as much as we women do. Somehow they all feel that they are bulletproof. But we know that every time the bugle blows, or the headlines tell of fighting in the Pacific islands, or Africa, or Europe or Korea, our man is vulnerable. One of these days, that man is going to wear out the odds.

Possibly this welds Army families closer together. Surely it holds Army wives closer together, and somehow gives them an unusual pride.

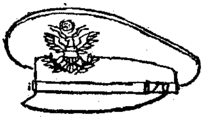
That pride is a big factor in my own reasons for liking the life I live. My husband is doing something that is sometimes dangerous but always important, and I am proud of him.

Beyond that, there is the sense of personal adventure. The 18 places we have lived have covered the United States from Long Island Sound to the Strait of Juan de Fuca, and the Great Lakes to the Rio Grande. I have learned that when it rains for one day along the coastal plains of the state of Washington the Douglas firs drip grimy water for three more, and it is hard on housekeeping.

I have also learned that lemon blossoms are the sweetest smelling things in America, that poinsettias can grow nine feet tall instead of the 18 inches I knew about in New York, and that one does not have to live next door to someone for 20 years for him to be helpful and friendly.

I think it is the friendliness that makes most Army wives love the life so, the strong feeling they have of belonging.

We were among a tight-knit group of friends when the Korean fighting broke out. All of the men, like my husband, were vulnerable; and all of them, like him, had been through one war already. The odds were getting kind of slim.



My husband was the first to go, and from the moment he left I was never alone. Each morning, there were women sitting in my kitchen over coffee. The evenings brought families, all of whom have since had the same experience, although some were not as lucky as I.

This sharing of common problems helped me over the first bad weeks. That was at Fort Lewis, Washington, and even after I left, my mailbox held frequent messages from those old friends. When I went to Salt Lake City, the women of the post there took me in as though I were an old friend back from a trip. They were Army wives, too.

While there is the constant chance that soldiers will be called off to war, there are long periods of peace, or periods when we know the danger is past for a while. But there is still the job of daily living, and the sweating out of orders that may take us across the country or halfway around the world.

Personally, I love it, and so do the Army wives I know, despite the fact that most of us seem to have a personal jinx. Some women are pregnant every time they move, others have new children, others have just gotten settled. That's the way it is with my family—the surest way for my husband to receive orders to move is for us to really dig in, knocking ourselves out painting an apartment, or making new curtains, or planting a garden.

I know one woman who has moved halfway across the country every time her youngest child was six weeks old. She has five kids. First it was from Fort Benning, Georgia, to San Diego. Then back to Fort Devens, Massachusetts. Then to Fort Bliss, Texas, and from there to Chicago. She figured she had her jinx licked when her fifth child was born six weeks prematurely—but 12 weeks later her husband was ordered to San Diego: the family had kept up its record.

I admit that this is no life for the woman who wants the security that comes with living continuously in the same house. We do not have that kind of security. But we have a different kind, one that comes of knowing that we and ours will always be taken care of.

My child, for example, was born in an Army hospital. No one could have received better treatment than I did, or than my daughter and I had after she came.

I know that as long as we are in the Army, she will have nothing but the best. Her schools will be supervised not only by the city or county or state we are living in at the moment, but by the Army. Drivers on the post where we live will be held down to ten miles an hour wherever children are apt to be playing. I have never heard of anyone being hit by an automobile on an Army post.

Her playgrounds will be supervised and inspected regularly by competent safety people. There will be plenty of room for her to roam safely, and the chaplain and the women's clubs will sponsor intelligent activities that she will enjoy.

As for me, I feel free to go any place on any Army post at any time. If I have a minor accident—a flat tire, or an engine breakdown, or a sprained ankle—I can stop the first man I see and he will help me. Even on the darkest, most tree-lined streets I never have to worry about my personal safety.

My daughter is just three, and she has been more places in those three years than many people have in a lifetime. She has seen real cowboys working at rounding up real cows. She has eaten tangerines and oranges fresh from the tree.

As a result, she has as much social presence as any child twice her age I have ever seen outside the Army. She shakes hands with new acquaintances and says, "How do you do?" She adjusts well, and loves every new house. She makes friends with new kids in ten minutes. And she is interested and eager about every new thing she sees. As soon as she hears us talking about moving she heads for her bedroom and packs her toys. She's ready.

Like all mothers, I am concerned over the welfare of my child. I want her to enjoy her life, and I am convinced that she does.

WE ARMY WIVES have the same basic problems as women everywhere. We do housework, and keep an eye on the children, and do the shopping, and keep an extra careful eye on our husband's clothes, because, after all, they are soldiers and they must look the part. But at the same time we take an active interest in community things.

I think that there is more social conscience among Army wives than among civilian women. On every post the women belong to the women's clubs, and they take a vital interest in things like the day nursery, and the playgrounds and the schools.

We are all members of a fluid, but at the same time close-knit, community, and most of us work at it. We may be here today and 6,000 miles away next week, but while we are here we all help out, and when we get there we pitch right in again.

Our husbands help, too, wherever they can be useful. That is another thing about the Army—the men seem to spend more of their time with their families than men in civilian life.

Look around an Army post in the early evening and you see the men out playing ball with the kids, or fixing somebody's tricycle, or sitting on the lawn in groups of two or three keeping an eye on the babies. Inside, you find them helping with the dishes, and Saturday mornings a lot of Army wash is hung up by the men.

I don't know why they are so domestic, but they are. Possibly because they know that this family life may be interrupted at any minute, and they want to get as much out of it as they can, while they can. Whatever the reason, it makes their wives feel warm and glowing inside.

All in all, I think the Army is a wonderful life. I like what it gives me and my family. I like the pride I feel in knowing that my husband is a soldier.

There is not much money in the Army. Army wives have to cut a lot of corners, and it seems as though every time we are about to get our heads above water we have to pack up and move and dip into the baby's college money again. But we make out.

We sit around in somebody's kitchen and drink coffee and gripe a little, like all good soldiers, until somebody says, "But what would you change it for?" Then we all look at each other and smile, because we know that none of us would change it for anything.

All about Tallulah

ON HER FIRST RIDE on a crowded New York subway train, Tallulah inquired politely of a man wedged closely against her: "Is my eye sticking into your elbow?"

—PAUL DENIS

BOB HOPE ONCE said to Tallulah, "Don't lower your voice to me!"

—PAUL STEINER

JIMMY DURANTE wound up an acid comment on Tallulah's singing ability by advising: "Tallu, you should have your tonsils out."

"But I have had them out," said Miss Bankhead.

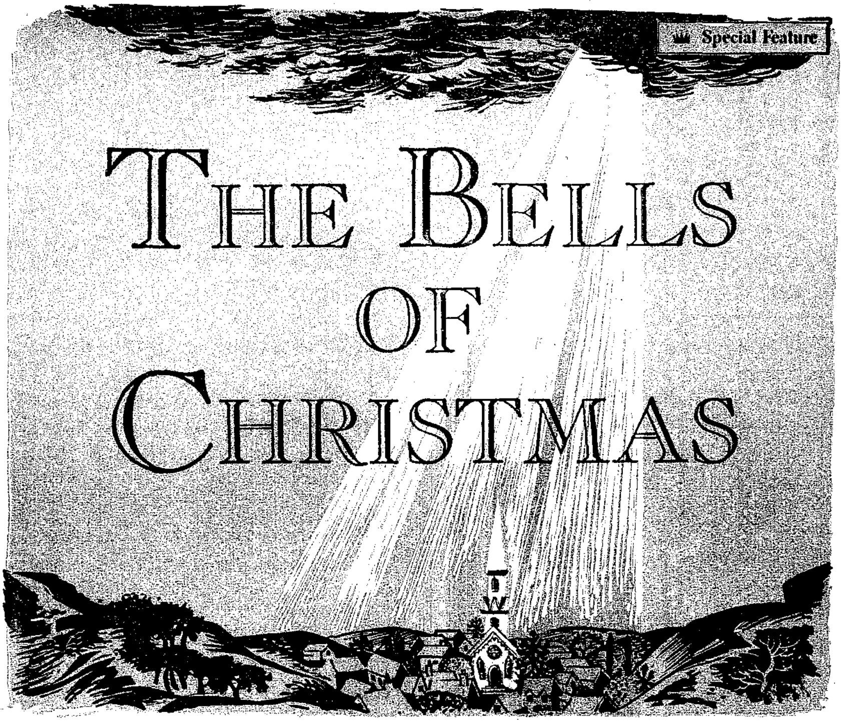
"Then," snapped Durante, "put 'em back in!"

—IRVING HOFFMAN

I ALWAYS SMOKE a very hearty breakfast.

WHENEVER I TELL people that my throat feels a little hoarse, they ask: "How can you tell?"

—TALLULAH BANKHEAD on "The Big Show"



THE BELLS OF CHRISTMAS

by **CHARLES TAZEWELL**

illustrated by **SHEILA BECKETT**

ONCE, in an olden golden time, there was a happy, peaceful village that knelt in a green valley between purple mountains. In the square, which was the throbbing heart of this village, stood a church of white stone with a lofty tower. And in the tower, on a great beam, hung eight bells.

Richly made of bronze and embossed with Latin phrases which told of the power and the glory of the Lord, they had been brought from a land many perilous leagues across the seas in a sailing ship scarcely larger than a cockleshell. Every seventh day the bells rang out sweet and clear, their music filling every nook and cranny of the green valley and rising to the tops of the purple mountains.

On Christmas Day, their eight glad voices rose even higher. They went winging upward until they struck against the far blue shell of the sky—and then fell like snow to cover all the wild land outside the valley with flakes of melody!

The falling notes were heard by savage men who lived in that wil-

derness beyond the valley. "Do you hear?" they slyly said to one another. "Weigh them in the ear—do they not have a wealthy sound? Why, such golden notes could only come from bells of purest gold! Ho! Let us go and take them!"

Down into the valley they swarmed like hungry locusts, but great was their disappointment when they learned that the wealth of the village was only love and happiness and faith—things that could not be stolen. In their fierce anger, the savage men laid waste to the valley, and all that was beautiful was made black and ugly.

Flames devoured the houses and the white church. The bells in its tower fell and were buried deep in the rubble. They sang no more to the tops of the purple mountains, to the blue shell of the sky, to God in His Heaven.

Years by the hundreds passed over the valley. Beyond the purple mountains, the wilderness vanished. Where savage men had made their camps, there now stood towns and sprawling cities. On the banks of the rivers they had fished, busy factories hummed. Their old hunting trails were buried under highways which pushed impatiently through orchard, farm and vineyard.

One day a blacktop road climbed up the purple mountains and slipped down into the forgotten valley. Healed by the years with their sun and rain, it was again as green and as beautiful as it had been so long ago. The blacktop road was so delighted with its discovery that it shouted to people to follow it.

Soon, on the ruins of the old village, a new one was built. Seen from the mountains, the green valley and its clusters of red-tiled roofs resembled a garland of holly. So they gave it a name—and evermore people would know it as "Christmas Valley."

One workday, while the rubble was being cleared from what had once been the square, a small casket of metal was uncovered. Inside, on age-yellowed parchment, were the faded drawings of the one who had envisioned the building that had once stood there.

"Why, it was a church!" exclaimed the mayor.

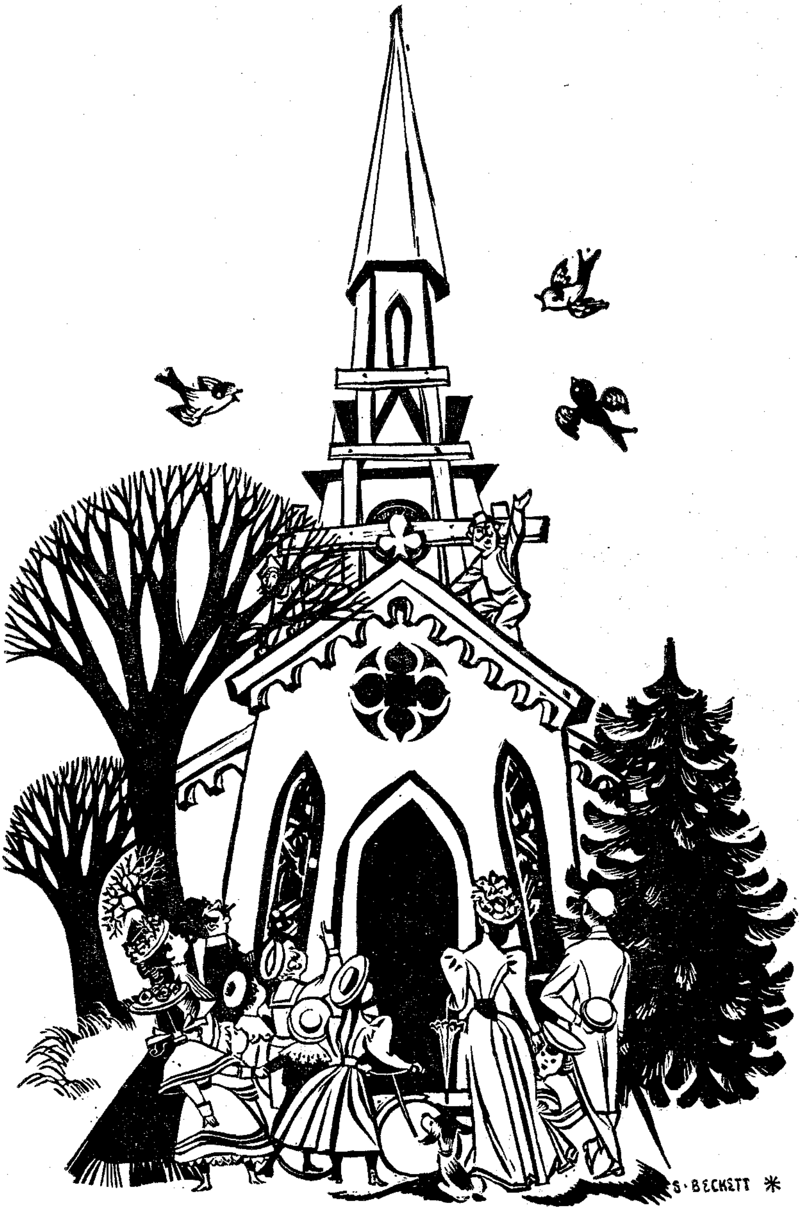
"A beautiful church of white stone with a lofty tower!" cried the new village fathers. "And eight bells to fill the valley with music!"

"Can you imagine how sweet they would sound on Christmas Day?" asked the mayor. "Yes—we will rebuild this church at once!"

STONE BY STONE, the walls rose again. Then the tower grew foot by foot toward the blue shell of the sky. When this was done, the old bells that had been cleaned and burnished were lifted and hung on a new beam that was three times the girth of the fattest villager.

"One, two, three," counted the mayor, "four, five six, seven—now tell me, pray, what has become of the eighth bell?"

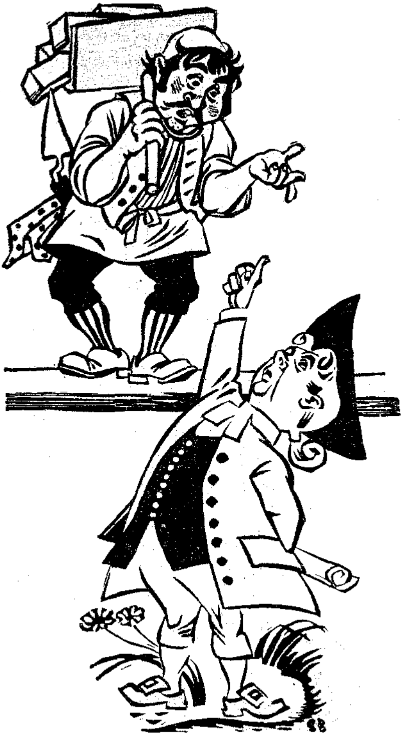
"It is missing," answered a work-


S. BECKETT

man. "We hunted, but it could not be found!"

"But we must have eight bells or we cannot play even the simplest melody!" cried the mayor. "I will send an order off at once to have such a bell made for us!"

On a late day in December the new bell arrived. Just two days before Christmas, it was lifted to the tower and hung on the beam with the other seven. It was the highest voiced and, therefore, the smallest bell—never before had it been so high in the air. At first, the smallest bell was merely dizzy; but when darkness fell and it could see nothing under it but a black void, it became so frightened that it tightly clutched the great beam.



When the village clock struck the hour of midnight, the small bell's bronze face turned pale as brass—and it allowed itself to do a dreadful thing. Its clapper chattered.

"Who did that?" boomed the largest bell, awakened from its sleep.

"Not I," bonged the next-to-the-biggest.

"Not I," sounded the other five.

"Then it was the bell that joined us today!" grumbled the biggest bell. It swayed forward and looked over its great stomach. "If you have hiccups," it boomed pompously to the newcomer, "hold your breath and count your birthdays—that always cures them."

"Oh, I haven't got hiccups!" tinkled the smallest bell. "And you see, I'm brand-new and I haven't had any birthdays to count!"

"No birthdays?" the biggest bell intoned. Then it said to its neighbors, "Did you hear that? Seven of the finest bells in the world and we're saddled with a rank amateur!"

"I'm very sorry!" cried the smallest bell.

"You should be!" thundered the biggest one. "Why, we've had hundreds of birthdays! We were cast in Spain at a king's command, and the name of the man who designed us was three yards long without any of his titles! Permit me to honor you with an introduction! I am Bung—and, reading from me to you are Boom, Bong, Bing, Tong, Tang and Ting!"

"I'm delighted to meet you," tinkled the smallest bell. "My name is Teeny!"

"We didn't ask you," rumbled Bung. "All seven of us, by the way, are richly embossed. On me, in purest Latin, it says 'God is the Power.' On Boom, the words read 'God is the Glory.' Now, do you have any words on you?"

"Well—I *think* so," Teeny jingled nervously.

"You think?" Bong twanged. "Don't you know?"

"It's on my back," tinged the smallest bell.

"Ting," thundered the biggest bell. "You're next to this upstart. See what it has on it!"

Teeny swayed forward and Ting swung back. "It says . . ." Ting rang out hollowly, ". . . it says, 'Made by the Jacob Merton Foundry Company, Brooklyn, New York'!"

"Oh, No!" the other old bells intoned in horror.

"This is too much!" Bung rumbled indignantly. "We're not only stuck with an amateur, but an amateur from Brooklyn!"

"This Jacob Merton who made you," clanged Bong, "is he a duke or an earl?"

"Oh, no!" tinkled Teeny. "But I do think he must be an angel because he went to heaven several years ago!" The smallest bell swayed nervously back and forth. "I was made by his son, John! I'm sure he used only the best metal!"

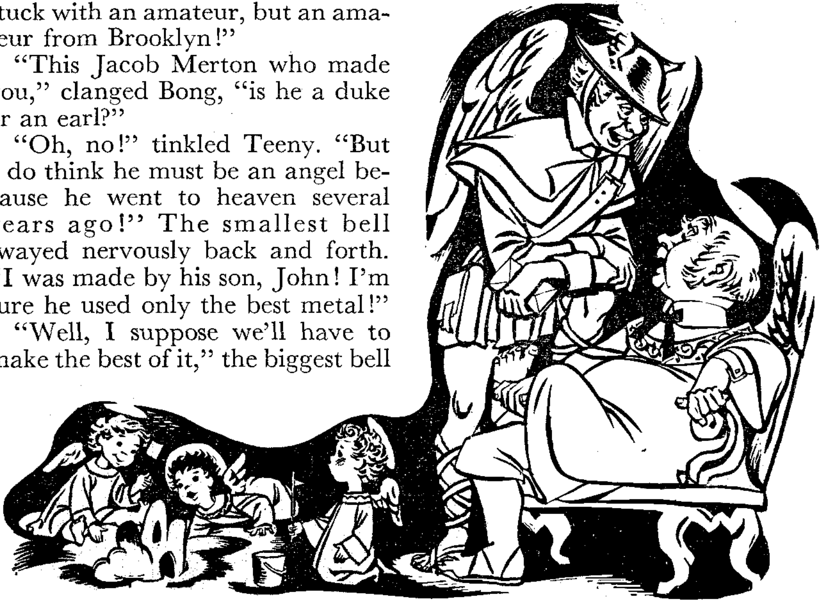
"Well, I suppose we'll have to make the best of it," the biggest bell sighed. "Can you sing at all?" he rumbled anxiously.

"Yes, indeed!" jingled Teeny.

"We'd better try a scale and see if you're in tune. Ready, now, bells! A nice swing and then follow through for a good round note!" The biggest bell leaned backward and then rolled forward with a deep, full-throated "Laaaaaa!"

The other six old bells, one after the other, did the same. Then they waited and waited to hear Teeny. But the smallest bell was so nervous that its throat seemed to be full of dry rust and its clapper felt as big as a wagon tongue. With a tremendous effort it swung itself backward, at such speed and with such violence that its clapper crashed on its shell with a horrible tinny sound!

The other bells hung silent. There would be no bright, glad music in



the green valley on Christmas day! For Teeny, the smallest and highest bell, had cracked itself!

At this moment, Paradise-time, Mr. Jacob Merton was sitting on his favorite bench, just inside the Gates in the great Plaza of Eternity. He had sent off his season's blessing to his son, John, down at the Merton Foundry, and now he was looking forward to a beautiful Christmas when all Heaven rejoiced.

Jacob was a round, friendly little man with honest blue eyes and white side whiskers. His halo, set carefully over his head, gave him an air of dignity and reliability. His wings were spotless and unruffled.

Mr. Merton liked this particular bench because he could watch the endless comings and goings of the messengers of the Recording Angels. He had struck up an acquaintanceship with one messenger, who paused to give him tidbits of news about old friends at the foundry.

Mr. Merton waited hopefully, and finally the messenger came along. "A beautiful day!" Mr. Merton greeted him.

"Heavenly!" replied the messenger. "Very Christmasy down in Brooklyn! You should see your foundry! Packages and red ribbons all over the place!"

"Really, now?" beamed Mr. Merton.

"But I do have a bit of bad news," the messenger went on. "One of your bells has come to grief. Teeny cracked itself in the church tower down in Christmas Valley. Now they'll have no music on Christmas Day. Well, I must be off! Goodbye, Jacob!"

"Goodbye," Mr. Merton called, his face white and his lips stiff. "Oh, this is dreadful, dreadful!" he thought. "No music on Christmas Day and no one to blame but the Jacob Merton Foundry!" Mr. Merton rose with determination. "I must do something about it!"

He wondered if he should go down and try to replace the bell. But immediately he discarded that idea as impractical. He was not a good flyer, and he could never carry a bell from the foundry all the distance to Christmas Valley.

"I could manage a few tools," he decided, "but they'd be locked up and the foundry's new watchman doesn't know me. It would be a miracle if he'd even let me in . . . a miracle!"

That was it! Why not ask God for a miracle! Mr. Merton rose to his feet and started at a fast trot up the Street of Miracles, which led to the great Temple of Eternity.

The streets of Heaven were crowded that day before Christmas. Mr. Merton tried desperately—then frantically—to make his way through the close-packed throng.

AT LAST, as the hours raced to reach Christmas Eve, poor Mr. Merton was so exhausted that he collapsed on the broad steps of the massive edifice that housed the mighty Bureau of Rain, Sunlight and Divine Power.

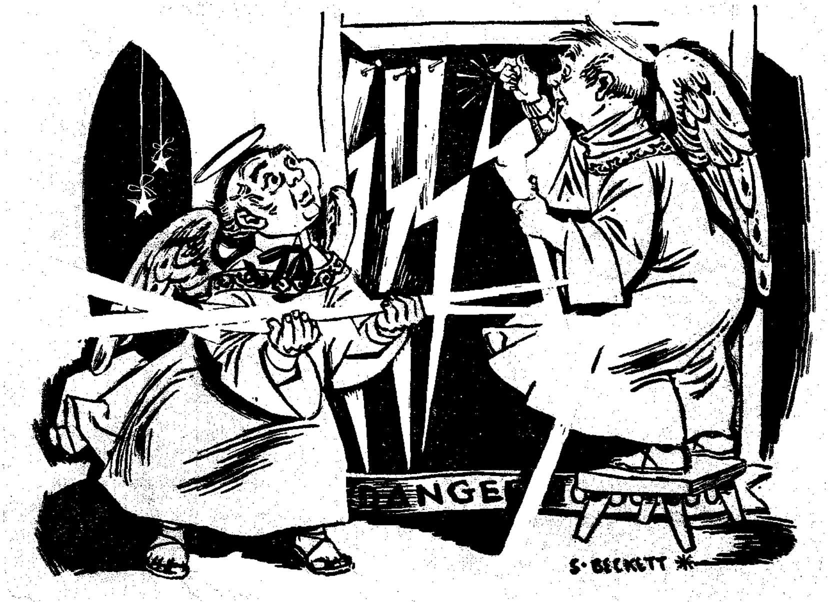
"Why, Mr. Merton!" he heard a shocked voice exclaim. "It pains me to see you like this! Don't you remember me, sir? Don't you remember Philbert Smith, who worked at your foundry?"

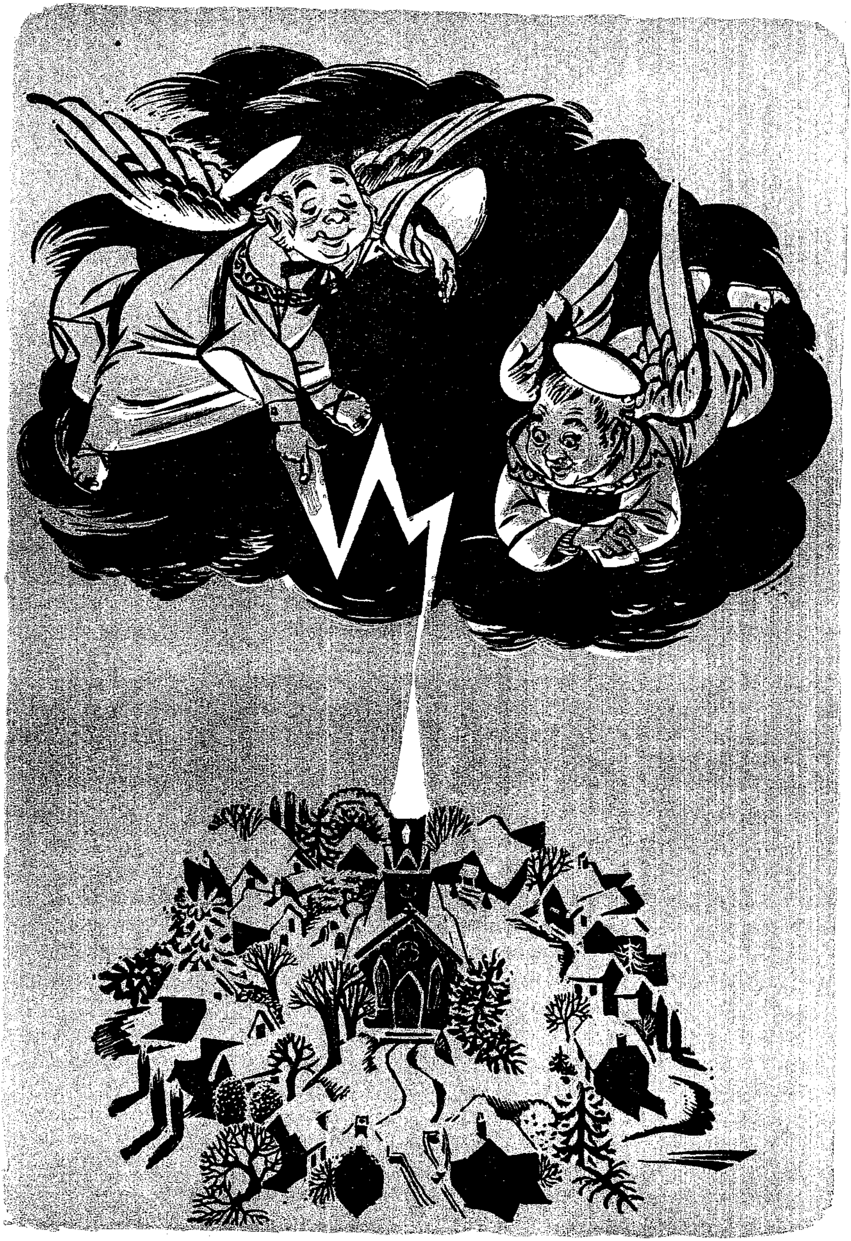
Old Mr. Merton, his halo awry, opened his eyes. Bending anxiously over him was an elderly angel with mild blue eyes and a smudged face. "Smitty!" he cried in amazement. "What are you doing here?"

"Oh, this is where I'm employed!" Smitty pointed proudly to the great building. "In the Department of Earthly Weather. By the Office of Clouds, to be exact. They come in all sizes and assorted colors, you know—dark, light and silver-lined. My job is stuffing the dark clouds with lightning bolts."

"Smitty—" there was a strange light in Mr. Merton's eyes as he spoke. "Smitty, could you obtain a few spare bolts?"

"You mean," Smitty's halo stood





straight up in amazement, "you mean for you, Mr. Merton?"

"For the glory of Christmas and the honor of the Merton Foundry Company!" replied the gentle old angel. Then he proceeded to tell of the dreadful accident that had befallen Teeny, the smallest bell.

"But I firmly believe I can repair the damage if you will help me, Smitty!" he said with conviction. "Do you remember that foundry picnic where I won the welding contest hands down?"

"Mr. Merton," Smitty went up the steps and threw open the door, "you just come with me and I'll show you the lightning bolts we got in stock!"

The two little old angels hurried down the endless, echoing corridors of the empty Bureau, trotting past the deserted art department where clouds were hand-tinted in morning and evening colors; running by the darkened office of design where snowflakes were fashioned in their infinite variety; racing through the chill department of hail and the draughty division of winds with its four great vaults labeled North, East, South and West—and arrived breathless at a stout barrier that bore a flaming warning:

DANGER
Approximately
Ten Billion Trillion Volts

"There they are, Mr. Merton!" said Smitty in a hushed voice as he pointed to the thousands of gleaming, deadly bolts, cradled in their safety cases. "Which ones do you want, sir?"

"A round dozen of the biggest!" whispered Mr. Merton.

"Yes, sir!" Smitty carefully laid six lethal bolts in Mr. Merton's arms and then took six himself.

"Oh, Smitty!" moaned Mr. Merton in sudden despair. "They're frightfully heavy! We'll never be able to carry them all the way down to Christmas Valley!"

"We don't have to carry them!" Smitty chuckled softly. "Just come with me, sir!"

Mr. Merton followed Smitty through the rear doors of the Bureau to a star-lit field. Here, resting in their hangars like great balloons, were the sleeping clouds.

"Here, Nellie, come, Nellie!" called Smitty, and from out of a dark opening coasted a fat black cloud with thunder purring in its throat. "Steady, girl!" He patted the cloud. "Climb up front, Mr. Merton, so's you can steer!"

"But, Smitty," puffed the gentle old angel, "Nellie can't be very fast! We'll arrive much too late for Christmas!"

"Don't you worry about that, sir!" whispered Smitty. "We'll fuel her with lightning bolts." The black cloud thundered, and suddenly, with a fearsome leap, she sped from the Celestial City!

IT was a wild and halo-raising journey that was made down to Christmas Valley. And when at last they hovered over the white church in the green valley, only two great bolts remained. Old Mr. Merton peered over Nellie's heaving flank. Then, seizing one of the gleaming bolts, he flung it flaming down into the green valley, down into the tower of the church to strike the smallest bell with a white-hot blade!

The smallest bell glowed red—orange—yellow—and as the metal softened from the terrible heat, the grievous crack that marred its face slowly vanished and it was once again whole and perfect!

"It would be shameful to allow this second bolt to go to waste," Mr. Merton said thoughtfully. Then down he sent it after the first, to strike the smallest bell again and to make it ring with a loud, clear, perfect note! To the inscription on Teeny's back, the bolt added three words. It now read: "Made by the Jacob Merton Foundry Company, Brooklyn, New York, Especially For Christmas"!

Oh, yes, indeed—it was a wonderful Christmas in Christmas Valley! The eight glad voices of the bells in the lofty tower of the white church filled every nook and cranny of the green valley; rose to the tops of the purple mountains; went winging upward to strike against the far blue shell of the sky! And the voice of Teeny, the smallest bell, rose even higher.

Old Mr. Merton on his bench by the Great Gates heard it ever so plainly. So did Smitty as he watched Nellie roll and romp on Elysian Fields. So did the Lord, Himself, because He always listens for such happy voices.

What the smallest bell said to each of them cannot be known. But what it said to all the people in the green valley was what they all said to one another. And that was: "God bless you—don't you just love Christmas?"

A Soldier Remembers

by C. B. AYERS

How a CORONET article brought a unique gift to "The School of the Ozarks"

THE SCHOOL OF THE OZARKS for mountain boys and girls at Point Lookout, Missouri, was begun on faith almost a half century ago, and built into a $2,000,000 establishment, with an annual enrollment of more than 250 eager students, through the loyal support of friends and well-wishers.

It was no surprise, then, that the article "Ozark School That Runs on Faith" in the July, 1951, issue of CORONET, should inspire a whole new roster of well-wishers. Into the office of the head of the school, Robert M. Good, flowed a stream of letters, affirming belief in the school's policy and offering financial aid. Among them was an airmail letter which was postmarked "Mannheim, Germany," containing a unique request.

"Having just read an article on your school," wrote its author, Corporal Eugene F. Lampshire, "I am struck with an intense interest in what you are doing. I should like not only to contribute to your school, but to correspond with some of your students."

Several of the boys and girls quickly accepted the GI's invitation. From the Ozarks, their letters followed the young American soldier through changes of Army assignments which eventually took him to Korea.

Lampshire never wrote of his own personal background, but described the places he had visited and his military life. Always, he sent gifts and asked about the students' work.

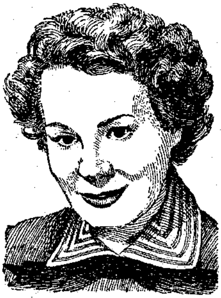
Then, one day in March, 1953, Mr. Good was startled to receive a check for $5,000. It was payment due on the policy of Corporal Eugene F. Lampshire, who had died of wounds in Korea.

Since the lonely young man had no family of his own, he had named as his beneficiary The School of the Ozarks. For he wished, even in death, to foster the ideals of faith and opportunity for which the school stood, and which he himself had fought to safeguard.

Broadway's Choice

by JAY KAYE

Honesty and modesty have played a large part in making her a leading actress



IF YOU ASK ANYBODY in the theatrical trade, or any place else for that matter, who is the best actress on the stage or in the movies, the answer at the moment is Shirley Booth, a likeable, unaffected and enormously talented stage actress who went into the movies, replayed a role she made famous on Broadway and walked off with Hollywood's highest honor.

Actually, in handing Shirley Booth the Academy Award, or Oscar, for the best job of acting in 1952, Hollywood was merely bestowing its own recognition upon a talent long ago recognized on Broadway. She has won more awards for her work in legitimate theater than there were blackbirds in the nursery rhyme pie—enough, certainly, to establish her as the current queen of the contemporary U.S. theater.

In 1950, critics and customers alike acclaimed her performance as the sloppy, bemuddled housewife in *Come Back, Little Sheba,* just as they had admired her as the tart-tongued secretary of *Goodbye, My Fancy.*

In 1951, when she raised her voice in song as amorous, uninhibited Aunt Cissy in Betty Smith's *A Tree Grows in Brooklyn,* they tossed cheers around, and, earlier this season, although *The Time of the Cuckoo* was sometimes described as mediocre theater, all the critics shouted huzzas for Shirley.

A favorite of Broadway theatergoers for years, Shirley Booth is now equally well known, through *Sheba,* the picture that won her the award, to the vast American public that never goes near the legitimate theater. Even among the famous she is viewed with something close to awe.

Last summer, for example, on her first day at the Paramount Studios in Hollywood, her appearance on the set provoked unprecedented commotion. Technicians and grips nudged each other, bit players stared, and even Burt Lancaster, her co-star in the movie and a chap who causes more than a little commotion on his own hook, was so excited he dashed from one person to another whispering, "Hey, look! There's Shirley Booth!"

Shirley has been carrying on a dogged, impassioned love affair with the stage for the better part of the last 40 years, and it has taken her nearly that long to make it a mutual affair. Since 1925, she has appeared in 26 New York shows, *By the Beautiful Sea* being her twenty-sixth. In a very real sense, her life is dedicated to the theater: she lives it, sleeps it, eats it.

"It's sort of a great, big, mad passion with her," says one veteran of Shubert Alley and an old friend of Shirley's. "I don't know anybody who really loves the theater the way she does."

SHIRLEY BOOTH is frank about her age; she is 45, but looks years younger. In the flesh, she looks considerably smaller than she does on stage; she is five feet one and a half inches tall, weighs a carefully controlled 132 pounds, and gazes at the world through warm, mahogany-colored eyes.

She has a complexion that is actually pearl-like and her smile is full and warm; but she is the first to admit that her figure, which misses by a slight but fatal margin, is "not as good as it used to be."

"All I ever had was curly hair and good ears," she confesses, then somewhat forlornly adds, "and what can you do with ears?"

Unlike most of her contemporaries, Miss Booth is a well-adjusted woman who has rarely suffered the tremor of stage fright. Although extravagant praise embarrasses her, she has a good realization of her own abilities and her own values as an actress. But she is always completely candid in her self-appraisal.

One of her fellow actors in *The Time of the Cuckoo*, in speaking of her modesty, enjoys telling a story about the marquee outside of the theater where the show was playing. Shirley's name stood alone—not the title of the play or the name of the producer but simply "Empire Theater—Shirley Booth"—a significant testimonial to talent reserved for only the great names of the theater.

"When it went up that way at the end of rehearsals," he says, "Shirley kept waiting for them to finish the sign!"

If she seems a rather sad person at times, there is good reason, for her domestic life, not nearly so rich as her professional one, has been twice touched by personal tragedy. Her prolonged and intense marriage to radio star Ed Gardner—with whom she played the loud-mouthed, man-chasing Miss Duffy on *Duffy's Tavern*—ended unhappily after 13 years. And her second husband, a young, good-looking investment counselor named Bill Baker, for whom her affection was, and still is, genuinely deep, died suddenly while Shirley was rehearsing for *A Tree Grows in Brooklyn*.

She missed two rehearsals, then returned to work. Her memories hurt her when she is idle, but she is able to forget them when she's working hard.

Theatrical people are genuinely in awe of her ability to remain collected under even the most trying circumstances. "I saw her right after her husband died," an electrician said, "and she was plenty busted up. But when they asked her how she felt, she said okay, fine, just fine. She knows how to hide her crying and nobody can tell. She's the kind of a gal who goes around laughing and cutting up, and wishing to hell she could drop dead."

Shirley's mind is a fabulously lush storehouse of the things she's seen and her gift for mimicry is startling. She can go into high creative gear in a manner that dismays competitors and amuses friends who have become accustomed to the spectacle of seeing her flutter like a dickey bird, strut like a strumpet, jump like a puppet on a string and break into an habanera.

Shirley is a good companion, with a gift for making people like her. She gives the appearance of being a hearty good-natured extrovert and with her friends, she is good-humored and adaptable. Actually, she is shy, although she seems shocked to learn that this is common knowledge. She is disciplined but as unpredictable as the color of her hair, which has nervously gone from red to blonde to brown at various stages of her career.

She can be serious or she can be wacky. Her friends like to needle her about the time she walked up to a furniture salesman, handed him a slip-cover and ordered a sofa to fit it. And, although she was in earnest at the time, they take delight in recalling the afternoon she put on a jet black wig to go to a sedate Back Bay charity affair, because she thought her own hair, bright orange at the time, was too gaudy for the occasion.

They tell stories about her work, too, for Shirley is a very contradictory character. Once she tackles a part, she becomes a craftsman extraordinary, freed of any taint of the unconventional ingredients that characterize her offstage being.

She shows an astonishing capacity for work, she polishes her lines with an endless, beady concentration and she delivers them with consummate skill. She is an unusually gifted actress and that rarity, a born comedienne.

Her voice, a raucous sort of falsetto which she herself once described as "true but irritating," is capable of an immense variety of emotional inflection. Perhaps no one has expressed this phase of her ability better than Richard Maney, who later became her press agent, the morning after he had seen *Come Back, Little Sheba*. "She makes you laugh on every single line in the play," he told an interviewer, "and in the end, you find that she has broken your heart."

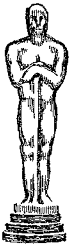
SHIRLEY ACHIEVES her results through hard-driving perfectionism and an exhaustive—and to those she works with, exhausting—knowledge of every detail that goes into the making of the character she is playing . . . an uncompromising insistence that her characters be built from the inside out, so to speak, that their lines and actions be designed to express, naturally, the life and thought that go on within them.

Daniel Mann, who directed her in *Come Back, Little Sheba*, puts it this way: "Shirley doesn't act, she *lives* on stage."

She rarely demands; she only suggests in an insistent, patient voice but, barring the indisputable intervention of God or the devil, she will never permit Shirley Booth to act any other way than the way Shirley Booth wants her to act. In *Come Back, Little Sheba*, for example, the producers were fussily insistent that she should put on weight to look the part of the dowdy middle-aged matron.

Shirley rebelled, went on a diet instead, and insisted that if she couldn't convince audiences that she was a fat woman without being one, she might just as well turn in her Equity card.

"I'll just stand there and throw my stomach out," she told them, "and wear bungalow aprons a size too large."



She won the argument. She also won the critics' award for the best performance of the year.

SHIRLEY WAS NOT born Booth. She was born Thelma Ford, first child of a district manager for the International Business Machines Corporation who, not wanting his daughter to be an actress, forbade her the use of his name. The name of Booth came from a godmother and she took the name of Shirley, in 1923, when she played the part of Shirley Rossmore in *The Lion and the Mouse.*

Father Ford, a stern fellow, ruled his wife and household pretty much as though it were a department of the IBM, Shirley remembers, and her relationship with him was always a tense one, with much recrimination. Time has not softened the feelings of either father or daughter, and Mr. Ford has not, as far as Shirley knows, ever seen one of her shows.

Her life began on August 30, 1907, on Manhattan's Morningside Drive in the shadow of Columbia University. Soon afterwards her family moved to Brooklyn. She discovered audiences in the Borough's P.S. 152, when she kept her classmates in stitches with imitations of the teacher when she was out of the room.

When she was seven, her father was transferred to Philadelphia and he moved his family into a family hotel. Another of the guests was a young actor in the local stock company.

Later, when the family moved to Hartford, Connecticut, Shirley was delighted to find the actor playing there. She begged her mother to invite him to dinner.

"Before the poor fellow finished his soup," she recalls now with a chuckle, "I had wormed a promise out of him to introduce me to the company manager. I wanted to be an actress."

Over the protests of her father, her mother allowed her to join the Poli Stock Company in Hartford. She never returned home.

In the years that followed, she criss-crossed the continent playing full weeks, split weeks and one-night stands in auditoriums and broken-down theaters, living out of a suitcase. She first hit Broadway in 1925, playing opposite a dark-haired juvenile named Humphrey Bogart. The show, *Hell's Bells*, ran four months. Shirley returned to stock, had another flop on Broadway that fall, returned to stock again.

Her luck improved in 1935 when she landed the role of Mabel in *Three Men on a Horse.* Then came *Excursion*, *The Philadelphia Story*, *My Sister Eileen*, *Tomorrow the World* and *Goodbye, My Fancy.*

But it was not until the night of February 15, 1950, when she opened in *Come Back, Little Sheba*, that Broadway became her street. Actually, Shirley came within a hair's breadth of not playing it at all. When Lawrence Langner of the Theater Guild showed her a draft of the play, she read it, liked it, but told him, "It's not for me."

"I'd just come through a depressing period in my own life," she explains now, "and I wanted something lighter."

But Langner wouldn't take "no" for an answer, and finally persuaded her to try the part for at least a week at Westport, a proving ground for many Guild attractions, in Connecticut.

On the whole, Shirley finds the existence of a successful actress an exceedingly pleasant one. She lives well in a handsome midtown apartment—a mixture of Victorian and Early American furniture. Her household consists only of herself, a parakeet named Cookie, and Prego, an amiable, pint-sized poodle with hair the same color as her own.

Her idea of a rollicking good time is to play guessing games or make records on her tape recorder or to cook roast beef and Yorkshire pudding for old friends. She loves to dance and ride, but prefers the latter because "it's a lot easier to get a good horse than a good rhumba partner."

She is almost absurdly generous. Her maid, June Walker, insists that friends can "wish a dress right off her back." She is also generous with her stage experience in helping other players.

In the jargon of the theatrical trade papers, she is unquestionably and indubitably the "hottest number in show business today." Hal Wallis, producer of *Come Back, Little Sheba*, already has her under contract to make three more pictures for him.

A few minutes after she had won the Academy Award, a friend walked up to her. "The whole world is your oyster now, Shirley," he said. "How does it feel?"

Shirley thought for a minute. "It feels real good," she smiled, and then modestly told him that she'd really like it better if she could take her success, store it away some place, and take it out piece by piece.

"I've never been one to take bigger bites than I could chew," she said, "and all this at once . . . well . . . it *is* quite a mouthful, isn't it?"

Lilliputian Logic

A FRIEND, according to one small boy, is a person who likes you even though he knows you. —*Irish Digest*

CHILD'S DEFINITION of flattery: "It's something nice someone tells you about yourself that you wish was true." —*Christian Science Monitor*

INVITED TO DINNER at the home of friends, Mother told her little boy that he must be sure to be a little gentleman. "You know what being a little gentleman means?" she asked.

"Yes," was the reply. "It means I won't have a good time."

—MRS. E. L. MEADERS (*Family Circle*)

SMALL BOY'S PLAINT: "How much longer will I have to eat spinach to be able to lick anybody who tries to make me eat the spinach?"

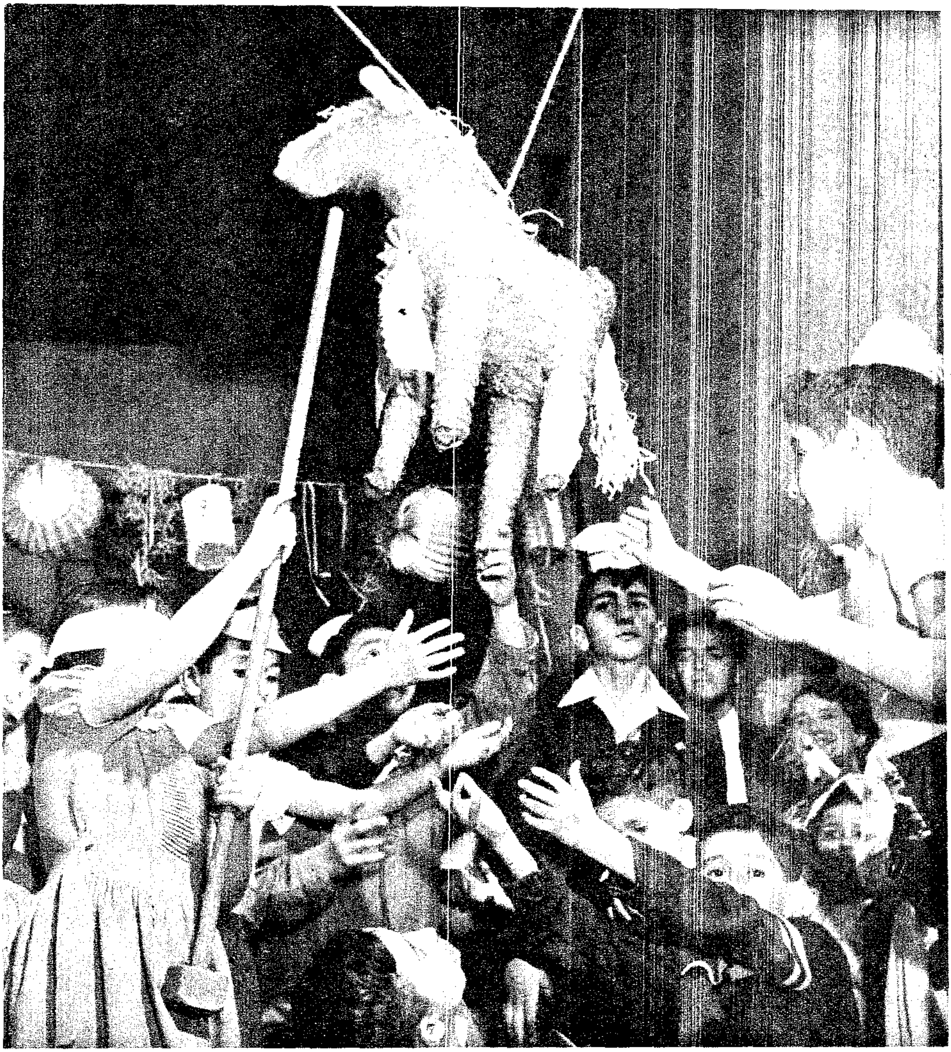
—*American Girl*

Keepers of Christmas

To the joy that inspires us all at Christmastime, each nation lends unique and centuries-old customs. In Sweden, where family ties are strong, the prettiest daughter becomes, for a day, Lucia, the medieval saint who carried food to the hungry. Wearing a crown of leaves and candles, the modern Lucia tiptoes to the bedside of each family member, leaves cake and coffee, and departs with a smile and a blown kiss.

"OYEZ! OYEZ!" intones the town crier, and the Mummers of Marshfield, clad in shredded paper capes, stride into the square to commemorate the holiday season—and delight their townsmen—with a colorful tableau of England's traditional heroes. Tradespeople and businessmen through all the year, on Christmas they are the dramatic descendants of the minstrels and story-tellers of another Elizabeth's era.

HAITI IS A LAND where snow never falls and the thermometer, even in December, hovers around 80 degrees. But neither tropic rain nor heat of day can dampen the natives' air of festival at Christmas. Shopping lists bring them to town from hills and coastal villages; they vie for the most colorful shawls, the noisiest noise-makers. Then, shouldering their pine trees, they head for home and a merry Christmas.



On the night of December 16, the villages of Mexico become a stage for a chaotic procession. It moves happily from house to house until, at last, one door is flung wide and in troops virtually the entire village. This is the *posadas*, commemoration of the journey of Mary and Joseph. Then comes the *piñatas*, a sort of blindman's buff, in which each child tries to break an earthenware jug and win a prize of candy.

JAPANESE SHOPS ARE DECKED with tinsel, holly and season's greetings—*Christmas Omedetoh.* From the churches comes the clear sound of voices raised in Yuletide song. Children, dressed in the ceremonial garb with which most Japanese still greet auspicious occasions, listen to the universally loved stories of Christmas. Then comes the feast. Christianity is less than 100 years old in Japan, but its spirit lightens the land.

IRELAND'S CHRISTMAS doesn't end on December 25; there is, apparently, *far too much* holiday cheer in that buoyant land to be expended in a single day. So, following the visit of Daddy Christmas—Ireland's Santa Claus—St. Stephen's day is ushered in with songs and garish costumes. Singing children carry a St. Stephen's holly branch from door to door, and are met by adults who refuse to be outdone in the merrymaking.

19
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18

THE SNOW-COVERED VALLEYS of Switzerland are quiet, except perhaps for the sweet sound of carols on the frosty air. A child trudges through the deep snow and implants a pine branch at the foot of a simple grave. Then she stands silent for a little while, thinking of someone who has gone. This is Christmas in Switzerland, a time of tranquility and prayer. Even for the very young, it is a time to remember everyone.

America, too, has a contribution to the world's distinctive Christmas customs: the Beacon Hill Bell Ringers. As serious as any amateur string quartet, these men and women of Boston meet regularly to practice and perform—and on Christmas Eve they come into their own. Crowds gather on Beacon Hill and the Bell Ringers fill the night with the magic of hymns and carols—the eternal spirit of Christmas.

The Case of the Fake $100 Bill

by LEWIS THOMPSON
and CHARLES BOSWELL

The counterfeiters' masterpiece spurred the U.S. Treasury to a unique defense

THE U.S. GOVERNMENT is not easily scared by counterfeiters of its currency. It spots their handiwork and, through the Secret Service, puts them out of business.

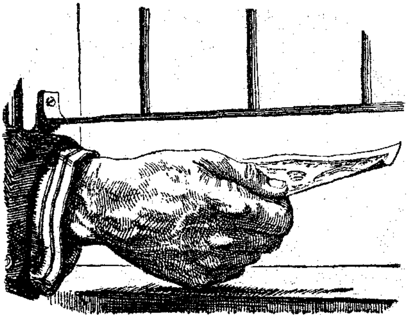
But once—and only once—the Government was worried enough to believe that public faith in paper currency was seriously threatened and scared enough to adopt a drastic counter-measure it had never employed before.

This unique tactic was invoked in February, 1898, on the recommendation of John Elbert Wilkie, chief of the Secret Service. Eight months before, the Treasury had issued $26,000,000 worth of a $100 bill which bore a picture of President Monroe and a carmine seal.

Six months passed with no trouble. Then a clerk in the Philadelphia Sub-Treasury looked twice at one of the Monroe certificates. The carmine seal, he felt, was a little too pink.

Experts in the Bureau of Printing & Engraving agreed that the carmine was off hue and that something was not quite right about one of the tiny stars above an S in the word "States." But after they had tested the paper, they weren't so sure. For it was unquestionably legitimate stock.

The question was settled when the suspected bill was placed in a chemical solution, where it split



apart. A $1 bill had been split, bleached, cemented together blank sides out, and then imprinted with plates that were masterpieces of counterfeiting skill.

In the next two months, a dozen more spurious notes turned up in the Philadelphia Sub-Treasury.

The implications were highly alarming to Wilkie and Secretary of the Treasury Lyman J. Gage. It was possible that before long, the entire Monroe issue would be suspect. Distrust of one Government note could easily lead to distrust of other Government notes, with potentially disastrous consequences.

Secretary Gage took a step which was, and still is, unique in the history of American money. He recalled the entire Monroe issue—$26,000,000 worth—from fear of an unknown engraver.

When the redemption was completed, the notes were counted, with an astonishing result. The total number of certificates redeemed was 260,097—which meant that 97 counterfeits had been accepted by experts who presumably should know bad money when they saw it.

Since most of the known counterfeits had been passed in Philadelphia, Wilkie sent a picked squad to that city, headed by Agent William J. Burns. They worked for months, with no result.

In September, 1898, their attention was diverted to an investigation in Lancaster, Pennsylvania, which they at first considered as having no connection with the Monroe case.

The Lancaster matter had come up through a letter received by the Bureau of Internal Revenue. The writer, a cigar manufacturer, complained bitterly of the inroads made into his business by a rival outfit, the Standard Manufacturing Company of Lancaster.

"Standard's costs are about what mine are," the writer protested. "Yet they are able to sell cigars at a price only slightly above cost and much less than I can quote after I affix Internal Revenue stamps to my cigar boxes. What's wrong?"

Wilkie found that Standard's stamp purchases, before 1897, had been $65,000 a year. But for the past two years, they had fallen off to $25,000.

Wilkie obtained samples of Standard's products, but the stamps affixed to the cigar boxes were declared by Treasury experts to be genuine.

Burns and Agent Thomas R. McManus went to Lancaster and began to watch the wealthy owners of Standard: William Jacobs and William Kendig.

Early in the surveillance, the Secret Service men observed a provocative situation. Jacobs and Kendig met frequently with Samuel B. Downey, Deputy Collector for the Lancaster area, and after each meeting the Government man made substantial deposits in his bank account. Burns and McManus figured they recognized bribery when they saw it. Even more rewarding developments followed when the agents shadowed Jacobs to a small paper factory in Baltimore. Afterward, they had a talk with its proprietor.

"Mr. Jacobs manufactures a patent medicine," the operatives were told. "We make the paper for his labels. He's anxious to protect his product against imitators and fussy about our getting his labels the exact shade of greenish-blue he wants. What's more, he uses the initials of his product as a watermark. The name of the medicine is Indian Rheumatic Ulcer Syrup."

To the gullible papermaker, the initials on the stamp-width rolls of paper might read I R U S, but the letters were so spaced that by a simple refocusing, the agents could read U S I R—the initials for U.S. Internal Revenue.

In Philadelphia, Chief Wilkie explained his strategy. "The revenue counterfeit fooled our people," he said, "and the Monroe certificate almost did. I think the same hand is responsible for both. Keep tailing Jacobs and Kendig."

The trail led to a hotel room in Philadelphia, where Jacobs and Kendig held a meeting with two younger men. The strangers, Arthur Taylor and Baldwin Bredell, turned out to be partners in an engraving business, with a shop at 9th and Filbert Streets. In the trade, they had outstanding reputations:

Taylor as a photo-etcher of rare talent, Bredell as a chemical and mechanical wizard.

Posing as customers, Burns and McManus visited the shop, met the one employee, an office boy, and noticed that the closed door of a back room bore a forbidding "Keep Out" sign. Questioned guilefully, the boy declared that his employers worked in the room and that he had never been permitted inside.

Wilkie obtained search warrants and led a midnight raiding party to the premises. But a lock on the outer-office door stopped them. If the lock were forced, jimmy marks would show; and if no incriminating evidence were found within, Taylor and Bredell would take warning and stop work. A key was needed.

Help Fight TB

Buy Christmas Seals

The office boy was selected to provide it. A young Secret Service agent, posing as an actor, cultivated the lad and offered to get him a job on the stage. The agent invited the office boy to a hotel room and flashed a colorful courtier's costume.

"Put it on," the agent said, "and I'll take you down the hall to see the manager of our company."

Chief Wilkie played the part of the theatrical entrepreneur. While he was interviewing the costumed hopeful, Burns went through the youth's clothes and found a key. By the time the lad returned to change (having been told that "if we need you, we'll let you know"), the key was back in his pocket, but a duplicate had been made.

On their second visit to the Taylor and Bredell shop, Wilkie and his men gained easy entrance. The back room held printing presses, machinery, paper pulp and skeins of red and blue silk, clearly indicating that the partners were ably equipped to print currency and were even prepared to make their own paper. But the vital component was missing: the engraved plates.

"All we can do," Wilkie told his men, "is to watch until they go into production."

In late February, 1898, Agent McManus had a revealing encounter with Collector Downey. The Government official knew McManus, caught sight of him on a street in Lancaster, and worriedly asked him what he was doing in town.

When the agent hedged, Downey showed his hand. "If you're investigating Standard," he said, "it might be worth your while to take it easy. Get in touch with Ingham & Newitt, in Philadelphia. They'll take care of you."

McManus was shocked. Ingham was a former U. S. Attorney and Newitt, his first assistant; and they both were prominent politically.

When he visited them on orders from Wilkie, they bluntly offered him $500 a month to "lay off Standard," and invited him to fix a date for the first payment. He replied that he would have to make certain he could cover the situation.

On the night of March 19, 1899, Taylor and Bredell worked late in their engraving shop. After a discreet interval, Wilkie, Burns and two colleagues entered the back room to see what had held their attention so long. It proved to be the partially completed plates of a new $100 bill.

The next afternoon, in simultaneous raids, Jacobs and Kendig were arrested in their cigar factory; Downey in his office; Taylor and Bredell in their shop; and Ingham and Newitt in the lobby of the Philadelphia post office, as, on McManus' invitation, they handed over to him the first $500 bribe.

Taylor and Bredell freely gave a history of their relationship with Jacobs and Kendig. The cigar manufacturers had first hired them to make the revenue stamp plate. It was so good that they were paid $5,000 for it and put on a salary of $100 a week each to go after the bigger game—the Monroe note.

When the plates for that were completed, all concerned were overjoyed at the high quality of the craftsmanship, and then Jacobs and Kendig disclosed the monumental proportions of their plot. They would print $10,000,000 worth of the Monroe notes, deposit them in banks all over the country, then by intricate manipulation concentrate the loot in one account, clean that out and skip the country.

But not a single note was to be printed, the Lancaster men ordered, until paper that exactly duplicated government stock had been made.

Taylor and Bredell started on the paper making, but could not resist the temptation to test the artistry of their Monroe plates. Using treated $1 bills, they imprinted 97 Monroe $100 counterfeits.

When the Government recalled the issue, Jacobs and Kendig, realizing that their orders had been disobeyed, came storming to Philadelphia and seized the Monroe plates, which Secret Service agents subsequently found anchoring down two decoy ducks on a pond on Kendig's farm.

The trials of the seven men involved resulted in the conviction of all, their prison sentences ranging from two to twelve years.

Because they had been cooperative, Taylor and Bredell got off with seven-year sentences. While in prison, they invented an engraving machine so remarkable that it was adopted by the Bureau of Printing & Engraving.

After they were released, the pair formed a corporation to market their new machine. Among its enthusiastic stockholders was one who had excellent reason to believe in their inventive genius. He was Chief Wilkie.

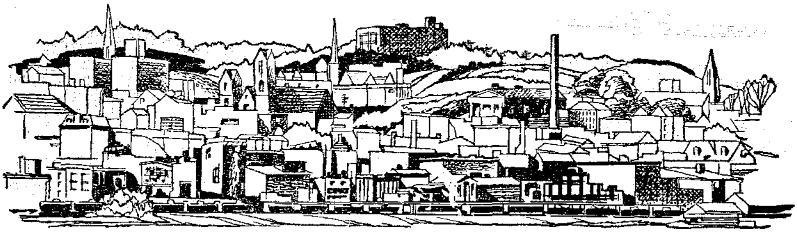
The Churchill Touch

WINSTON CHURCHILL's lightning wit has become legend. A member of Commons was once so furious at him he could hardly speak. Churchill crushed him with: "My Right Honorable Friend should not develop more indignation than he can contain."

Squirming through a tiresome address Churchill snapped: "There's a man who missed a glorious opportunity for remaining silent."

A conceited author who asked Churchill if he had read his book, was bluntly informed: "No, I only read for pleasure or profit."

—WALTER WINCHELL



Newburgh's Come-Back

by **John Maguire**

One New York community shows how towns can obtain civic efficiency and economy

NEWBURGH, N. Y., is an attractive little city of 32,000, nestling on the banks of the Hudson River midway between New York City and the state capital of Albany.

Three years ago it was strangling in the grip of a politically powerful government. Downtown streets were clogged with cars vainly seeking parking space. Inadequate lighting made some streets a mugger's paradise, and contributed to a shocking average of six traffic deaths and 185 injuries yearly. Virtually every city department was below standard, despite sky-high operating costs.

Today, thanks to a citizens' crusade spearheaded by a disabled veteran, a fighting septuagenarian and a soft-spoken professorial accountant, Newburgh boasts a National Municipal League award as one of 11 "All America" cities for 1952. Newburgh now supplies streamlined services to residents, pays higher salaries, and in two years its people have been saved $1,000,000 in taxes.

This startling reversal in the city's character in so short a period is an impressive demonstration of what ordinary citizens can do to obtain cleaner, better government for themselves. For the revolt against bad government began with a few private citizens without political experience: a ladies' wear merchant, a trucker, a lawyer and a department store executive.

Average Americans, they occasionally wondered why their rundown city cost so much to operate —but they never did anything about it until April, 1950. What touched off their anger was a two per cent sales tax, doubly annoying because their city has no major industries and depends heavily on retail shoppers from outside its compact 3½-square-mile area.

Newburgh was the state's smallest city to have a sales tax. Neighboring communities like Kingston seemed far better run, without needing special taxes. Plainly, something was very wrong in Newburgh.

Although Newburgh had a city manager government, the Republican City Committee under Philip

S. Levy held four to one control of the five-man City Council that appointed the manager, and for 30 years the job had been a political plum. Details of city expenditures were never disclosed.

Clearly, the only way to find out what was wrong, and correct it, was to break the organization's hold on City Hall. Forming the Independent Committee for Good Local Government, the group persuaded Frank F. Mahler to run as an independent candidate for a one-year unexpired Council term.

Mahler risked more than defeat. A former professional heavyweight boxer and Marine lieutenant, politics was potentially dangerous for him. On Saipan, an exploding Japanese ammunition dump had crushed his skull and left him 90 per cent disabled. He suffers continual headaches from a metal plate that impinges on his brain. Overwork or excitement paralyzes one side of his body.

Such serious handicaps, plus the apparent impossibility of beating an entrenched political machine, would have scared a lesser man. But Mahler waged a fiery campaign that shook the city. He could not get a breakdown of city spending, but total appropriations per department were included in the published budget required by law, and he found an ingenious way of attacking them.

An experienced auditor, he visited comparable New York State cities and analyzed their operations and costs. In every case, Mahler found that better services were provided at lower cost.

"Financial details are hard to dramatize," Mahler concedes, "but when you show voters another city's garbage disposal system is better, and yours costs $30,000 a year *more*, you drive home your point."

Mahler's findings shocked taxpayers. With 41,000 people, Poughkeepsie spent $89,000 annually on its city home and infirmary; with 32,000, Newburgh spent $180,000. Kingston cleaned 120 miles of streets for $16,000 yearly; Newburgh's 53 miles required $33,000.

He dared opponents to disprove his comparisons or justify the higher costs. He won the Republican primary and was elected.

On the Council, Mahler joined a resourceful political maverick, Mayor Herbert A. Warden. An organization nominee who had rebelled, Warden kept getting elected as an independent, largely because of unquestionable integrity. Over 70, and delighted that he might gain a supporter on the Council, Warden had openly backed Mahler, and quietly furnished much of his heaviest campaign ammunition.

Mahler's comparisons had aroused the public, and when the committee called a civic meeting early in 1951 to discuss abandoning the sales tax, the Council majority dared not refuse an invitation to attend. When Mahler moved that the committee be designated the Newburgh Tax Commission and authorized to survey city finances, loud audience approval forced the Council majority to agree.

The Council majority ignored its report and continued the tax until December 31, 1951. But the survey provided unanswerable arguments for the independents, and in November, 1951, despite bitter personal attacks, Warden and Mahler were elected for four-year terms. So was a third independent, insurance broker Joseph M. Gaynor, giving the independents Council control.

Before Gaynor took office, though, the 1952 budget came before the machine-controlled Council. It totaled $2,171,903, and the city manager insisted the tax be continued, since his budget was $330,000 above the amount that could legally be raised by real estate taxes. The sales tax would raise $452,000 in 1952, he said.

With a three to two majority still against them, Warden and Mahler were apparently fighting hopelessly. But revelations of large-scale extravagances, like a $40,000 duplication of services by the Park Department and the Recreation Department, suddenly cracked the stone wall of party regularity. An organization councilman, Newton J. Flemming, unexpectedly swung to their side. In three hectic sessions, the Council slashed $280,000 from the proposed budget and eliminated the sales tax.

Then, with the addition of Gaynor, the revitalized Council fired the city manager—and decided to hire a professional city manager for the first time.

From ten prospects, they picked slight, mild-mannered Robert P. Aex (pronounced Axe), not at all the popular conception of an executive, but a wizard at municipal finances. He had become auditor of Rochester, N. Y., at 32, comptroller at 38.

Newburgh was doubtful about Bob Aex at first. At 41, he is 5′ 8″ tall, about 145 pounds, restrained in manner and slightly pedantic in speech. To some, he did not seem forceful enough for an extremely tough assignment.

In 1952, he had to run the city on $214 less than his predecessor had insisted was necessary. The sales tax was out, cutting some $452,000 from anticipated revenues. The city's methods were unfamiliar, its employees were suspicious—and decades of misrule had left records in a welter of confusion.

Without fanfare, Aex went to work. In three weeks, he reorganized the sprawling Water Department (which incredibly had *two* chief executives), raising salaries of key employees but still saving $3,000 by improving operating methods.

He replaced an inadequate incinerator with the sanitary landfill method of garbage disposal, saving $26,000 a year, eliminating a future $500,000 outlay for a new incinerator and, incidentally, reclaiming waste land.

But he was not too busy to note that three of the city's baseball diamonds were off-level. He had them regraded. "Things were tough enough for Newburgh kids without making them pitch uphill," he grins.

Modestly, Aex says his program is simple: economize, and find new sources of revenue. "Economizing isn't lower salaries and poorer service," he says. "It's operating more efficiently. And finding new revenue doesn't mean inventing new taxes; it means locating sources of income that haven't been tapped."

Apparently nothing escapes his eye. An inspection of city buildings showed unused offices; he rented them for $1,800 yearly. The city had been hauling leaves away and burning them; Aex arranged to sell them for fertilizer at $2 a load. New revenue: $218; economy: lower hauling costs.

With Newburgh's winding narrow streets horribly congested, traffic tie-ups and parking problems were keeping shoppers out of the city. Previous administrations had suggested an expert traffic survey, but the $10,000 estimated cost had prevented action.

Aex checked with authorities, his usual practice, and found that Newburgh was within the "approach area" of New York City. At his request, the Automobile Club of New York surveyed Newburgh's traffic situation without charge.

The major recommendation was for off-street city-owned parking lots. Aex built four, totaling 300 metered parking spaces, within the year. A fifth 564-car lot has just been opened. Its meter revenues will pay its $114,000 costs, and a yearly profit of about $10,000 besides.

One 100-car lot turns over 1,200 cars a Saturday, indicating how the lots relieve traffic pressure and help both shoppers and merchants. City retailers have more than regained business lost because of the sales tax. Two stores and a hotel built rear entrances because a parking lot behind their buildings brought so many new customers.

Naturally, a man making over a city makes enemies, but Bob Aex has not shied away from unpopular decisions. When he discovered jobs that could be consolidated without lost efficiency, he trimmed away the deadwood. The city runs more smoothly with 320 employees today than it did with 350, and the $90,000 annual saving has provided deserved raises, including $150 a year for policemen and firemen. No salaries were cut, and employee morale is high.

Aex is tireless in searching out all the facts of any problem. When the snows came, the new city manager rode the plows night after night, mapping out a removal system, especially important in the hilly city. Now, equipment rolls within ten minutes of the first snowflake, day or night, and every street in the city is traversed by plows and brushes every 40 minutes until the snow stops falling and the streets are cleared.

Newburgh chuckled when Mahler exploded publicly over Aex's announced intention to name a new city health officer. "Over my dead body!" roared Mahler.

Aex, who has no contract and can be removed at any moment by three to two council vote, said nothing in answer. He simply appointed his candidate.

"I didn't scare him one bit," Mahler says delightedly. "As it happened, he had facts I didn't have. I was wrong then, and he just did what he knew was right. He has character."

The most heartwarming of Aex's achievements was his improvement of the city home and infirmary for the aged. Of 116 residents, 60 could not see well enough to read or watch television. Aex was astounded to learn no system of regular medical examinations existed, and was shocked when the first such examination revealed that 49 of the "partially blind" 60 just needed new eyeglasses or medical attention. Both were quickly provided.

Aex has moved rapidly on a ten-year program for better street lighting. Lights are being installed where most needed, based on police accident and crime records. One block averaged one rape or assault per month. Since the bright lights went on, there has not been one.

Typically, Aex's medium-sized home fronts a street as dark as any in the city, and visitors must pick their steps gingerly down a steep terrace to the sidewalk in almost total blackness. The city manager will improve lighting on his own street when its proper turn comes, and not a day sooner.

Newburgh, at first somewhat distant to the slim, reserved Aex, now regards him with affection and awe. Only ten months after he took office, the city had changed from one of the country's worst-run to an "All America" city.

Naturally, Aex is pleased at his success, but insists he does not deserve all the credit. "Remember that I couldn't have done one thing without the help of loyal city employees and department heads, as well as the support of a Council majority—Mayor Warden, Frank Mahler and Joe Gaynor," he says. "And even the Council wouldn't be what it is without an informed public opinion. That traces back to a few private citizens who became interested in their city government, and did something about it. Those are the people who deserve the credit. They started the whole thing."

Master Salesman

A CERTAIN long-married couple are now enjoying a second honeymoon. And all because the husband was entrusted with the task of hiring a cook. At the employment office he had the good fortune to find a veritable treasure, but the woman was acutely aware of her value, and had to be completely satisfied that her prospective mistress was a woman of rare qualities before she would consent to work for her.

Challenged to perform an irresistible selling job for his mate, the husband delivered himself thus: "My wife is a wonderful woman. She is kind-hearted, patient, generous, fair. You will find that her word is always to be trusted, that she will never make an unreasonable demand upon you, and that, in time of trouble, she will always be helpful, sympathetic and understanding."

Suddenly the super-salesman said to himself, "What a dumb cluck I am! Here I have the most wonderful wife in the world, and not until this moment did I ever realize it."

And he rushed home at once and told her so.

And, oh yes, they got the cook.

—JEROME SAXON

Klobber Your Kids

NOT LONG AGO, Bennett Cerf, noted humorist and literary columnist of the *Saturday Review,* got a letter from the equally renowned theatrical playwright, Moss Hart. Mr. Cerf thought so highly of the letter that he printed it in his column, thus starting a controversy in many American homes. CORONET, with thanks to Messrs. Cerf and Hart, and the *Saturday Review,* is happy to reprint the letter here.—THE EDITORS.

Dear Bennett:

Do you remember, one lovely starlit evening on the desert a few weeks ago, our discussing with a good deal of parental acrimony the proper method of bringing up children? That usually discerning and extremely wise lady, your wife, disagreed somewhat haughtily with the method we use in our house, but I thought you showed unusual interest in our experiment and silently longed to apply it yourself, so I pass it on to you and to any other frantic and harassed parents who, like ourselves, were about ready for the booby-hatch until The Klobber Method came into our household.

The Klobber Method was invented by Ernest J. Klobber, a Viennese psychiatrist who, at the time of the discovery of the method which was to bear his name, was a staunch believer in the modern and accepted formula for rearing children. Give them a reason for everything—watch out for traumas—plenty of love and security—and never a harsh word.

So great an exponent of this formula was Professor Klobber that, at the time of his discovery, the Professor, who had six children of his own, was about to be carted off to a sanitarium in a state of nervous collapse—a condition any modern parent will understand at once. As the hapless Professor was being carried out of the house on a stretcher, one of the children aimed a kick at it which, with unerring childlike aim, landed exactly where it was meant to land.

The Professor, though thoroughly used to being kicked by his children, was under mild sedation at the time, and it may have been this that caused a curious reflex action on his part. Bringing his arm up from the stretcher, he brought his hand down with a good sharp crack on the child's head.

There was an anguished howl from the child—first time in its life no reason had been given for an action—but the effect on the Professor was startling. He leaped up from the stretcher and gave each of the other five kiddies in turn a good smart crack over the head—a Klobber, as he afterward termed it—and never went near the sanitarium. Instead, in suddenly excellent spirits and health, he began to develop The Klobber Method.

No reason was given for anything. "No" meant "no" and "yes" meant "yes," and, trauma or no trauma, at the first hint of an argument the children got a Klobber, and life, for the Professor and his good wife, was livable for the first time since the patter of little feet had thundered through the house.

Like all great discoveries, however, The Klobber Method met with furious opposition on the part of leading educators and progressive-parent organizations, and it was not until a refinement of The Method was suggested by an imaginative assistant of the Professor's that it began to meet with popular, if necessarily secretive, approval.

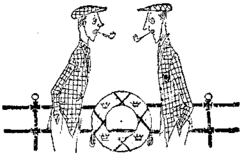
The Professor's assistant, one Heinrich Klonk, suggested that—since a good Klobber usually left a telltale lump—a short sideswipe, or a Klonk, would do the trick just as well, and to hell with PTA's and the like.

Heinrich Klonk is one of the unsung heroes of our time for, though he gets small credit for The Klobber Method, his little refinement worked like a charm, and the word "Klonk" echoes through thousands of peaceful homes like a balm.

The charm of the method is its utter simplicity. In place of long hours of dreary explanation that Daddy cannot work if Junior bangs on the radiator, and if Daddy cannot work and make money, how will we go to the circus; in place of that tortured quiet between husband and wife in the long night hours as to which one warped the childish id by refusing to allow the hot-foot to be applied to Uncle Robert; in place of all that—just "Klonk!"—and serenity reigns.

It is the greatest invention since the wheel, my dear fellow, and as your wife seems to object to it, try it on her first, instead of the children, and let me know the results. I'll still be out here—three thousand miles away—but I'd like to know what happens.

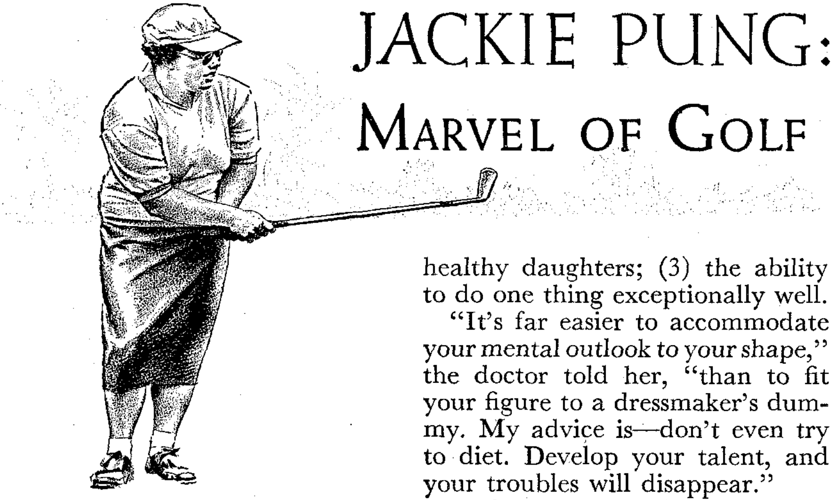
Ever yours,
MOSS HART



Strictly British

ALTHOUGH THEY shared the same stateroom during the crossing from Southampton to New York and had chairs at the same table, two Britons exchanged only the most reserved and formal salutations—since they had not been introduced. When New York was near at hand, the enthusiasm of the other passengers prompted one Britisher to waive conventionality. The man with the initiative appeared lost in thought. Finally an idea for a timely introductory remark came to him, and he asked: "Going over?"

"Yes," said the other, "Thought I would. Are you?" —*Nuggets*



JACKIE PUNG: MARVEL OF GOLF

by **AL STUMP**

Hawaii's hefty champion is a strange combination of faith and courage

IN A DOWNTOWN HONOLULU office, an elderly Chinese doctor listened to a young housewife's troubled story. When she had her first baby in 1941, she was a shapely 125-pounder. Now, four years later, after bearing another child and losing a third at birth, she had blossomed to 190 pounds.

"At the beach they ask me what time the blimp is going up," she sobbed.

The old man regarded her keenly. "Did you ever balance your assets against your liabilities?"

He went on to explain that in Oriental philosophy, life is an exercise in compromise and adjustment. Then he drew up her balance sheet. On the one side, at 5 feet 3 inches, she was undeniably pudgy. On the other, she had (1) a husband who loved and admired her; (2) two healthy daughters; (3) the ability to do one thing exceptionally well.

"It's far easier to accommodate your mental outlook to your shape," the doctor told her, "than to fit your figure to a dressmaker's dummy. My advice is—don't even try to diet. Develop your talent, and your troubles will disappear."

Today, 32-year-old Jacqueline (Jackie) Pung, a happy-go-lucky blend of Hawaiian-French-German ancestry, has heeded that advice so enthusiastically that she weighs 220 and has become the most wildly-acclaimed daughter of the Islands.

Recently 5,000 citizens staged a gala parade and day-long *luau* (feast) in honor of her selection as Hawaii's No. 1 athlete. She had won the 1952 Women's U.S. amateur golf championship—a fat lady who astonished galleries with her grace—and then had turned professional, where she quickly zoomed close to the top of the national Ladies' Professional Golf Association standings.

The result is just as surprising to Mrs. Pung as to her Chinese-American husband, Barney. Three years ago the Pungs were too poor to pay their rent. Honolulu fans who had faith in her golf game chipped in to buy her clubs, balls, spiked shoes and pay caddie fees. Now the family owns a handsome new cottage in the Nuuanu valley and a college education is assured for the young Pung girls.

"Barney used to have to spear fish to put food on the table," says Jackie. "This year I'll earn $15,000 playing golf—and that's only the beginning."

Nothing like the "Waikiki Whammer" has been seen in the 65-year history of American golf. She knocks technical theories cockeyed; delights every duffer whose avoirdupois gets in the way of his score. A brown-skinned butterball, moon-faced and triple-chinned, she has no discernible neck or waist. Her arms and legs are massive.

"Pung dug a divot," remarked a sportswriter at a California tournament, "and every seismograph in 100 miles registered."

At Palm Springs in April, after she won $750 first prize with sub-par rounds of 72-73, a photographer posed her with Betsy Rawls, Louise Suggs, Betty Hicks and other top players.

Then he turned in embarrassment to an official. "What do I do now?" he muttered. "She's so wide that you can't even see Suggs and Hicks in the back row."

"Ask her to move to one end of the group," he was advised. "She won't mind."

Jackie not only was agreeable, but laughed uproariously. Where once she was too shy to appear in public, now she enjoys the blow she is striking for overweight females.

"The good Lord must have wanted me this way," she told one gallery, "so I'm doing the best I can with the equipment He gave me."

The part of her equipment which most distresses the experts is the Pung middle, so ample that it protrudes directly over the ball. To hit around her stomach she must take a dub's stance with toes pointing at ten minutes after ten o'clock.

This is only one phase of her mechanically all-wrong form. She flails at the ball like a housewife beating a rug. Many of her wood and iron shots have an amateurish look and her idea of getting out of a trap is to remove most of the sand with the ball.

She grew up playing "Kanaka style" on the public courses of Honolulu—easy and relaxed—and no amount of tournament pressure can change her. Yet there are not a dozen women in the world who can approach her all-around game. And she is one of golf's longest woman hitters.

Added to all this was the preposterous fact that someone so unorthodox was placing in the first three or four finishers as the 1953 Women's PGA tour wound through Georgia, Louisiana and the Carolinas, thereby cutting established pros out of much prize money. Jackie was brand new to the circuit in January. And the select group of 12 to 15 women who capture most of the annual purse total of $100,000 is not a sorority which welcomes newcomers.

They began to give Jackie the cold-shoulder treatment. After losing a tourney at Spartanburg, South Carolina, by a stroke, she put out a plump hand to congratulate the winner. The girl turned haughtily away. On other occasions, Jackie heard her clothes discussed scathingly.

These, in a game strongly stressing *chic*, are unique. She had one golfing costume when she arrived in the States—a floppy blouse, even floppier button-down sweater and a faded blue skirt. It has seen steady service since. Instead of the usual snappy tam or duck-billed golf cap, her favorite headpiece is an old blue felt cap from which limply hangs a lucky rabbit's foot.

The catty remarks only caused her to shrug. "I've got two youngsters at home to dress," she said. "What I wear isn't important."

But it is her bland inability to take golf grimly that has most irked her opponents. Jackie plays with a wad of gum in her cheek, which she periodically pops. There have been charges that she pops it just as a rival is ready to play a shot. Another Pung habit is humming and whistling. Perhaps there was some counter-psychology applied when she nonchalantly began whistling "Maybe" while one of her standoffish sisters was lining up a difficult approach shot.

Let no one mistake that she is a perfectionist when it comes to hard hours spent on the practice tee and green. But compared to the generally cold, colorless top linkswomen, Pung is conspicuous in a dozen ways besides her size. When she scored the first "puka-in-one" (hole in one) of her life, she seized her wispish caddie and literally squeezed the breath out of him.

Fortunately, other PGA players soon found Jackie so warmhearted and likable that the attitude toward her changed. The girls now go out of their way to say nice things about her. She will help a competitor with tips and encouragement. Younger girls on the tour can cry in her lap and get consolation. Jackie Pung knows what it means to suffer discouragement. She had to climb up as hard a route as anyone in sports.

To get anywhere in golf, it is almost axiomatic that you must have expert teaching—young. The Liwais of Oahu and Maui are among the last of the pure-blooded Hawaiians, but Jackie's father earned a meager salary as male nurse in a mental institution. By skimping, he managed to play regularly at Ali Wai public links, with Jackie as his caddie.

But when the 12-year-old showed signs of unusual ability, there were no country-club pros to guide her. In kid tournaments that she entered, other youngsters played with hand-tooled clubs. Jackie's consisted of second-hand No. 2 and No. 5 irons, a brassie and a putter. Nevertheless, at 14 she broke 80. At 16 she won the All-Island championship over a stunned field of women stars and socialites.

One day when she was 18, there was a big parade up Fort Street. The Hawaiian swimming team had returned from an AAU meet in the States. One of the returning swimmers was Barney Pung, a local beach boy. He threw Jackie his lei as he marched past.

A few months later they were married. She gave up golf, and settled down to family life. "We didn't have $10," she recalls. "Then the Japs hit Pearl Harbor."

Jackie was expecting her baby momentarily when the divebombers swept over. An explosion reduced the house next door to kindling. Hysterical, she dived under the bed—and the child started to arrive.

Barney somehow got her to a hospital, but the shock affected her health. Her glands went on such a spree that she hated to see herself in a mirror. Eventually she outweighed Barney by 70 pounds and developed a persecution complex.

"If I hadn't gone to see that old Chinese doctor," she feels, "I'd still be hiding from my shadow. He shamed me into playing again."

Times were lean for the Pungs. Barney could not find work. Jackie took on the wage-earning job. She worked as a restaurant hasher, Army payroll clerk and taxi driver.

Most men hackies would not take a passenger outside Honolulu after dark because of an epidemic of sluggings. One night two tipsy characters climbed into Jackie's cab on the waterfront. They named a destination 20 miles away. The fare would be $7—and the Pung babies needed clothes. When Jackie drove them to the spot, a cluster of shacks in a desolate area, they told her to whistle for her money.

"I was so fighting mad I grabbed a tire iron and went after them," she recalls. "Guess I looked like Tugboat Annie on a rampage." At any rate, she got her $7.

By 1948, with the Pungs living largely on the redfish, lobsters and crabs that Barney speared, Jackie took her biggest financial gamble. She borrowed $1,000 from a bank and entered the Women's U. S. Amateur at Pebble Beach, California. She was soundly defeated in the third round. It took her two years of hard work as a Sears Roebuck saleslady to repay the money.

The most astonishing part of her career is that not until 1952 did she again play in a major tournament. She won that one—the Women's Mid-Pacific at Lanikai in Honolulu—with scores of 76-76-78.

A week later, Joe Anzevino of the local *Star-Bulletin*, printed a plea in her behalf. "Hawaii wants Statehood," said Joe, "and how better to advertise ourselves than through Jackie Pung? She is a great golfer. Won't somebody give her a chance to prove it in the mainland tournaments?"

The response was mild. The few who had confidence in her chipped in enough to buy her new clubs, a ball supply and driving-range practice sessions. She negotiated a $200 loan through the company credit union and raised the $345 round-trip fare by hocking belongings and signing a finance-company note.

"All the time I was playing in the Amateur, I worried about the money," she says wryly. "Everybody else there seemed so rich. But, oh, what a wrong way to feel. It almost cost me everything."

There are roughly 1,500,000 women golfers in this country and 162 of the best from 25 states were competing at Portland. Mrs. Pung was the least known. Yet she overcame her jitters to beat Gracie DeMoss, a Curtis Cupper, and Edean Anderson, the Canadian champion, in early matches.

On the final day, 10,000 fans were following her squat figure as she faced strapping Shirley McFedters for the title. Pung wobbled drives into the woods, plopped her ball into traps. At the 18-hole, halfway mark she was three-down and seemingly beaten.

You cannot tell Jackie Pung that prayers are not answered. She did not pray to win while she ate a solitary luncheon. She only asked that her hands and knees stop shaking, so that Barney, the girls and her father would not be ashamed of her—also the credit union.

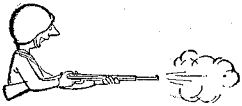
In a phenomenal round, she caught Miss McFedters and on the 30th hole hit one of the most talked-about shots of the year. The distance of the hole was 510 yards. Jackie's drive carried a phenomenal 300 yards; better than any male star would be likely to do. When she dropped her putt for a par, the "impossible" fat lady was the champion of the U. S. and the first Hawaiian ever to storm such a high citadel of golf.

Her response to the money now rolling in explains much about what makes her win. With her first earnings, she bought long-wanted party gowns for Sonia, 13, and Barnette, 12, and purchased "my first real refrigerator—with door shelves!" for the cottage that came later on.

On the ritzy Gold Circuit, Jackie lives unpretentiously. The best motels near town usually house those of the troupe with cars, but she stops at inexpensive hotels. Each week a check is in the mail to the family, along with a silver dollar in spending money for the girls.

Her commercial sponsor is Alvin Handmacher, women's dress stylist and manufacturer. Jackie was surprised when he signed her to an exclusive contract. Since she could not possibly squeeze into a ready-made model and Handmacher suits have to be tailored for her, it had to be explained to her that the publicity her golf attracts is something that cannot be purchased.

As long as Jackie Pung's five-by-five form is seen, bulking large but inspiringly on the sports scene, it will remind a number of people that a handicap is only what you make it in your own mind. As Jackie's favorite thought-for-the-day goes: "Put your shiny side forward, and pretty soon the whole world will be shining for you."



Perfectionist

A MAN from the mountains of a Southern state was drafted into the Army and during his basic training, was instructed in the art of handling a rifle. Being an old hand with firearms, the recruit said nothing but listened as he was told of the various positions from which the gun should be fired. Then he was taken out to the firing range. A sergeant pointed out the target some distance away and told the mountain man to try a shot to see what it felt like. Instantly the private snapped a shot from his hip.

"Where did that shot go?" he demanded.

"Why, it went in the bull's-eye," replied the astounded sergeant.

"I know it went in the bull's-eye," snorted the Southerner indignantly, "but what I want to know is—in what part of the bull's-eye did it go?" —DAN BENNETT

When Christmas Went Outdoors

by JOHN L. GRAYSON

Thousands of glowing Christmas trees are living monuments to one man's devotion

THIRTY-FIVE YEARS AGO this Christmas, ten-year-old David Jonathan Sturgeon lay in bed in Denver, doomed to die. To cheer him, his father lit a small Christmas tree in his sickroom.

Young David pointed through the window at an evergreen growing on the front lawn, exclaiming, "Oh, Daddy, please put some lights on that tree, too. It would look wonderful."

His father, David D. Sturgeon, operator of an electrical business, strung colored lights on the evergreen and David lay there smiling as he watched them sparkle like emeralds and rubies against their ermine mantle of snow.

The tree was the talk of the town. In horse-drawn carriages and chugging automobiles, people came from miles around to drive slowly past the Sturgeon home and admire the tree which Denverites proudly believe was the first lighted living Christmas tree in the land.

The Christmas after next, little David was dead. But neighbors, who had marveled at his tree, lit trees in their own yards and gardens, turning their section of town into a glittering fairyland. House by house, block by block, the idea spread; and through the years, more and more of these dazzling monuments to a dying boy's wish appeared.

Eight years later, in San Francisco, another little boy was sick at Christmastime. Because the lad couldn't see the family tree, Clarence F. "Sandy" Pratt painted some full-size light globes and strung them on a wire around an evergreen on his lawn across the street.

Like Denver's tree, it attracted much attention. And before New Year's Eve, the sick boy was well.

This so impressed Sandy Pratt that he resolved to spend the rest of

his life persuading others not only to light living trees but to plant them. He organized the Outdoor Christmas Tree Association of California, and began sending two-year-old redwood seedlings to anyone who would promise to care for them and light them at Christmastime.

For a quarter of a century, Pratt spread the gospel of the living Christmas tree via radio, the press and lectures, and dug and shipped —for mailing charges only—redwood seedlings, which grow only along a narrow coastal strip stretching from California to Oregon, to people in nearly every city of the U. S., to soldiers in the South Pacific, Europe and the Holy Land.

Today, in city parks, along highways, on dark and snow-drifted lawns alike, lighted living trees remind millions of the birth of Christ. In fact, there is probably no city or town in the nation without its Christmas Tree Lane in one form or another. Santa Cruz County, for instance, lights 25 miles of giant redwoods along the Pacific Coast, and Orange County, to the south, stages an annual contest lighting "Forty Miles of Christmas Shrines."

While it is impossible to say exactly when and where the first outdoor tree was lit, to Sturgeon and Pratt at least must go credit for spreading the heartwarming custom. In December, 1945, NBC broadcast a tribute to Denver and to Sturgeon for originating it, with members of the family retelling the story of David's idea. At the same time, from California's Sequoia National Park, gray-haired, ruddy-faced Sandy Pratt was taking part in services broadcast from the General Sherman Redwood, world's largest tree, which was lit every year under Pratt's sponsorship.

Until his death three years ago, at 75, Sandy could be found most any day with his shovel, buckets and wet sacks, digging, tagging and numbering his seedlings. He dug and shipped more than 14,000 and received hundreds of letters from people telling him how their trees were faring—some had grown 40 feet high. He grieved when one was reported dying, for he agreed wholeheartedly with Luther Burbank's admonition upon seeing a trainload of logs pass.

"Do not build me a monument," the great botanist told his wife in a choking voice. "Plant a tree!"

Today, there are thousands of living monuments to Sandy Pratt —and they were planted within his lifetime.

Lesson in Laughter

UDO is the five-year-old son of a Polish refugee family living next door. My niece of the same age has struck up quite a friendship with Udo, Betty jabbering a mile a minute in English, Udo in Polish.

"Betty," I said the other day, handing out a double handful of cookies, "how can you and Udo have such a good time? You don't even speak the same language."

"But, Auntie," she explained patiently to me, "we both laugh the same lan'widge."—LILLIAN C. PAINE

Super-Animals for Super-Foods

by NORMAN and MADELYN CARLISLE

Modern science has now created breeds that are custom-tailored to size and taste

DRIVING through the swamplands of the South, you might be surprised to see a herd of strange animals which you would probably decide were some kind of cow. Though unlike any cows you ever saw before, they are indeed part cow, part Indian zebu.

In Canada, on experimental farms in the prairie provinces, you would see another animal you never saw before—a Cattalo, part cow and part buffalo.

These animal oddities actually are part of an amazing new scientific venture that directly concerns all of us—a venture that will mean better food, more food and, eventually, less expensive food for everyone.

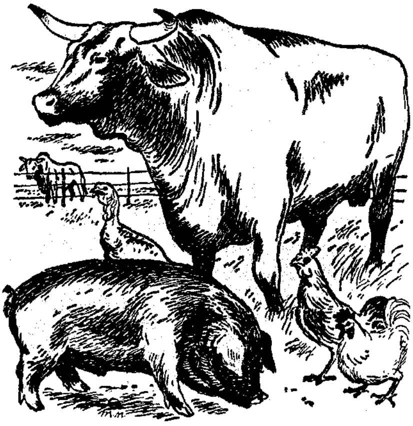
Spurred on by an exploding world population (statisticians estimate that Puerto Rico's, for instance, will double in the next 25 years), plant and animal breeders are turning nature topsy-turvy to create super-animals unlike any that ever walked the earth and new varieties of plants packed with food values not found in nature's originals. Those remodeled cattle of the Southern swamps and the plains of Canada are good examples of this breath-taking revolution in food.

The grim problem of survival confronted Canadian ranchers when roaring blizzards swept the plains. In the savage sub-zero gales, the cattle instinctively drifted with the storm until they became helplessly bogged down in the snow and froze to death.

The ranchers looked enviously at the sturdy buffalo who faces the storm, living through the worst blizzards, by simply staying put. "If only cows could do that," they muttered.

Scientists at the Dominion Experimental Farm, located in Scott, Saskatchewan, made a bold suggestion: "Maybe we can create a new animal that will have the buffalo's wisdom."

That was the beginning of a stubborn scientific struggle that took nearly forty years, for nature has not made cross-breeding easy. When ordinary cows were bred with buffalo bulls, nearly all the off-



spring died at birth. Breeding ordinary bulls with buffalo cows worked better, but the male progeny of these matings were sterile.

Finally, after years of experiments in crossing different breeds of cattle with the buffalo, the scientists found one hybrid that was fertile. A new race of animals came into being, ungainly looking with its curious hump, but capable of surviving the fury of the elements much better than domestic cattle. More patient work bred out the hump, until the Cattalo which may soon appear on Canadian farms are shaped more like ordinary cows than their wild maternal ancestors. As little as 20 per cent buffalo heritage gives a Cattalo "the hardy characteristics of the buffalo and superior meat qualities of the domestic cow."

Those remarkable cattle which are thriving in such torrid spots as the tangled wilderness of South Carolina have been remodeled to meet a different weather extreme. Ordinary cows have no sweat glands, cooling themselves instead by the exhausting and inefficient method of breathing hard and thus evaporating moisture from their mouths and lungs. When temperatures rise over 95 degrees, they actually develop a fever.

The Indian zebu, or Brahman cow, however, has no such drawback and thrives in hot weather. As a meat or milk producer its rating is low, but the breeders have gone ahead and created a new animal with the productivity of American cows and the cooling capacity of its Oriental forebears. On the fabulous 900,000-acre King Ranch in Texas, a new breed of cattle, resulting from crossing Brahmans and Texas shorthorns, is also helping change the whole picture of how much meat Southern and Western ranges can produce.

WHEN RAYMOND UMBAUGH, a young war veteran, came back to his Indiana farm, he was thinking about the problem that stops swift development of superior breeds of cattle. The use of artificial insemination makes it possible for bulls to sire many offspring—up to 5,000 a year by some methods. However, there just aren't that many superior cows.

The solution, Umbaugh figured, was artificial motherhood. He asked the scientists why couldn't a ripe ovum, of which a cow actually produces 17 a year, be transplanted from a superior cow to a scrub cow? Various experiments along the same lines had been carried out with rabbits and sheep. Why not try it with cows?

Experiments proved his idea possible and, though the problems of transplanting the ova are difficult, they are being studied by work in such organizations as the American Foundation for the Study of Genetics in Madison, Wisconsin. The researchers are hopeful that the day will come when a superior cow may produce 17 calves a year—yet not give birth to one!

The familiar hog, too, is undergoing a scientific reconditioning job. A decade ago scientists took a good look at existent porkers and shook their heads. Wrong shape entirely; too big, too fat.

In as little as seven years, they created brand new pigs to meet modern needs. The super-hog of

1953 has shorter legs, a long body, and is ready for marketing at 200 pounds. He grows fast, and he grows the right kind of meat, with half his weight made up just the way the experts said it should be—of ham, loin, bacon, butt and picnic shoulder.

Even more striking are the changes in the chicken, which is emerging as a very different bird from the one nature first created. Nine years ago, the A & P chain announced annual prizes for new kinds of chickens. One of the winners is the amazing Vantress Cross, produced by Charles Vantress of Marysville, California.

Vantress, whose family ran a hatchery, acquired his basic knowledge of poultry breeding by a fast course of cramming textbooks in the family kitchen. When he thought he knew enough about it, he persuaded his older brothers and his mother to set up a special breeding hatchery, where he went to work.

It took him almost a decade, but eventually he came up with several new varieties of chickens, quite unlike the New Hampshires he had started with. By mating and remating them, he ended up with a chicken that made poultry experts stare with disbelief. It had almost 50 per cent more meat than its predecessors, and a big part of the increase was in the form of plump white meat. Moreover, old-type chickens required 14 to 18 weeks to reach market size. The remodelled chickens are ready in 8 to 12 weeks.

The old-time turkey was another fowl that made farmers and housewives unhappy. The trouble was that turkeys just came too big for most modern families.

Geneticists went to work at the U. S. Agricultural Research Center in Beltsville, Maryland, and eventually produced the pint-sized Beltsville. Tipping the scales at about 11 pounds, instead of 20 or so, it has only 11 per cent bone, with a far greater percentage of white meat.

While they have been working wonders with animals, the men who are remaking our foods have been equally busy in the world of plants. Here, however, the most important developments are not in new kinds of vegetables but in varieties containing increased nutritional value.

Take the case of the High-C tomato. Way back in 1938, Dr. A. F. Yeager of Michigan State College set out to develop a new kind of hardy, disease-resistant tomato. Among the plants that interested him was a runty little one from Peru that bore miserable, hard, green tomatoes only about an inch in diameter. They were too small to be worth much but Dr. Yeager admired their toughness and tried crossing them with bigger American varieties. For a time, it seemed the researcher was stopped, for the new crosses had no seeds. Persistently, he kept on and finally, out of hundreds of plants, he found exactly one seed.

This one precious forebear of a new kind of tomato went with him to the University of New Hampshire where he soon had the tough new tomatoes flourishing. Still, they were just another extra disease-resistant variety, until tests showed an astonishing fact. These descendants of that Peruvian midget were incredibly rich in Vitamin C—far richer than any other kind. Before he was through, Yeager had developed his fabulous High-C, a tomato boasting of as much Vitamin C as an orange of the same size.

The plant improvers never know when they will stumble on a way to change completely the nutritional value of a familiar edible. Dr. Irving Melhus, of the agricultural research center set up by Iowa State College in Guatemala, discovered that native corn had little Vitamin A, with the result that Guatemalans suffered a serious vitamin deficiency.

Dr. Melhus set out to breed varieties with as much Vitamin A as American corn. To his astonishment, he developed one not only that good—but also with three to four times as much of this precious substance as in U. S. varieties.

The most startling developments in plant and animal genetics, however, may come from a substance nature herself has hidden in a common plant. It is a drug called colchicine which has already done something so amazing that staid scientists are stunned.

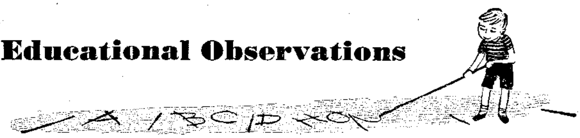
They have discovered that this chemical, extracted from the meadow saffron, has the power to increase the number of chromosomes, the bodies in each germ cell that pass on a species' hereditary traits.

A spectacular hint of what they may mean comes from Stockholm, where Dr. Allan Bane and other scientists have added colchicine to the sperm of rabbits during artificial insemination. The offspring grew as none ever did before and, at maturity, weighed almost 2½ times as much as their parents.

Applied to other animals, colchicine offers such startling possibilities as elephant-sized cattle. In the plant world, used on seeds of plants, it has already produced such oddities as melon-sized tomatoes.

With these developments in creating new animals and plants, science is sure that it has unlocked nature's richest treasure chest. As scientists examine its contents they abandon their usual conservatism, as did Dr. John Hammond, Cambridge physiologist. Asked where it might all end he replied, "There's just no limit!"

Educational Observations



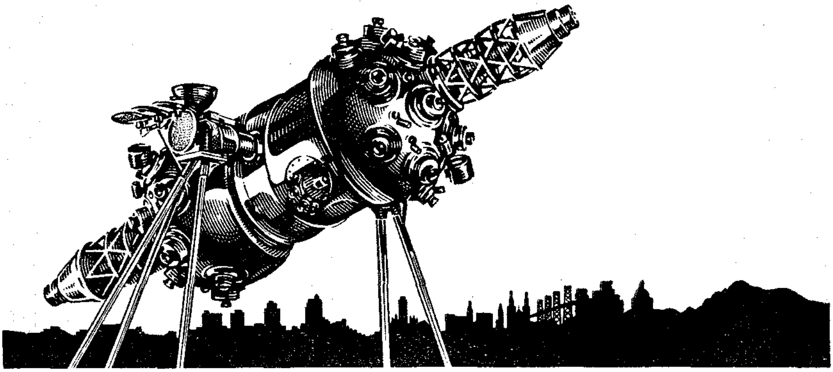
Almost every child would learn to write sooner if he did his homework on wet cement. —*English Digest*

I have no technical and no university education, and have just had to pick up a few things as I went along. —*Winston Churchill*

It's a shame colleges don't teach everything that some of the graduates think they know.
—Neal O'Hara (*McNaught Syndicate, Inc.*)

Education is what remains after we have forgotten all we have been taught. —Lord Halifax

They Out-Zeissed Zeiss



by J. CAMPBELL BRUCE

San Francisco's new homemade planetarium is a triumph of American ingenuity

ONE NIGHT *last* winter a group of San Franciscans saw *this* year's glorious Easter sunrise—all in the comfort of air-conditioning. A bit of Alice-in-Wonderland fantasy? Not at all. They caught this glimpse into the future on the firmament of the new Alexander F. Morrison Planetarium, the only such "magic lantern" ever built in this country.

How San Francisco got its planetarium is a saga of American ingenuity. After World War II, Director Robert C. Miller of the California Academy of Sciences, a century-old privately endowed institution in Golden Gate Park, sought to order one of these complicated star projectors from the Carl Zeiss Company of Jena, Germany, which had conceived the modern planetarium and had a world monopoly by virtue of its know-how in the optical field. He was told: Sorry, Jena now lay in the Russian Zone—and the Soviets just weren't producing for export.

Things looked hopeless, except to Dr. G. Dallas Hanna, the Academy's curator of paleontology. He egged Miller into persuading the board of trustees that they could build their own.

Miller still shudders at the recollection. "I was pretty rash, because I had no idea how we'd go about it," he says. "But I had the utmost faith in Hanna."

And well he might, for Hanna was a man of amazing versatility. Some years ago he had made a hobby of glass grinding and set up a shop in the basement to repair the Academy's instruments.

When World War II expanded our need for optical instruments, the Navy, hearing of Hanna's hobby, persuaded the Academy of Sciences to take over a big contract. Hanna enlisted his colleagues and amateur telescope makers—among the latter a railway freight conductor, a telephone company executive and a civil engineer—and turned out 11,000 instruments.

In July, 1948, Hanna called in Albert S. Getten, a self-made instrument man; Alvin C. Gundred, an auto electrician; and work started on the star projector in the modest museum shop.

Getten perfected the overall design, the driving mechanism and the intricate gear trains. The big knobby cylinder, resembling a wartime mine washed up on the beach, has 25,000 mechanical parts. But so ably did Getten compute the gears that the projector will duplicate the motions of the planets to an accuracy of 1 in 10,000,000.

Yet Getten was well along in his plans before he ever saw a planetarium—a hurried trip, at a friend's suggestion, to the Griffith Planetarium in Los Angeles. Until then, all he had to go on was an article in a science magazine of 1929, written for the layman.

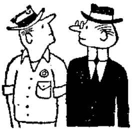
Hanna himself devised a unique method of making the star plates, then had to devise a special microscope to make his unique method work. In the Zeiss projector, holes, punched in copper foil .002-inch thick, produce the stars, but the holes are round, and so are the stars. After many experiments, Hanna came up with the idea of evaporating aluminum over carborundum grains on a glass plate, then brushing off the jagged grains, leaving holes in the aluminum coating that produced realistic star images.

Gundred did the devilishly intricate electrical installation consisting of 40 circuits, four miles of wiring and complicated controls, plus a step-relay resembling a telephone switchboard for automatic operation.

For four and a half years these "amateurs" and their helpers ground and polished, lathed and milled in the basement workshop. And a year ago an opening-night audience sat enthralled as the glowing sun sank into the Pacific; in the dome suspended overhead, meteors darted across the twilight sky, and a waning moon rose.

Hanna and his gifted crew had out-Zeissed Zeiss! For their projector was quieter in operation and of simpler, better design. The stars, thanks to Hanna's star-plate invention, were of natural color, shape and size. Here, the moon—a plain white disc in the Zeiss projection—was a lunar photograph, sharp and clear, which beamed onto the dome.

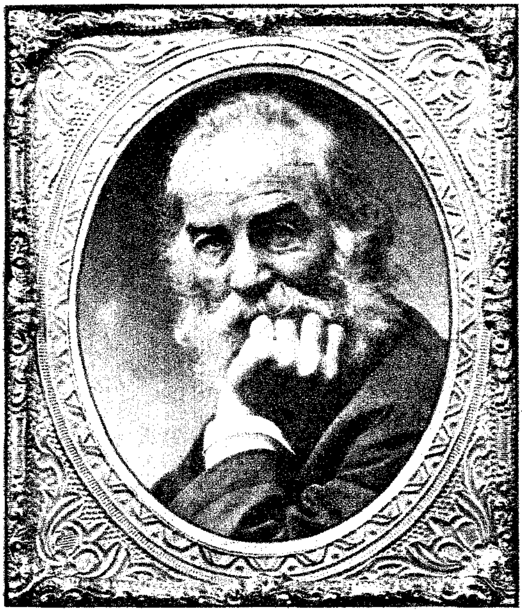
The significance of this San Francisco achievement is that America *can* build a major planetarium projector. In fact, Miller says, his intrepid paleontologist, self-made instrument maker and auto electrician would be happy to build one for Detroit, Miami, New Orleans or any other city.



Sparring Partners

IT'S A GREAT PITY that management and labor don't try to line up shoulder to shoulder instead of toe to toe.

—*Grit* (Williamsport, Pa.)

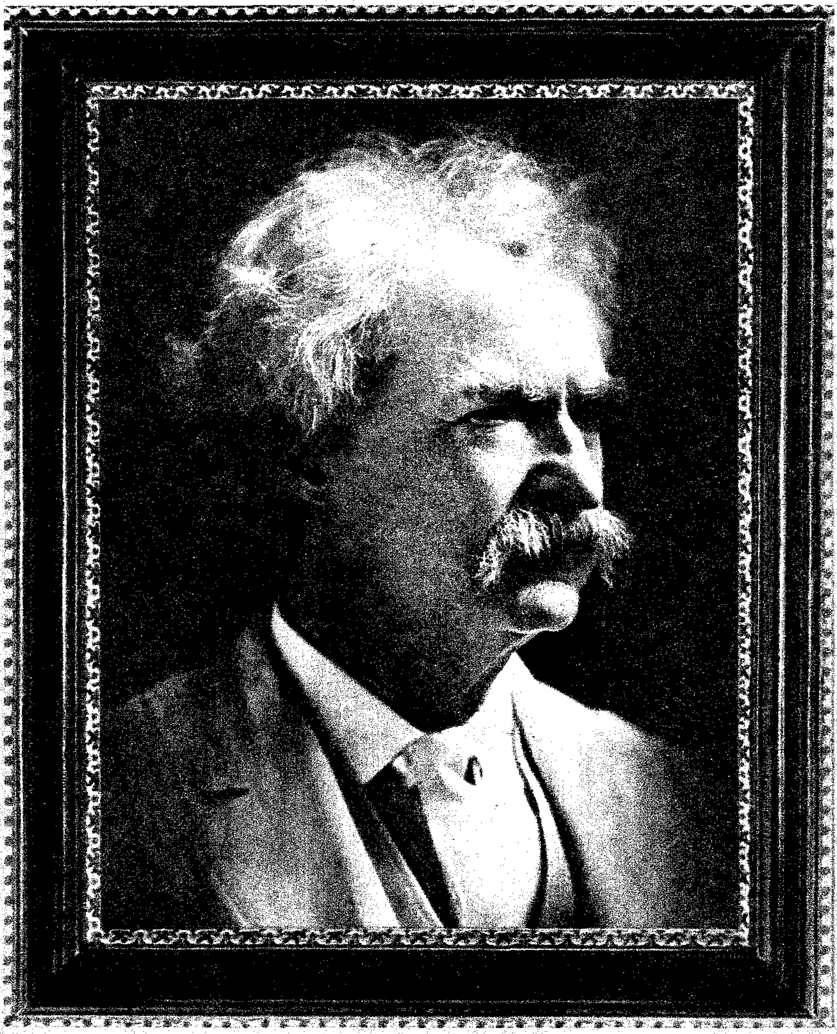


THEY SPEAK FOR US

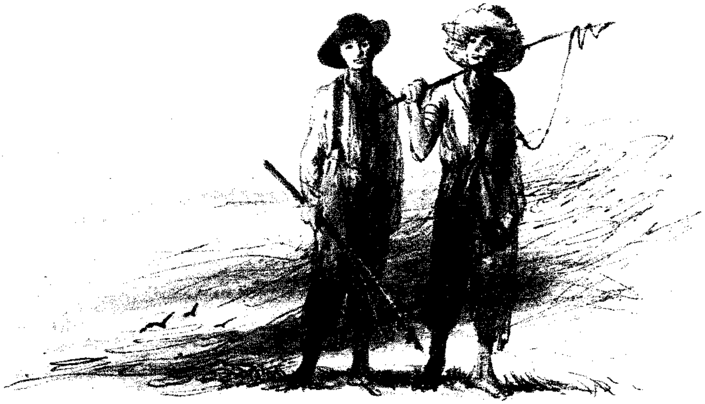
by LOUIS REDMOND

A WRITER is not a special kind of man. He is a representative kind of man. When he speaks for himself, he is inevitably speaking also for millions of other people who have known the same hopes and disappointments, who have walked in the same sun and rain, who have laughed, worried, starved, feasted, triumphed and stumbled as he has. A writer sings the music all of us hear, but with better words.

Walt Whitman set out more deliberately than most writers to be a spokesman. "I celebrate myself," he writes; but "I" in Walt's great, rough poems always means "you, too." His subject is American democracy and the uncommonness of the common man; he was the Abe Lincoln of our literature. If you go back to Walt today you will find, among much that is crude and not easy to understand, the glow of an enormous love and tolerance for all people, and a deep faith in the ability of free men and women to manage their own lives and to find happiness.



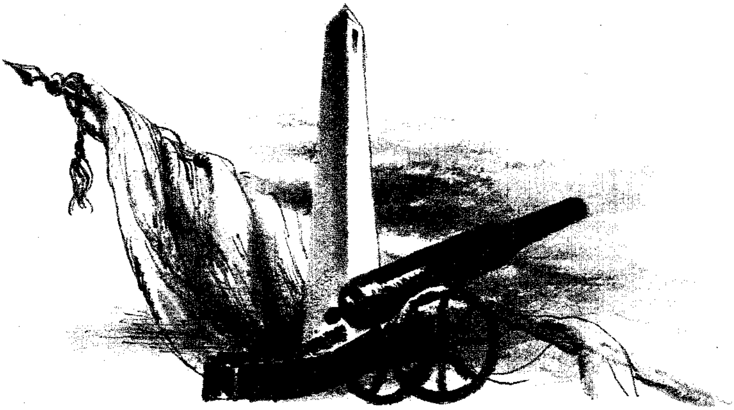
Mark Twain



HUMOR AMONG AMERICANS is not a recreation reserved for lighter moments. It is a characteristic reaction to the heavy moments as well. Some nations sing while they work; Americans laugh. They kid each other in factories, in offices, at home, and on battlefields. Perhaps humor and freedom go together, for a joke is a quick way of seeing the other side of the story, a cure for rigidity of mind and heart.

No man ever expressed this side of the American character better than the ex-gold miner, ex-river pilot and ex-reporter who called himself Mark Twain. There is a good deal in him of the humor of high spirits; he liked horseplay, comic exaggeration and verbal mischief for their own sake. But at the bottom of his funniest things there is a serious concern with the values he and his countrymen cared about. In *A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court*, he expressed the American mistrust of pomp and stuffiness, and our belief in equality. In *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer* and in *Huckleberry Finn*, his masterpiece, he established the barefooted, unruly image of boyhood that lives in our minds as the perfect symbol of independence: no shoes, no school, and a raft floating serenely down the big river.

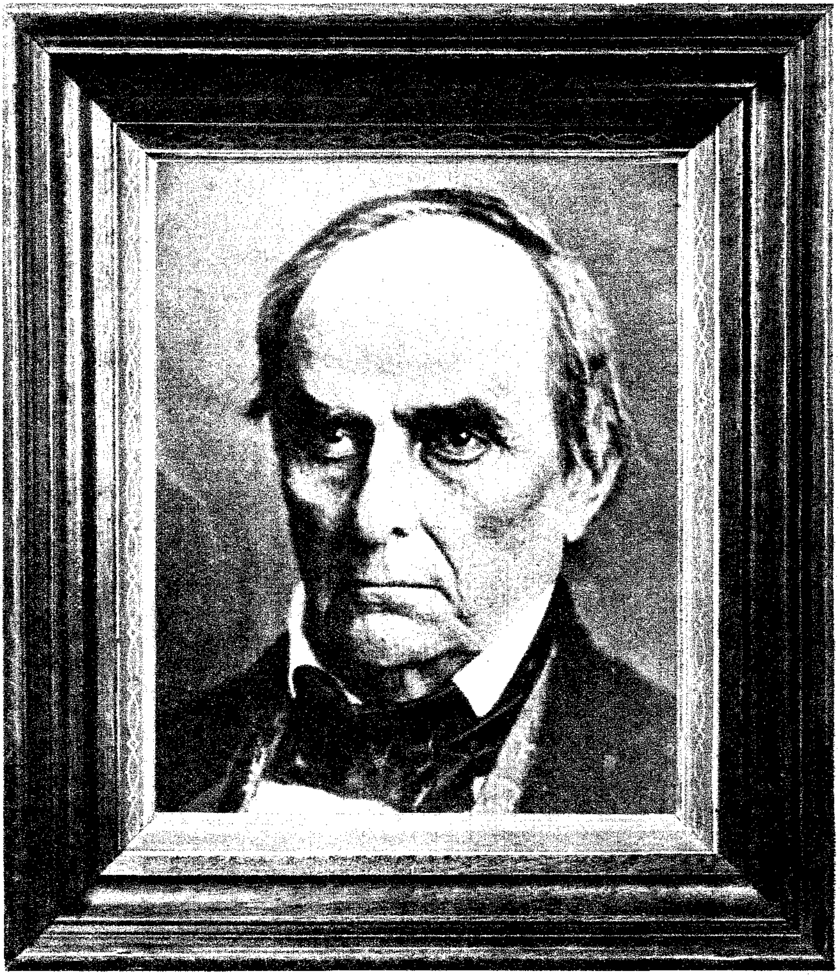
The works of his later life show a vein of bitterness and disillusionment which has puzzled some readers. They are not the work of a "new" Mark Twain, but the twilight mood of an idealist who, though he had lost hope of seeing in his lifetime people live up to the high standards he set for them, still continued to honor those standards. Mark never stopped believing in honesty, simplicity and friendliness; he liked people who don't bother other people, and heartily disliked people who do. If you laugh with him, it is because you believe in these things, too.



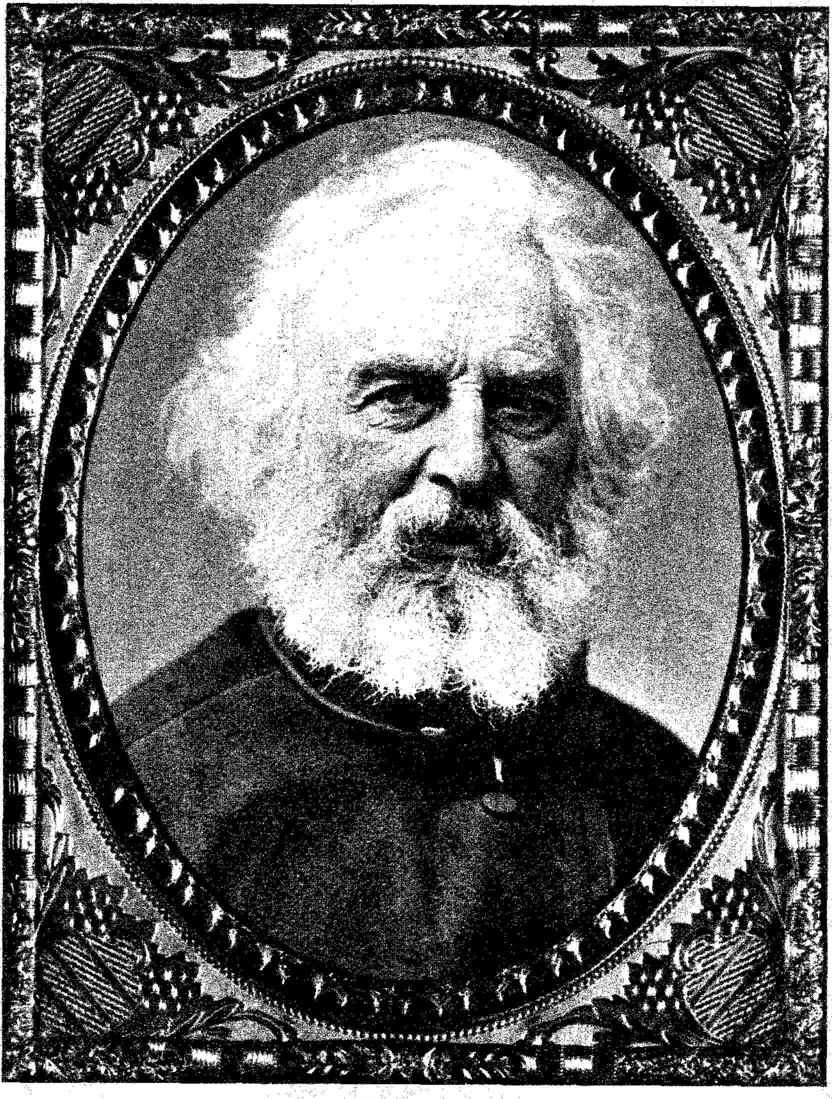
SPEECH-MAKING IS NOT what it used to be. The microphone and the loudspeaker have made a difference. They give us a man's voice in its conversational size, scaled down to the living room. They have taken oratory out of its frock coat and put it into a business suit. The "talk" and the "chat" have taken the place of the speech.

Daniel Webster belonged to the day of the great hall without public-address system, the day of the enlarged human voice and the enlarged manner, of the Shakespearean gesture and the massive, slow-rolling sentence. And Americans, who still have a sneaking fondness for speech-making in the grand style, have taken Daniel Webster to their hearts. Though none of us has heard him speak, we can all hear him in our mind's ear—a folklore orator, the Paul Bunyan of the American Gift of Gab.

Unless we are fresh from the history books, we may not remember that Webster's voice was raised in causes we admire; that his eloquence contributed to the sentiment of unity which kept the nation together during the Civil War; that his wisdom and dignity gave a luster to the deliberations of Congress for many years. What Webster said influenced opinion and action, and has become a part of our history. But the way he said it remains a part of our character. We like things done up handsomely. We like Boulder Dam, and Cadillacs, and giant redwoods, and Texas. And we like the man who, with a straight face, pointed to unfinished Bunker Hill monument and addressed it with a voice like the sea: "Let it rise till it meet the sun in his coming; let the earliest light of the morning gild it, and parting day linger and play on its summit." Webster said it big. And so he speaks for us.



Danl Webster



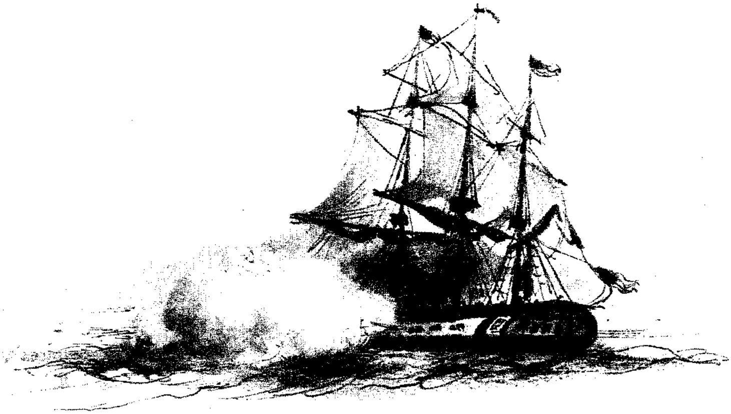
Henry W. Longfellow

WE HAVE ALL READ Longfellow under a schoolteacher's eye, and have recited *The Wreck of the Hesperus* in a galloping singsong, and many of us can remember, at the age of ten, declaiming to a classroom full of our contemporaries:

> "TELL me not, in MOURNful numbers,
> LIFE is BUT an EMPTY dream!—
> FOR the soul is DEAD that slumbers,
> AND things ARE not WHAT they seem."

It is not Longfellow's fault, however, that we are asked to read him too early, and there is a good deal that is still to be admired in his work. Longfellow was one of the first American writers to look in his backyard for literary materials. Most educated men of his time had read Homer; but it remained for Longfellow to realize that there might be material for a local epic in the stories of the American Indian. In *The Song of Hiawatha*, he created a romantic legend of America before the arrival of the white men; no one who reads it can forget the booming, drumlike rhythm, the building of canoes and shaping of bows, the sound of rivers and the green smell of the woods. In *The Courtship of Miles Standish* he revived a memory of life in the Colonies; read it again and note how clearly you see the old rooms and hear the sounds and taste the flavors of an earlier day.

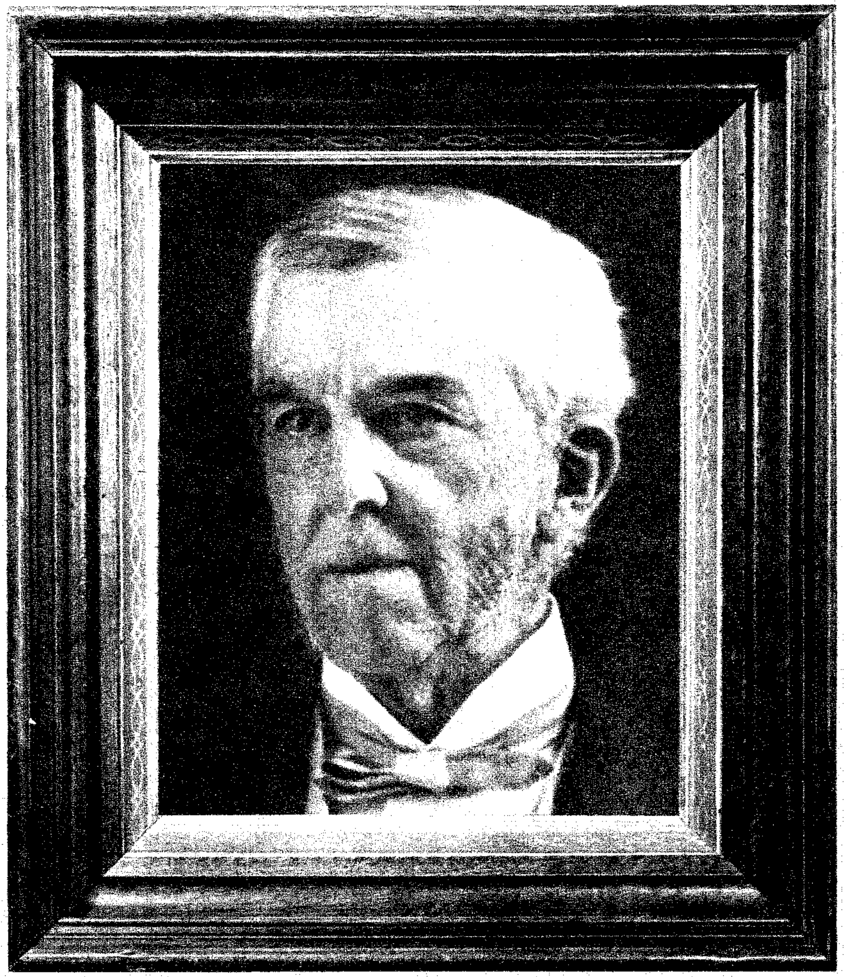
Longfellow's work gave to American readers a sense of their own past and, to younger writers, a confidence in the worthiness of native materials as subjects for literature. His was not one of our strongest voices, but it set up echoes that we still hear.



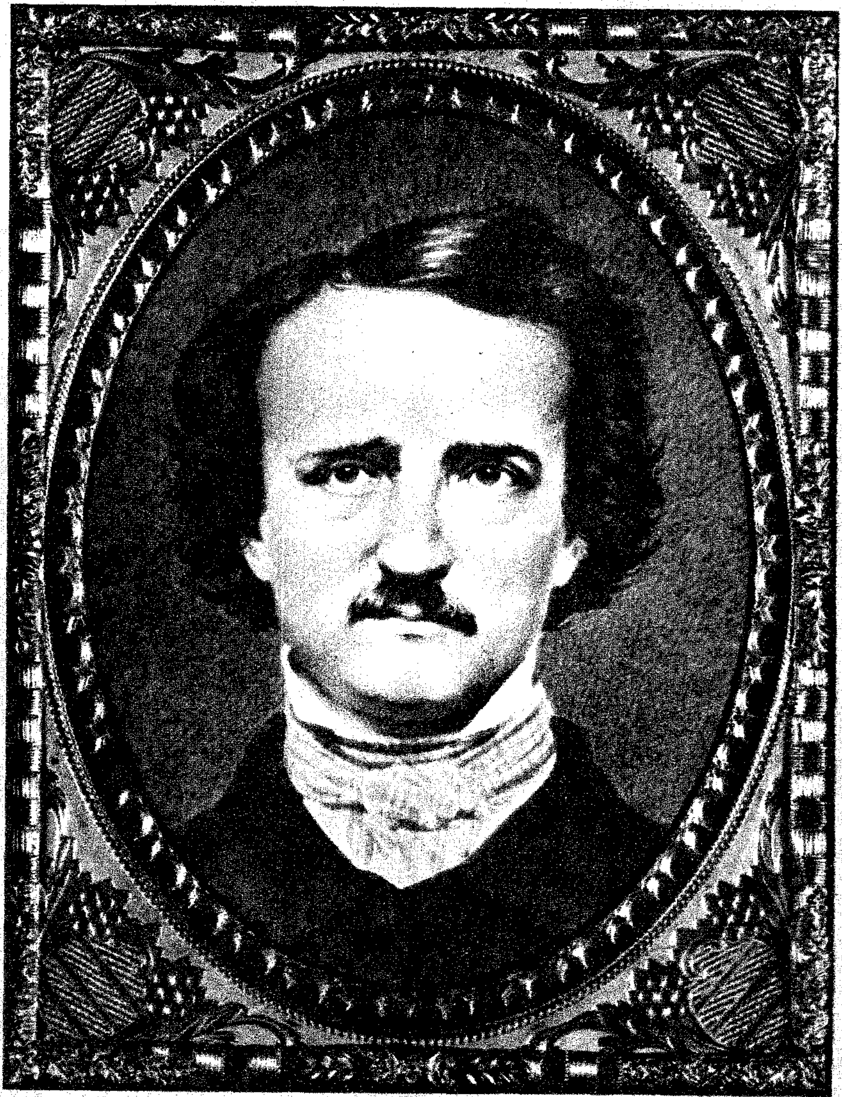
ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-THREE years ago, when the Navy was about to scrap the frigate *Constitution*, an angry poem entitled "Old Ironsides" appeared in the *Boston Daily Advertiser*, protesting against the destruction of the historic ship. The indignation of the poem was contagious. It was copied in newspapers throughout the country, reprinted on broadsides, and shouted on street corners. The ship was saved, and the literary career of Oliver Wendell Holmes had begun in characteristic fashion—with a loud crackle.

Holmes, who was only 21 at the time, belonged to the so-called Brahmin caste of New England, composed of those whose ancestors have practiced one of the learned professions. He became a successful physician in Boston and continued to write verses. At the age of 48, he began to contribute to the *Atlantic Monthly* a series of brisk essays upon which his reputation is largely based. They were called *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*, and they began: "I was just going to say, when I was interrupted . . ."

From then on through four volumes, nobody has wanted to interrupt Dr. Holmes in his table-talk, which deals with rowing on the Charles, boxing matches, trotting horses, good and bad manners, the making of violins, the behavior of people in love, and almost anything else you can name. In these opinionated little essays we recognize a familiar American character: the man who has firm views on everything, and who expresses them with saltiness and a crusty dogmatism relieved by a twinkle in the eye. The Autocrat is a cracker-barrel philosopher with a Harvard education. We like him even when we disagree. Why? Listen to Dr. Holmes: "The very aim and end of our institutions is just this—that we may think what we like and say what we like."



Oliver Wendell Holmes.

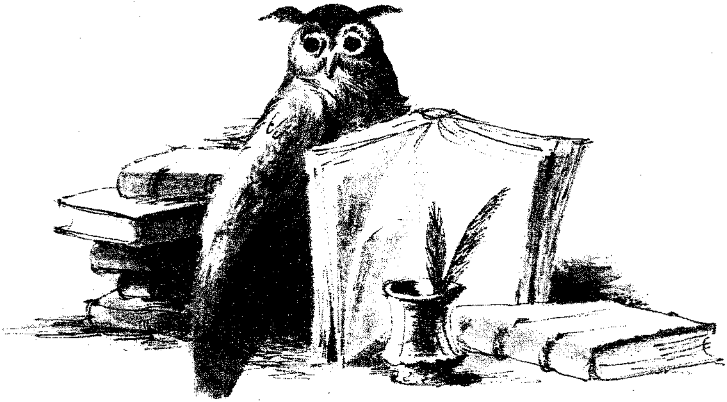


Edgar A. Poe

THERE ARE A FEW WRITERS who have treated a subject with such originality and vividness that their images dominate our minds. Robert Louis Stevenson invented pirates as we think of them. Mark Twain invented boyhood as we "remember" it. And Poe invented darkness.

Edgar Allan Poe was the father of a mood. He created a world in which the sun never shines and the moon is often veiled; a landscape of ruined buildings and deep shadows, of creaking hinges and gaunt nocturnal birds, where no face is seen clearly, and hooded men prowl about to avenge unmentionable grievances, and the girl with the haunting, musical name is always dead. In Poe, there is terror without violence; the dreadful thing is always *about* to happen. The silence and the waiting are so oppressive that the clattering of a trowel on the floor makes the mind scream. He creates a land of no particular time and place, and yet we have all been there, and we recognize it.

Poe was an important writer to other writers. His tales of crime detection inspired the modern detective story, and his observations on how short fiction should be written have had a wide influence upon the form of the American short story. But he is above all a reader's writer, and you will find a quality in him that is not in the work of those he influenced—the quality of genius. Poe releases more surely than any other writer a buried side of our nature—the part of us that is afraid of the dark, and jumps at sudden noises, and looks suspiciously at a walker in a lonely street at night. He is the poet of the nameless dread. Reread him, and you will discover the inexplicable fact that to be frightened by a genius is an experience filled with pleasure.

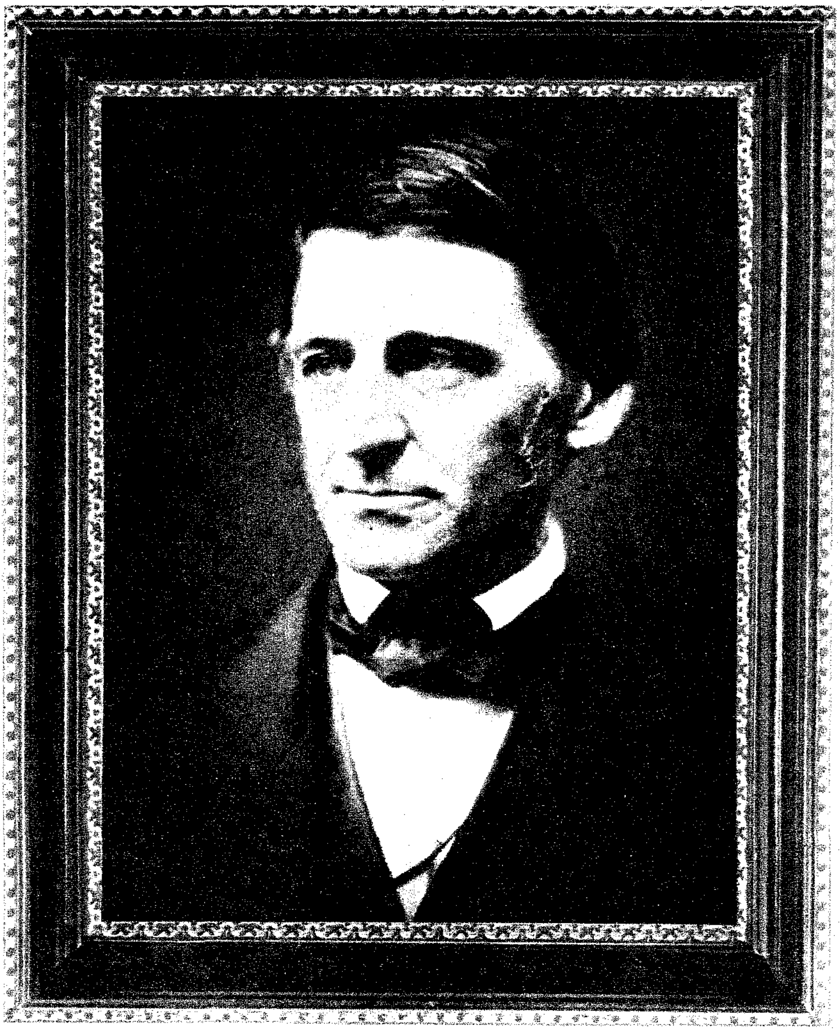


WHEN RALPH WALDO EMERSON WAS 25 years old, he picked up a volume of the essays of Montaigne, that genial 16th-century Frenchman who was one of the first writers to admit in print that he didn't know all the answers. The effect on young Emerson was electrifying. "It seemed to me," he wrote in his journal, "as if I had written the book myself in some former life, so sincerely it spoke my thought and experience." Readers have had the same feeling upon discovering the essays of Emerson, so heartily do they express some fundamental American attitudes towards life.

Emerson is the philosopher of self-confidence and individualism. Trust yourself, he urges; think for yourself; don't buy your convictions ready-made. He knows the tendency of most of us to reject our own inspirations simply because they are our own, and he warns us against it: "Else tomorrow a stranger will say with masterly good sense precisely what we have thought and felt all the time, and we shall be forced to take with shame our own opinion from another." He believed that there is a touch of greatness, even of the Divine, in all of us, and that we begin to live fully only when we hit our own stride.

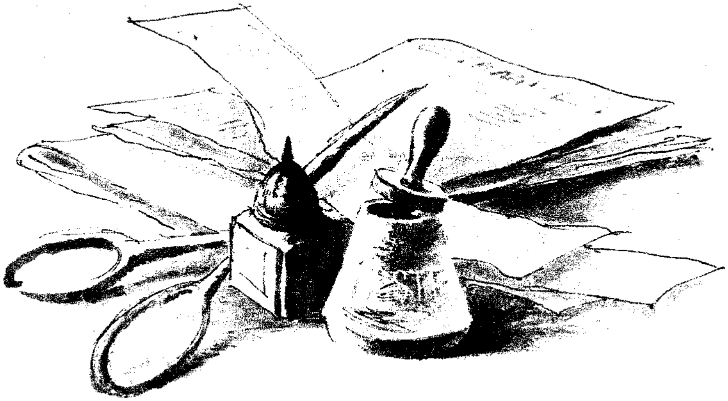
"There comes a time in every man's education when he arrives at the conviction that envy is ignorance, that imitation is suicide; that he must take himself for better or worse as his portion . . . The power that resides in him is new in nature, and none but he knows what he can do, nor does he know until he has tried."

Emerson was no enemy of tradition, but he reminds us that traditions were made by men who thought for themselves; thus, we honor tradition most when we stand on our own feet. There is fresh air and muscle in Emerson; he is a bracing writer. Reading him again as an adult, you will understand why his work has been called an intellectual Declaration of Independence.



R. Waldo Emerson

Horace Greeley.



BECAUSE NOBODY READS old newspapers, Horace Greeley goes unread today. In his time, millions of people read him as faithfully and respectfully as they read the Bible. He was one of the most influential opinion-makers of his day, and he survives as a symbol of the fighting, public-spirited editor.

Greeley was 20 when he arrived in New York, then hardly more than a small town. With the savings from his first job, he started in 1834 a weekly paper called the *New Yorker*. He was the first American editor to publish Dickens, and among the earliest to publish Poe. ("A brilliant writer when neither too drunk nor too sober," remarked Greeley.) During the depression of 1837, he addressed a series of editorials to the jobless men of New York, and from these comes the one fragment of Greeley's bristling prose which any schoolboy can quote: "Go West, young man . . ."

Greeley achieved his greatest influence as editor of the New York *Tribune*. In the big issues of his day, he was usually on the side which most contemporary Americans would call the right one, and which was nearly always the kindly one. He fought against the inhumane 72-hour work week. He supported the women's rights crusade. He was a strong voice against slavery and a spokesman for the principle of Union; yet after the war, he was one of the stoutest defenders of the rights of the defeated South, urging both sides to "clasp hands across the bloody chasm."

As any outspoken man must, Greeley made many enemies, and sometimes exasperated his friends, but he stood for a quality which even his adversaries agreed they admired. "Mr. Greeley is the most representative man in America," said a rival editor. "The source of his ascendency is not in his opinions but in his attachment to them." Right or wrong, "Old Horace" was never any man's man but his own.

Edward E Hale

EDWARD EVERETT HALE WROTE much on many subjects, but he is remembered for one story—and that one is a masterpiece. *The Man without a Country* was published in 1863, when the Civil War was making people think deeply about the meaning and importance of a nation. It tells the story of Philip Nolan, an Army lieutenant, who renounces his country, and is sentenced to spend the rest of his life on shipboard, where he may not hear or read of the United States again. Hale shows the increasing desolation that takes place in the life of a man who has cut himself off from his national roots, from all knowledge of the history, tribulations and progress of his native land. Improbable though the circumstances are, the story has a haunting psychological reality. Once we have read it, we are not likely to forget how much our sense of security depends upon having a homeland to which we belong, and which belongs to us.

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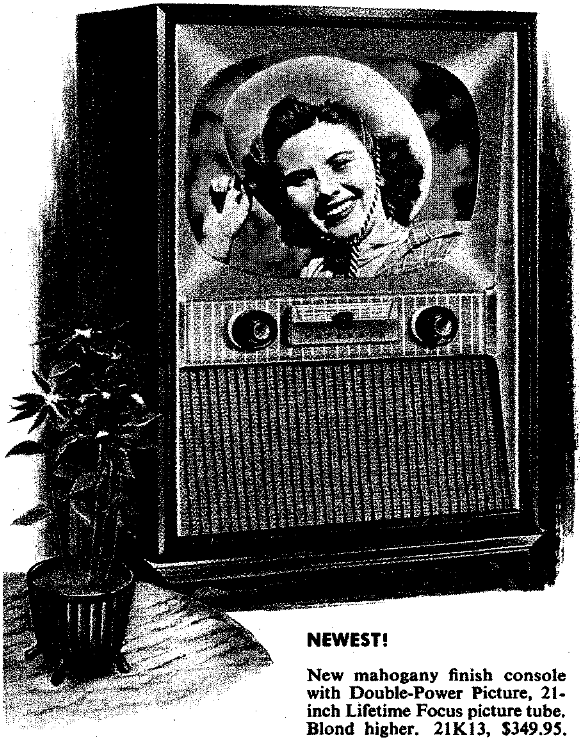

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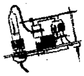

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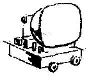

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Motorola's advanced cabinet-styling features double-tilt front which deflects the glare downward, while it directs the sound upward.

Mother . . .
See page 106

the Nation's Gift Lists!

[illegible]

SUB-MINIATURE TUBES

Tiny new tubes are rugged, sturdy, sensitive . . . yet outlast normal-size tubes! Extend battery life, too . . . drain hardly any more current than batteries would lose in normal shelf storage. Amazing performance.

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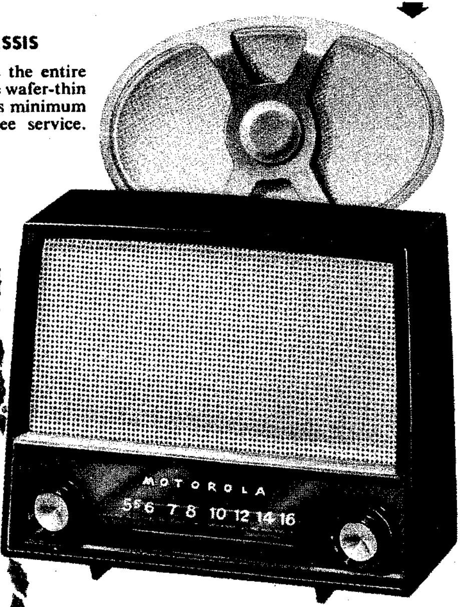

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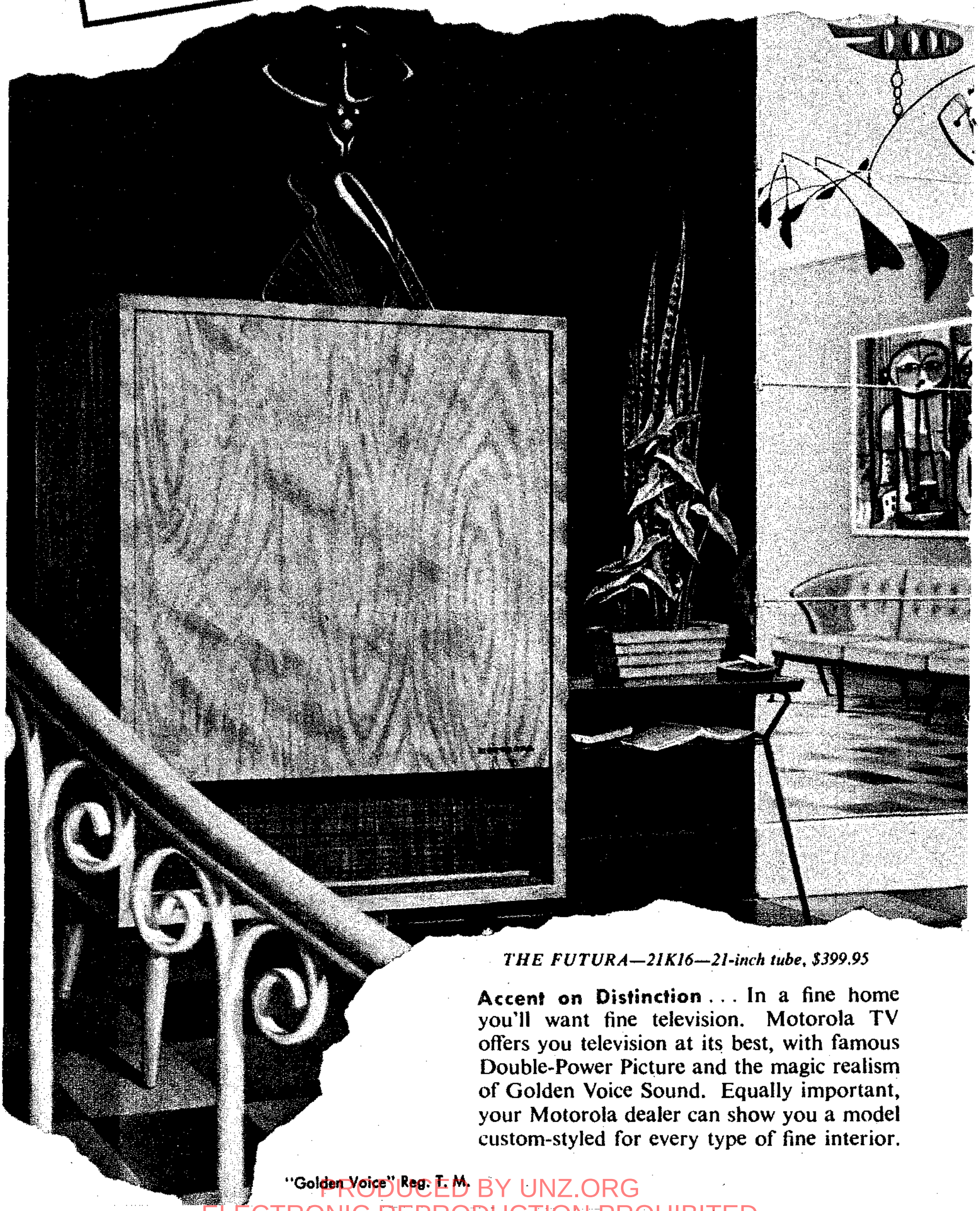
Mother... For a Smart Christmas ...now

DAD...See page 102



THE FUTURA—21K16—21-inch tube, $399.95

Accent on Distinction . . . In a fine home you'll want fine television. Motorola TV offers you television at its best, with famous Double-Power Picture and the magic realism of Golden Voice Sound. Equally important, your Motorola dealer can show you a model custom-styled for every type of fine interior.

"Golden Voice" Reg. T. M.

and for years to come

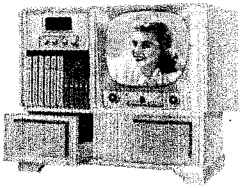
Better See
Motorola TV

MOTOROLA TV 1954
First in Style
FASHION ACADEMY AWARD

Motorola receives coveted
Fashion Academy Award
for outstanding Styling and Cabinetry

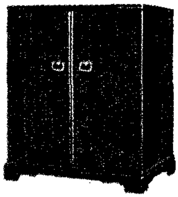
For the Third Time!

Examine Motorola's distinguished television cabinetry. You will sense the reasons why Motorola TV again has received the famous Fashion Academy Award. Then view Motorola's velvety, glare-free Double-Power Picture. You will recognize that there are many *technical* reasons, too, why Motorola TV is being chosen for so many of America's finest homes.



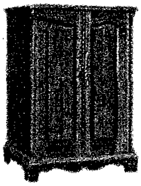
21F5B—21" tube—$625.00

21K14—21" tube—$419.95



24K2 —24" tube—$550.00

27K3 —27" tube—$675.00



21K15—21" tube—
$469.95

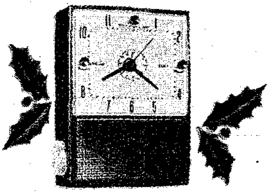
24K1 —24" tube—
$469.95

Prices include Federal Excise Tax. Slightly higher South and West. Subject to change without notice.

Here's a Gift...

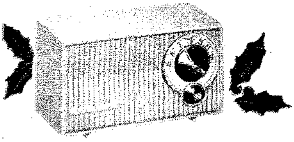
For every member of the family...

for every room in the house!

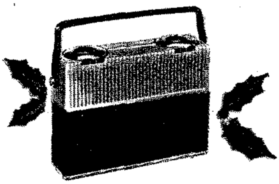


Pin-Up® Clock Radio
For kitchen, den, rumpus room! Four gay colors.
52CW, $39.95

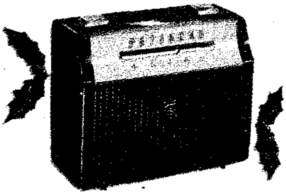
Motorola TV and Motorola Radios offer you a wide selection of wonderful gifts! Gifts to delight each member of your family. Gifts to enhance the livability of your home. Gifts built to give you long-lasting and trouble-free service. Made by Motorola—the world's largest exclusive electronics manufacturer!



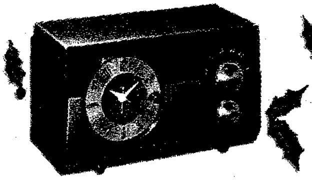
New Table Radio, with Placir chassis, Extended Tone speaker. 53R, prices from $19.95



Escort Portable—Light as a camera. Amazing tone and performance. AC-DC Battery. 52B1, $29.95



Paramount Portable, with super-power tubes, Extended Tone speaker. 63L, $49.95



New Clock Radio. New Placir Chassis. Four colors. 53C, prices start at $29.95

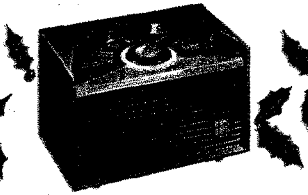
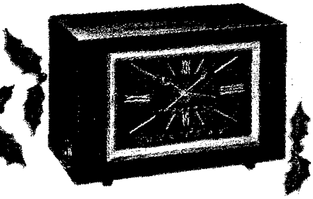
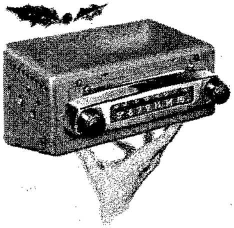


Table Model Radio. Extended Tone speaker. Choice of colors. 53X, prices start at $29.95



Mantel Clock Radio, with big clock dial, appliance outlet, automatic timer. 62CW1, $69.95



Motorola Car Radio—Finest name in car radio at the lowest price. Model 403, only $39.95

Better See

Motorola Golden Voice Radio

World's Largest Exclusive Electronics Manufacturer

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DANGER DETECTIVES

by LAWRENCE LADER

The important business of the insurance experts is to make your job much safer

THE CALLS kept coming in to the foreman of a large Midwestern defense plant. First one girl called up "sick," then three more. By the end of the week, 40 girls were victims of the same mysterious malady—their blonde hair had turned green overnight.

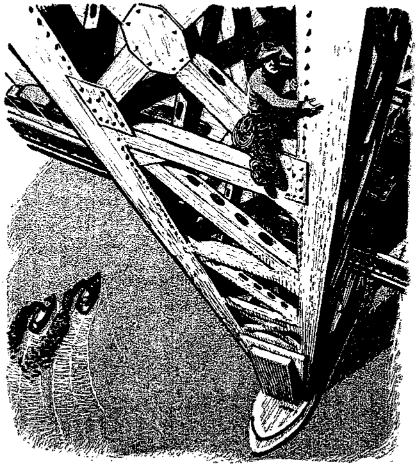
With production drastically cut, the plant manager put in a frantic call to William H. Seymour in Boston. Seymour, who has answered emergencies like this for more than 30 years as chief safety engineer for the Liberty Mutual Insurance Company, hopped a plane that night. Next morning, he was taking air-pollution samples and examining every machine in the plant. A staff of doctors was at the clinic, analyzing the hair of every girl. In two days the crisis was solved.

Combined with resin fumes in the plant, the shampoo used by the girls had played a fantastic trick with the color of their hair. Seymour immediately installed a large, new ventilating system to dispel the fumes, and directed the girls to change their shampoo. Their hair quickly turned blonde again, and the green plague was banished from the plant.

Working behind the scenes in factories, office buildings, construction jobs, or any spot where accidents may lurk, safety engineers like Seymour are a new kind of detective, battling not only such strange production quirks as green hair, but saving the country thousands of lives and millions of dollars yearly.

If you work in a factory, it has probably been protected from accidents through ingenious guards developed by safety engineers. They ride the tops of elevators in the world's highest buildings, checking the cables that may have hoisted you 40 stories this morning. They crawl into high-pressure steam boilers to examine their internal structure, climb to the highest beams of new bridges, descend into the deepest mines.

Safety sleuths protect American industry and workers in every corner of the world. Two of Liberty Mutual's engineers were taken prisoners by the Japanese at Manila,



one at Wake. Other Liberty Mutual safety sleuths spent two years supervising the Army's recently completed air base in Greenland, one of the most difficult construction jobs ever attempted.

Men worked on piers in water so cold that if they had slipped into it, they would have died in 30 seconds. The permanently frozen earth could be dug only by dangerous blasting. Yet safety engineering established a record 75 per cent better than on a comparable project in the U. S.

THE SAFETY ENGINEER works constantly at the point of danger. When a water tunnel was being drilled near Boston, Liberty Mutual's Stewart Gurney was called hurriedly to one shaft where five members of a dynamite crew had just been blown to bits. There seemed to be no possible cause for the accident. But Gurney stayed all night and the next day, watching other crews at their gingerly work, searching for a clue.

The men loaded their dynamite on a wooden box car, pushed it through the tunnel to the blasting point, then put electric caps on the sticks and wound the last few sticks with wire to be connected to the detonator.

After hours of careful watching, Gurney noticed something peculiar about the flashlight one man carried. Its cylinder was metal, a typical model sold in drug stores. The workman admitted he had bought it to replace his rubber-cased light which had been lost.

Then Gurney realized that one of the dead workmen must also have carried a store-bought metal flashlight and had accidentally touched it to the detonating wires, causing a short circuit and setting off the blast. Every flashlight from that point on was rigidly inspected, and the accidents ceased.

The safety engineer is a new profession that has grown up since 1912, when insurance companies, writing policies under the newly enacted workmen's compensation insurance acts, realized the best way to prevent accidents was to stop them before they started. "Our objective," says H. W. Heinrich, internationally known safety engineer of the Travelers Insurance Company and author of *Industrial Accident Prevention*, "is to locate mechanical hazards and unsafe habits that have always gone unnoticed. We analyze past accidents, search for their underlying causes, and then develop means to combat them."

These engineers have marshaled the resources of science behind them. Their staffs at the insurance companies employ chemists, physicists, doctors and industrial hygienists, backed up by huge research laboratories. Last year, Travelers alone spent over $4,000,000 on its safety engineering department.

Yet, although insurance companies now employ thousands of safety engineers, no special school has been established to train this unique profession. Many of them are graduate engineers. Some are chemists. "But most of them," said one insurance executive, "simply possess highly analytical minds and an amazing instinct for spotting the one dangerous link in a complex chain of operations."

This means that the safety engineer must be a born detective. From a tiny clue he must often track down a hazard that could eventually cause many more accidents and deaths. In a large coffee warehouse, for instance, some coffee bags recently collapsed on a watchman making his rounds and killed him.

There was no reasonable explanation. The bags had been crossbarred and piled at the proper height. The power trucks, which moved through the warehouse lanes, were prevented by guardrails from nudging the stacks. Yet H. W. Heinrich, who was assigned to the case, knew that the missing link had to be found quickly, before it caused other deaths.

Examining the fallen stack, Heinrich found one bag from which half the coffee beans had spilled, thus creating an imbalance and the eventual collapse of the stack. The bag itself wasn't defective, but there were several odd slashes in it.

The only clue Heinrich could find was a few tiny pieces of fatty substance around the slashes. For hours he walked around the plant, studying the workers, asking questions. Then he told the plant manager: "All I know is that the culprit is of Italian origin and doesn't go home for lunch. Come to the warehouse at noon and you'll see him."

A few minutes after the noon whistle, a workman came into the warehouse, picked a sunlit spot near the stack which had collapsed, and sat down against the bags of coffee beans. From his lunch box he pulled a long Italian salami, sliced it with a knife from his pocket, and jabbed the knife into the coffee bag a half dozen times to clean the blade.

While Heinrich and the plant manager watched, the process was repeated each time the worker sliced his salami. It was this innocent knife-jabbing which caused the coffee stack to collapse and led to the watchman's tragic death.

Selling a new kind of safety program often requires the greatest ingenuity. In one munitions plant during World War II, women flatly refused to wear safety goggles in grinding operations. It was a simple case of vanity, but nothing the foreman or plant manager said would change their minds. Finally, an Aetna safety engineer was called in to try his hand.

He picked out the girl who was ringleader of the anti-goggle crusade, called her over, and held out his right hand. "Here's something you'll be needing soon," he said. The girl looked at the object he had dropped into her hand and fainted. It was a glass eye, blue to match her own. The anti-goggle crusade evaporated.

DESPITE the laboratories and scientific resources at their disposal, safety engineers still find an understanding of human motivation one of their most important tools. A staircase in a well-known department store, for example, had become a mysterious accident trap. Salesgirls tripped and fell on it continually, suffering a succession of bruises, broken legs and cracked collar bones. Aetna's safety engineer was called in, but could find nothing wrong. The treads, handrails and lighting were good. The landing was wide and covered with nonslip surface. Then he noticed a full-length mirror on the staircase landing where salesgirls could check their grooming after leaving the nearby washroom.

"Get rid of that mirror," the safety sleuth said, "and the ladies will watch their feet instead of their faces." As soon as the mirror was removed, the accidents stopped.

Only rarely does the long, arduous and painstaking work of the safety engineers receive the acclamation of those it protects. But one man who will never forget is Ben LeBlanc, punch press operator at the Elbe File and Binder Company of Fall River, Massachusetts.

In 1942, the company suffered a continuous succession of punch-press accidents. Operators were afraid to work at the machines. Often the whole department quit for the day after an accident, producing a series of labor problems.

Then safety engineer Ben Kendall of Employers Mutual Liability Insurance surveyed the plant and told the president that the crux of the problem was poorly guarded punch presses. Basket guards for certain presses were designed. Other presses were tilted and slide feeds and enclosure guards installed, so that fingers could be kept from beneath the press ram. But on certain punch press operations, the only practical guards were wrist straps with attachments which would pull the worker's arm out of danger if anything went wrong.

"For five months LeBlanc operated this press without a mishap," Alan M. Ravenal, president of the company, recalls. "At times, he wondered whether it was worth putting on those wrist bands or not. Then a coil spring, which controlled the clutch, broke. The press repeated. LeBlanc's arm was fully inside the press as it started down. The automatic guard acted and yanked his arm out of danger. LeBlanc looked down at his hand.

"It was still there, safe. In a moment of emotional thankfulness, he knelt and kissed the guard."

Ben LeBlanc was paying his homage to the safety engineer who had saved him.

High Fashion

NO, DEAR, I DON'T think you need a new hat. You bought one only last year and it still looks good to me. Besides, women's hats are ridiculous. I never saw one yet that would keep their ears warm on a cold winter's day.

Oh, you already bought it? Well, show it to me. Wives seem to think husbands are made of money. Is that it? Are you sure that's a hat? It looks to me like the better mousetrap somebody's always going to invent.

Now don't cry, honey. I do love you. It's just that you women aren't very sensible when it comes to clothes. What? It only cost $2.98? Oh. On second thought, you know what, darling? I think that's a very lovely hat and I think you're the smartest wife in the whole world for buying it.

—*Wall Street Journal*

"The Silent Stars Go By..."

by **The Rev. Philip Jerome Cleveland**

On Christmas Eve, 1865, the Rev. Phillips Brooks was riding horseback from Jerusalem toward Bethlehem, reading the story of the Nativity on the way. As he approached the Holy City, the pastor from Philadelphia noticed the shepherds keeping watch over flocks of sheep, just as their forefathers had done years before.

Twilight had fallen, and the stars silently twinkled over the city. The pastor was filled with wonder at the beauty of the night. Suddenly, it seemed to him that there was something mystic about the stillness—as though in that peaceful scene there was a message which he should convey to the world.

The vision haunted him all through the night, and stayed with him later as his party skirted the Jordan River, to Gethsemane, the Mount of Olives, and to Bethany.

Wherever he went—to Egypt, Italy, Greece, France, Switzerland and England—he had only to close his eyes to recapture the scene. When he returned to Philadelphia, the image remained with him.

Some three years later, Lewis H. Redner, organist at Holy Trinity Church, called on the Reverend Brooks. "We should have a new song for the children this Christmas," he said. "Something original. If you will write a poem, I can set it to music."

The pastor was afraid he could not think of anything to write.

"But it's for the children!" the organist insisted.

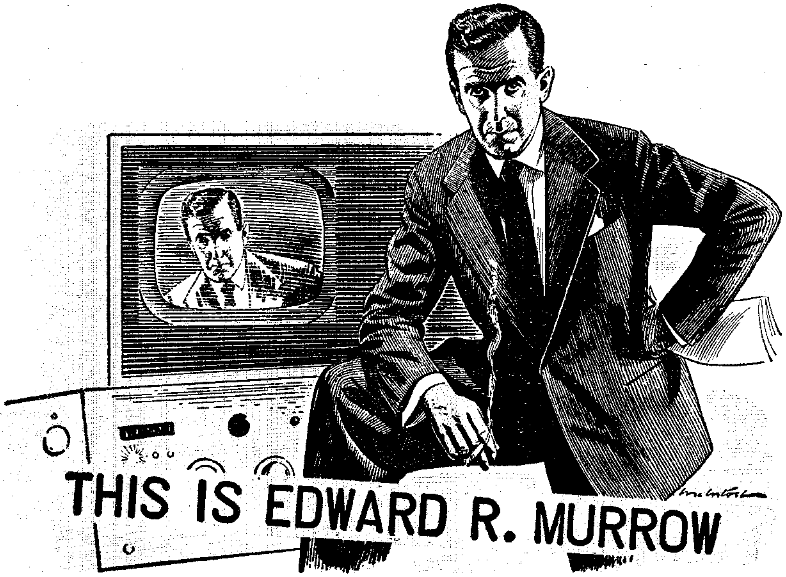
"Well, then, I'll do my best."

In his study that night, the pastor closed his eyes for some moments to recall a vision. Then he put pen to paper, and the message that had haunted him for years became visible, vocal. Words came as quickly as he could write.

A few days later, the organist set those words to music, and the Sunday School children were told they had a new song for Christmas Day.

When the congregation of Holy Trinity heard the song on December 25, 1868, they realized that a new carol had been born. The music, which so perfectly matched the serene mood of the lyrics, was soon known throughout Philadelphia, and quickly spread to other parts of the country. Today, we sing it all over America.

O little town of Bethlehem,
how still we see thee lie
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
the silent stars go by.
Yet in thy dark streets shineth
the everlasting light:
The hopes and fears of all the years
are met in thee tonight.



THIS IS EDWARD R. MURROW

by **Tim Taylor**

The star reporter for CBS has developed a fresh format for presenting news

Millions of Americans, safe in their warm homes, sat before their TV sets on the Sunday after last Christmas and shivered at the grating sound of a shovel in the hands of a young Marine trying to scrape a foxhole in the frozen ground of bleak, barren Korea.

For an hour, they watched and listened to the men of many nations who form the vanguard of democracy. They saw war in terms of the most personal common denominator—the individual. They will not soon forget the picture of Korea that was brought to them by Edward R. Murrow and his crew of CBS reporters and cameramen as a special edition of "See It Now."

Under the sensitive and intelligent control of Murrow and his co-producer, Fred Friendly, "See It Now" transports weekly a sizeable portion of the American populace to the various stages around the world where history is being enacted. The producers have devised a strikingly effective format for presenting the news and personalities in the news "with humor, sometimes with indignation, always with careful thought," according to the committee which selected it as one of the 1952 winners of the George Foster Peabody awards, the "Oscars" of the industry.

"See It Now" viewers have grown accustomed to seeing unique, informative, realistic news telecasts, such as a trip on the Orient Express, a visit to a West Virginia coal mine, a tour of a Hollywood studio, a step-by-step account of a pint of blood from donor to battlefield, as well as up-to-the-minute reports on political situations, national and international.

Ed Murrow has a stern look about him when he's sitting before the TV cameras, but the poker face (which only occasionally gives way to a smile of sorts) and the steady, matter-of-fact voice tell very little about the man, in reality. Off-camera, he converses more animatedly, smiles quite often, and has even been known to guffaw.

The six-foot-one, 180-pound darkly handsome Murrow, who has been likened to Hollywood's idea of what a foreign correspondent looks like, never seems to hurry at anything, and yet he's usually ahead of the crowd. His even-voiced microphone delivery, which hasn't changed since his first radio broadcast in 1938, insures him against "fluffs": he never shouts, never whispers, never talks faster or slower for emphasis.

Murrow has definite ideas regarding the boundaries within which a newsman should labor. Unlike some commentators, he never urges his audiences to write or wire their Congressmen on any particular issue. "We're not in business to win votes," he tells his associates. "Give the people the news, and let them make up their own minds."

The qualities that make Murrow a top reporter and news analyst are those that attract the attention of the dozens of men and women who traipse into his CBS office for advice. He will spend as much time with a CBS pageboy, who wants his opinion on a TV script he has written, as he will with a prime minister.

"Everybody's a king to Ed," one of his staff explains. And a CBS executive has said: "Murrow has the biggest shoulders to cry on in the business."

Murrow is on a first-name basis with most of the political leaders of the free world, as well as a wide variety of influential and celebrated men and women in other fields. He has a yardstick by which to judge the famous he meets, one given him by Judge John Bassett Moore of the World Court some years ago: "When you meet men of great reputation, your judgment of them will be greatly improved if you view them as though they were in their underwear."

The newscaster and his wife were invited to dinner at the White House on Sunday, December 7, 1941, and when the sneak attack on Pearl Harbor was announced, they assumed the social affair would be cancelled. It wasn't, although President Roosevelt sent his regrets to his guests.

The President sent additional word to the commentator: he asked Murrow to wait. About midnight, Murrow and the Chief Executive had a long talk, but the newsman has never revealed what FDR said that historic evening.

ED MURROW never intended to become a reporter. Born on a North Carolina farm in 1908, he grew up in the State of Washington and worked on a survey gang, and in Northwest lumber camps, during summer vacations while he was attending Washington State College.

Elected president of the National Student Federation of America, an organization composed of the heads of university and college-student councils, he later joined the Institute of International Education. While attending a students' convention in New Orleans in 1932, Murrow met Janet Huntington Brewster of Middletown, Conn., who was representing Mount Holyoke College. They were married in 1934.

Murrow's duties as assistant director of IIE took him to Europe, and he was in Germany when Hitler came to power. The plight of German professors who were removed from their posts was uppermost in his mind when he returned to this country, and he and a group of sympathetic persons raised funds to bring them to the free world of American academic life. Murrow has said that the part he played in the resettlement of the professors was "the most important accomplishment of my life."

HE JOINED CBS in 1935 as Director of Talks and Education and two years later was sent to London to supervise broadcasting of cultural programs from abroad. Shortly after he arrived, CBS asked him to arrange for broadcasts by leading foreign correspondents—if and when war broke out. The first man he hired was William L. Shirer, not as a commentator but as an administrative assistant.

"Remember, this was 1937," Murrow explains. "News broadcasts from abroad and on-the-spot radio-news correspondents hadn't come into their own as yet."

He was in Warsaw on March 12, 1938, arranging a program of Polish folk music by a children's chorus, when he received a phone call from Vienna. It was Shirer. "The opposing team has crossed the goal line again," he said cryptically, and Murrow understood. The Nazis had occupied Austria. *Anschluss!*

"Get to London where you can get on the air," Murrow replied quickly, mentally thumbing his nose at the listening censor. "I'll replace you in Vienna."

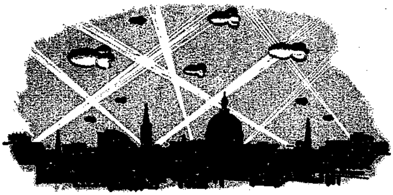
He hired the only available plane—a 23-passenger job—and was flown to Austria as its sole passenger. "I'd have given a lot to see my boss' face when he got my expense account," Murrow grins. "That trip cost $1,000!"

Shirer got to London and broadcast the first uncensored report of what was happening in Vienna. Meantime, Murrow was up to his elbows in German-manufactured red tape.

"All my broadcasts were censored, of course," he recalls, "but luckily the young Nazis I had to deal with didn't know as much idiomatic English as they pretended. They passed enough of my material so that I was able to give a fairly complete picture of what was happening during the ten days I broadcast from Vienna."

He didn't know it at the time, but this was the turning point in Murrow's life. The educator had turned newsman, and news broadcasting had entered a new era.

Murrow found new instructions from CBS when he returned to London. He was to continue broadcasting the news, and was to organize a staff—not newspapermen to do occasional guest "shots," but full-time radio reporters. As he gathered his staff, Hitler's *Luftwaffe* was pounding away at London. Murrow was broadcasting twice daily,



and he roamed the rubble-strewn city in search of news.

"This is London," he began his broadcasts in a baritone voice as austere as the stricken isle that was its point of origin, and these three words took on a sort of There-will-always-be-an-England quality. He slept a couple of hours at a time, refusing to go down into a shelter because, as he explained, "I feared that if I did it once, I could not stop doing it."

He lost four offices to the incendiary-dropping foe and, when asked about the burn-outs, invariably tells of the last one when he dragged his secretary, Kay Campbell, from a pile of rubbish and heard her say, "This is getting *tiresome!* Now I'll have to do the filing all over again."

WHEN MURROW returned to this country in 1945, he was elevated to a CBS vice-presidency. But he was never comfortable in the upper strata of big business. After 18 months, he returned to the job he enjoyed most, reporting and commenting on the news of the day. His five-day-a-week, 15-minute radio program, "Edward R. Murrow and the News," has been on ever since and has won more than its share of awards for being the best program of its kind.

When analyzing the news, Murrow never fails to identify that portion that is personal opinion. He never takes a bow for work done by his writer-researchers, Jesse Zousmer and John Aaron, or co-producer of his TV show, Fred Friendly. And, when he quotes from dispatches from CBS correspondents abroad, he never fails to name the reporter who did the legwork.

"See It Now," Murrow's most successful venture, is an outgrowth of a radio show and two volumes of recordings. Friendly approached Murrow in 1948 with the idea for an album of recordings of the voices of contemporary history—those of FDR, Stalin, Churchill, Hitler, Will Rogers and others. Murrow liked the idea and sold it to Columbia Records, a subsidiary of the radio-TV network.

One evening, while discussing the contents of the album with a group of friends, a woman mentioned Churchill's famed "blood, sweat and tears" speech. "It has to be included!" she insisted.

Murrow explained that it was impossible, that the Prime Minister had included the renowned phrase in an address before the House of Commons, and no microphones are allowed in Parliament. "But," sputtered the woman, bewilderedly, "but I can hear it now!" And the title for the album, long sought, had been found.

"I Can Hear It Now," the first non-musical album to become a commercial success, was followed by a companion volume. The two sold more than 500,000 copies.

Friendly and Murrow combined their talents again and produced the Peabody citation-winning radio program, "Hear It Now." Incidentally, Murrow had won the industry's top award in 1943 and 1949 for his news reporting and shared with Friendly the 1951 citation for "Hear It Now" and the 1952 award for "See It Now."

When the Korean war broke out in June, 1950, Murrow had just started a two months' vacation—the longest since he joined CBS. He and his wife had discussed what they were going to do with the free time. Now the communiqués from Korea changed all that, and he didn't know how to tell his wife. He rehearsed a little speech on his way home, but no sooner had he started his explanation than Janet Murrow interrupted:

"I know, dear," she said with a smile. "Your uniforms just came back from the cleaners."

Murrow is not a glory-chaser, and his trips to distant places where important stories are breaking are not exploits designed to enlarge his radio and TV audiences. He *has* to see what's going on to know what he's talking about. He never pulls punches, either. He says what he believes to be true, refusing to sugar-coat his commentary to please all segments of his listening public.

The Murrows, with their eight-year-old son Casey, live in an apartment on Park Avenue, and spend summers in Pawling, a two-hour drive north of Manhattan.

The $140,000-a-year newsman's recreational habits have been minimized by his heavy work schedule. In addition to five radio shows, "See It Now" and "Person to Person," a new show in which the TV cameras go into the homes of famous people throughout the U. S., he supervises "This I Believe," a five-minute radio series of non-controversial statements by representative Americans about the faiths they live by, currently the most widely-heard radio program in the world. But Murrow still manages to find time for an occasional round of golf, for pheasant hunting, and for late-hour poker sessions.

His parents live in Bellingham, Washington. He has two brothers, one a civil engineer, the other a brigadier general in the Air Force. "My father doesn't go so far as to say that there is something dishonest about a man making a living merely by talking," the newsman grins, "but he does think there is something doubtful about it."

Murrow is more than a golden-voiced spieler. "I try to be a reporter," he says. "A commentator is a kind of oracle, and I am never so sure that I am right."

Murrow, however, is right quite often. He was right four years ago, for example, when he dictated an office memo. "Television news is probably going to require a new kind of animal—a reporter-broadcaster-producer." What he didn't know at the time was that the first truly successful reporter-broadcaster-producer in TV was to be Edward R. Murrow.

* * *

THERE IS SOMETHING to the idea, all right, that after a Congressman has served one term, he should then return home and start trying to make a living under the same laws he has helped pass.

—ANONYMOUS

A CORONET QUICK QUIZ

What's the Meaning?

Jack Sterling, genial host of the panel show, "Make Up Your Mind" (CBS Radio, Monday through Friday, 11:30 to 11:45 A.M., EST), once had to make up his mind whether to become a performer or program director. He made the right choice; now he challenges you to make up your mind about the meanings of the odd combinations below. He offers a hint: "GIRL FELLOW FELLOW—What else could it mean except two fellows following a girl?" (Answers on page 161)

1. ƎNOꓕS ƎNOꓕS ƎNOꓕS

2. E V E R Y T H I N G

3. GIRL $100,000,000

4. YOUR HAT
KEEP IT

5. FAR HOME

6. MONEY

7. WOMAN
C
E
MAN
N

8. 1 KIND ANOTHER
1 KIND ANOTHER
1 KIND ANOTHER
1 KIND ANOTHER
1 KIND ANOTHER
1 KIND ANOTHER

9. L E G A L

10. EVERY RIGHT THING

11. F FAR E FAR W

12. 11

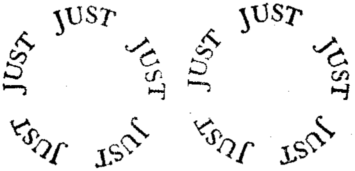
13. TAKE 1 MEAL
TAKE 1 MEAL

14. EZ
II

15. GNIKOOL

16. SUNDAY
MONDAY
TUESDAY
THURSDAY
FRIDAY
SATURDAY

17.



Admiral of Inventions

by **Henry Lee**

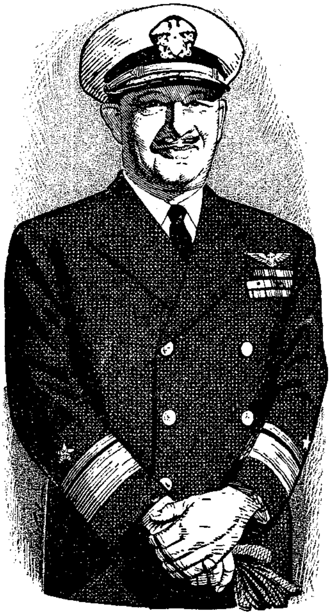
Luis de Florez is one of the great pioneers of wartime and peacetime aviation

THE BEECHCRAFT ran into dirty weather and the short, dapper pilot, who had grown up with flying from the days of the Wright brothers, called on all his know-how. At his destination, the Naval Air Training Station at Pensacola, a new crisis loomed beneath the groping plane. The field was shut in tight.

With a burst of airmanship that brought fliers and mechanics out of the hangars, he landed somehow. Then, with a cocky twist at his waxed mustache, he reported to the commandant, an old friend.

"How did *you* get here?" the skipper demanded. "Field's been closed tight for four days."

"I flew." And in the respectful tones of an ensign fresh from Annapolis, the dapper mustachioed man added dryly, "I came down to learn to fly, sir."



Thus, at the ripe age of 50, did Luis de Florez, oil engineer, inventor and dean of American private pilots, go on active Naval duty back in 1939. With characteristic buoyant stubbornness, he was determined to climax an aerial career that had already included flying about everything from monoplanes to tri-planes, and tractors to pushers, by flying Navy ships if war should come.

Though he lost 16 pounds keeping up with students half his age, de Florez whipped through the 11-month course in seven weeks. Much more important—to all of us—the experience of "learning to fly" opened his eyes to a deadly flaw in our military training program.

War shadows were then hanging heavily over America. There just would not be *time*, de Florez saw firsthand, to continue training men in the intricacies of aerial combat by the classical but slow "actual experience" method then in use. Somehow, to turn out mass-produced airmen quicker and safer, "synthetic experience" would have to be substituted for the long hours in the air and in navigation and gunnery classes.

An intense little man with positive

convictions and a blunt tongue at times, de Florez returned from Pensacola to earthbound engineering duty in Washington and his great crusade. Though barely five feet five, he towered over admirals and civilian brass as he argued for a revolutionary program, of staggering cost, which would teach the Navy to fly *on the ground.*

Cajoling, imploring, employing all his disarming Latin charm as well as moral fervor, de Florez finally wangled a tentative $50,000. Once started, nothing seemed to be able to stop his "Project 610," named after the Washington address, 610 H Street, Northwest, where he promptly set up shop in an old auto showroom.

First, he gathered together a brilliant staff which included mathematician Donald L. Hibbard, a college president; the president emeritus of a game company; an electronics professor; a magician and some 400 others. Then, compounded out of mirrors, optical illusions, sound movies, electronic gimmicks and whatnot, some 450 strange devices began rolling off the inventive assembly line in de Florez's Special Devices section.

There was, for example, the pressing problem of teaching flight engineers to handle twin-engine flying boats. Conventional training in the air was slow, hazardous and cost some $600 an hour; but de Florez simulated a flight engineer's panel, complete to engine noise, which could teach a novice in 20 hours—a cost measured in cents instead of dollars.

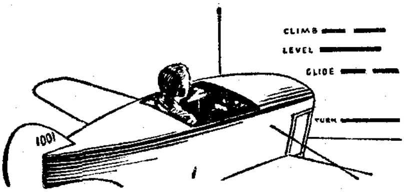
More important than the saving was the economy in young lives. With each student error, a red bulb flashed on the dual panel before the instructor, who could stop the "flight" right there for a lecture. Or, on the instruments, he could pose emergency conditions such as icing, and let the student struggle—realistically but synthetically—out of danger.

For Norden bombsight training, a bombardier's B-24 compartment was reconstructed to the ultimate detail of the sweetish smell of oil. Through bomb-bay doors the earth, intermittently obscured by drifting clouds, gaped thousands of feet below. Instinctively men stepped back from the terrifying "drop"—actually a few feet down to the movie screen which was reflecting the clouds and terrain from a cunningly concealed projector.

Most realistic of all, the primly named "3A2," a raised cockpit with stick and gun switch and engine roar, plunged new fliers right into the midst of dogfights. On a screen dead ahead, a twisting, slipping, fighting Jap Zero flashed into 3A2's sights, and the student "fought back," realistically maneuvering, evading, firing. Pinpoints of light registered his hits or misses on the screen.

With similar detail, Special Devices turned out other machines to teach celestial and dead-reckoning navigation, range estimation, tracer firing, torpedo attack, turret operations. A gun fired ping pong balls to illustrate the trajectory of machine gun bullets. Three-dimensional weather charts taught meteorology.

Wryly, Special Devices made up an insignia in which spools of red tape spelled out "Snafu," and called itself "Chairborne." Through this modest "chairborne"



brigade, de Florez—more than any other one man—taught Navy airmen to bomb, torpedo, shoot and navigate during those early days of the war.

Actually, Special Devices was not quite as "chairborne" as it pretended. Three of its members were killed, and de Florez was always in the thick of things, from the Battle of Britain to the Pacific attacks, studying training problems where they counted—in battle.

Though this shortcut training program cost more than $100,000,000, the savings in money, time and *lives* was incalculable. Notoriously suspicious as a rule, Congressional investigators labeled the synthetic devices "little short of miraculous."

The battle payoff was brilliant—"more enemy planes downed per plane of ours, per gallon of gas, per dollar spent." This was the judgment of the committee which awarded him the Collier Trophy, the highest honor any American airman can achieve.

Special Devices is only one facet of de Florez's amazingly many-sided career. As civilian oil engineer, he built refineries all over the hemisphere, and contributed basic inventions to the industry. For the Navy, he pioneered the development of practically all its aviation instruments during World War I and, immediately afterward, helped found the famed Bureau of Aeronautics. Following brilliant "Project 610," he helped set up the new Office of Naval Research and served as its first deputy chief.

One of the handful of reservists ever to reach the rank of Rear Admiral, he holds the Legion of Merit and Distinguished Service Medal and an honorary commandership in the Order of the British Empire. He belongs to such elite aerial groups as the Quiet Birdmen and Wings Club, and can even wear the Brazilian Air Force wings, awarded to him for introducing synthetic training methods there.

A NATIVE NEW YORKER, Luis de Florez was the fourth child of Rafael de Florez, of an old Spanish family, and Marie Stephanie Bernard de Florez, of French descent. As a boy, he lived several years in Europe and was tutored by the family's Jesuit chaplain. The priest, deeply interested in science, fired him with a lifelong fervor to go all-out for any good cause.

Once he exclaimed, "It's wonderful to die for an idea!"

Startled, Luis asked, "What idea, Father?"

And the priest replied solemnly, "Any idea!"

After his father's death, Luis returned to the U. S. Grammar plagued him, and he had to tutor before entering Massachusetts Institute of Technology in 1907. At college he left ground for the first time. Because of his small size, he was asked to jockey an experimental glider at Boston. He accepted the offer eagerly.

Seating himself in the fragile contraption, he was jerked into the air by a tow crew of husky young men and then practically hurled off a steep hillside. The glider nose-dived from 30 feet into wreckage. As the ground crew scrambled down to him, expecting the worst, de Florez emerged unhurt.

For some reason the brief aerial encounter charmed him, and he hungered for another chance to fly. At Marblehead he met W. Starling Burgess, famed boat designer, who had the first Wright brothers license to build their planes. Burgess was bothered by a sticky technical problem. While he could test propellers on the ground, he really did not know how much "push" he was getting in the air.

So, by no means in the interests of science alone, de Florez made his first powered flight on May 14, 1912. As the pilot circled to land, de Florez braced himself, but the descent—at least compared to gliders—was effortless. "This is it!" he exclaimed.

Unfortunately, de Florez graduated right into a depression when nobody wanted aviation enthusiasts. The best job he could get was with the Long Island Railroad, rocking the grate bars of steam locomotives in the boiler shop. Then a promoter offered him $25 a week to try to make gasoline out of kerosene.

Laboring in a small laboratory in Brooklyn, de Florez perfected one of the first "cracking" processes in the industry. Overjoyed, his backers raised his salary to $35 and transferred him to England to direct "cracking" operations.

One day, by accident, he wrecked a piece of equipment through overheating. Sorrowfully surveying the damage, he noticed an unimpressive "goo" had been left on the machine. As his men started to clean up, he stopped them and had the "goo" analyzed. It proved to be tuluol, a basic ingredient of TNT, in those early days of World War I as valuable as gold.

Shortly before the U. S. entered the war, de Florez came home and as an engineer entered the Navy's Bureau of Construction and Repair (Aviation). Navy planes then carried only a couple of instruments to check engine revolutions and oil pressure.

Before he was through, de Florez gave some 40 devices, royalty free, to the service, ranging from a roll indicator and bubble sextants to the Navy's first safety belt and shoulder harness. Some are still in use today.

It was this brilliant showing by de Florez and a handful of technicians, under the famed Jerome Hunsaker, which led to the establishment of a separate Bureau of Aeronautics. Financially, however, all this meant little to de Florez and, with the Armistice, he was again out of a job. This time it was serious. He had both a wife and a baby son.

He went to Boston and bumped into an old MIT friend who was worried about some oil properties in Mexico. De Florez was hired to advise in their exploitation. The next several years, for this firm and later as chief engineer of the New England Oil Refining Company, de Florez roved the Western Hemisphere. Then, without warning, the company went out of business.

With characteristic bounce and optimism, he went on the job offensive and became a consulting engineer. As trouble-shooter when plants broke down, construction engineer, inventor, he boosted his income into the six-figure bracket. In one five-year period, he made some $750,000 by selling patents outright. He was known respectfully to the trade as an engineer who thrived on trouble.

One Thanksgiving Day, for example, his home burned down and with it complicated oil-machinery plans which he had been developing for months. That night he felt pretty low. Suddenly, he jumped up, scratched a few rough notes from memory. In two weeks, he had the job completely redone—and better, because his mind had retained only the simple, important elements.

In hobbies, de Florez's mind ranged from dramatics and poetry to shooting on a 450-acre Connecticut farm. When he found he could not devote sufficient time to shooting, he invented Shotlite, a precursor of his wartime synthetics. An electric bulb clipped to a sports gun, Shotlite showed him where his real shot would have landed. Five minutes in the morning and five minutes again at night, de Florez prowled his home, dry-shooting at imaginary targets on the wall.

Always, of course, his real passion was aviation. Today, looking over volumes of photographs of old planes and pilots, de Florez says of the '20s and '30s, almost with a choke in his voice: "That was such a *lovely* period in flying—there was so much *fun*."

Neither in those days nor since did it ever occur to him to be scared. He has been known to catnap at the controls—reassuring intimates that any change in the engine noise will rouse him—and experimented not only with blind flying but also with *blindfolded* flying.

The latter idea developed from the fact that a flier needs orientation in space. This orientation or "space reference," de Florez reasoned, may be obtained through other organs than the eyes. His own experiments indicated that a flier can recognize the minutest difference in sound frequencies and volume through his "binaural" sense, which gives him the direction of the sound.

For himself, after 41 years at it, de Florez will fly any time, any way. He still has Navy flight orders, and not long ago checked out on a "hot tail" or jet, and a helicopter. Jets, he finds, are quite "easy," helicopters somewhat difficult. He keeps his hand in by regular 'copter flights with the Coast Guard.

In his snug apartment in New York, this passion for the air is reflected again and again. The apartment walls literally groan with autographed pictures of fliers and hand-tinted models of his favorite planes. In the place of honor is a shabby, faded patch of fabric from the first Wright plane.

His contagious enthusiasm, his sparkling talk, have made him a wide circle of friends, among them: Admiral Arthur Radford, chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, Admiral John Towers and General Jimmy Doolittle.

Just recently, with his engineering staff at the de Florez Company in New York, he devised an electric heart stimulator and a "cough" for iron lungs. The latter device prevents paralyzed patients from choking on liquids that accumulate in their lungs by inducing a convulsive gasp as substitute for a cough.

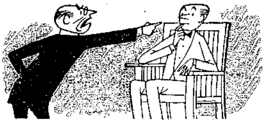
Shortly after World War II, he came up with a plastic bookbinding process, currently used by one of the biggest general publishers in the country. Other ideas are in his mind and on the drawing boards. "We do anything," he says briskly of his company.

To his regret, he has not been able to sell civilian educators on the "synthetic" principle of teaching which proved out so brilliantly during the war. "Somehow," he says, "we have confused discipline with learning. It's not true that if you learn hastily, you forget easily. Why *must* you describe in words when you don't have to? With our methods, in two or three months we could teach what ordinarily would take more than a year."

The U. S., he feels deeply, must throw everything into intensive education and all-out research. The deadly race of our time, as he sees it, is between free world brains and overwhelming totalitarian brawn.

"We're not going to survive by baseball bats or bayonets," he says grimly. "We'll only survive by ideas—and they've got to come from research. *Thinking is our only way out!*"

Take the Witness



A HENPECKED HUSBAND was being examined in the witness chair during a trial.

"Do you mean to tell me that you have always treated your wife with the greatest respect?" asked the bullying examiner.

"Always," replied the husband firmly.

"And you've never once spoken a harsh word to her?"

The man hesitated for a moment and the attorney was quick to seize his opportunity.

"Be careful how you answer!" he roared.

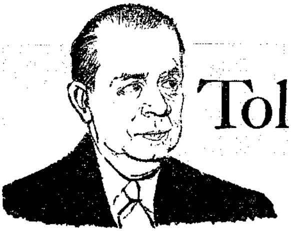
"Well," said the henpecked husband at last, "I remember I did yell at her once to 'Put down that poker!' "

AN ATTORNEY HAD a reputation for never losing a personal injury case. His witnesses were always so well rehearsed that they could withstand the most severe cross-examination. But he was finally tripped up by a child who appeared for him in the case of a couple injured at a railroad crossing by a train.

The six-year-old boy, appearing as a witness for the attorney, took the stand and was sworn in.

"What is your name?" he was asked by the clerk of the court.

"The gates were up and the whistle wasn't blowing," quickly replied the child, without a moment's hesitation. —*Wall Street Journal*



Told in

WHEN CLARK CLIFFORD was a White House aide, it was learned that Mr. Truman contemplated sending the late Chief Justice Vinson to Moscow on a peace mission to Stalin. Apparently everyone assumed this was Clifford's brainchild, and hundreds of letters, telegrams and hastily scribbled postcards began to pour into his office denouncing him as a cross between Rasputin and Svengali and a subverter of every true American ideal.

Clifford endured this with the kind of equanimity every Washington official develops after a while. But he could not help observing wistfully to Mary Weiler, his secretary, that he would like to see at least one favorable comment.

Then, one morning, Miss Weiler hurried breathlessly into his office.

"It's come," she exclaimed, waving a letter. "Here's a man who thinks you're a genius."

Clifford grabbed the note, obviously written painstakingly by one of those sensible, solid citizens who, if unlettered, are still the salt of the earth—and read it through with mounting satisfaction. Then he came to the other side:

"Please excuse crayon. They will only allow me blunt instruments."

I ONCE KNEW a druggist who lost everything he had following the tips of a particularly persuasive tout, yet he still couldn't stay away from the races. He liked to go just to watch the horses run.

One day when he was just watching, the tout who had cost him so much suggested that he place a mental bet on a sure thing. This was too much. The broken druggist shouted, "You make me lose my money, then my drugstore, and now you want me to lose my mind!"

HARRY TRUMAN and his good friend, former Governor Mon Wallgren of Washington, who prided himself on his Swedish descent, had a lively feud over the merits of their States.

At a White House dinner one night, Governor Wallgren winked at the other guests and asked nonchalantly, "Mr. President, why is it that Missouri got all the mules, while Washington got all the Swedes?"

Without batting an eyelash, President Truman said dryly: "Because Missouri had first choice."

I HAVE ALWAYS LIKED the story of a bookie who had been sent to St. Elizabeth's, a mental hospital in Washington. There he continued contentedly to make book. But since none of the patients had any money, he was reduced to accepting rocks as betting tokens.

Every day his friends would come to him and bet five on the nose on Flight Merchant in the first, or two across the board on Honeyface in the eighth, or whatever suited their fancy. The doctors at the hospital

Washington

by GEORGE E. ALLEN, friend and advisor to three Presidents

were amused and pleased that the patients had found so absorbing a pastime, and the bookie was happy, as well.

This pleasant state of affairs went on until one day an inmate with the proclivities of a plunger laboriously rolled up a huge boulder to the bookie's bench and said, "Put this on Little Elsie in the fifth at Santa Anita."

The bookmaker measured the boulder with a shrewd eye, then shook his head. "I won't take it," he said. "You must know something."

ONE OF the pleasantest institutions at the time I took up residence in a town in Mississippi was the poker game that went on almost nightly over the R. B. Smith grocery store. Two other regular participants were Horton Robinson, the druggist, and Ed Wynn, a cotton buyer.

One night, as the first streaks of dawn started creeping over Main Street, both of them were dealt extraordinary hands. But they hadn't fared very well earlier in the night and their chips were low.

After a little betting and raising, Ed suggested to Horton: "Let's take these hands, seal them in envelopes, go out and raise more money, and then come back and bet some more."

So Horton ate breakfast and then went to the First National Bank to negotiate a loan with the president, Tom A. O'Hara. O'Hara had not yet arrived, but the new cashier consented to interview Horton, who proposed a $2,000 loan. What collateral?

"A jack-high straight flush," said Horton, explaining the circumstances to him.

"Ridiculous," said the new cashier, "I've never heard of such a preposterous suggestion!"

When O'Hara arrived at the bank, the cashier informed him, obviously expecting to be commended. There was a long silence before O'Hara spoke. Finally he said, "Horton is quite a poker player. What did he say he had?"

"Well, he said he had a jack-high straight flush," the cashier answered. "But did you ever hear of anything so ridiculous?"

O'Hara interrupted him with: "A jack-high straight flush? Listen, young man, as long as I am president of this bank, a jack-high straight flush will be good for the total assets of this institution."

ONE OF ALBEN BARKLEY'S choicest stories concerns his election as Democratic leader of the Senate by one vote over his old friend Pat Harrison.

In view of the closeness of the vote and his warm personal regards for Harrison, Barkley said later that he felt somewhat like a man who was being ridden out of a Kentucky town on a rail, and then replied to a bystander who asked him how he liked it: "If it wasn't for the honor of the thing, I'd just as soon walk."

Why Won't Men Dress Properly?

by GLORIA SWANSON

One of America's best-dressed women has a few unkind words and several embarrassing questions for the opposite sex

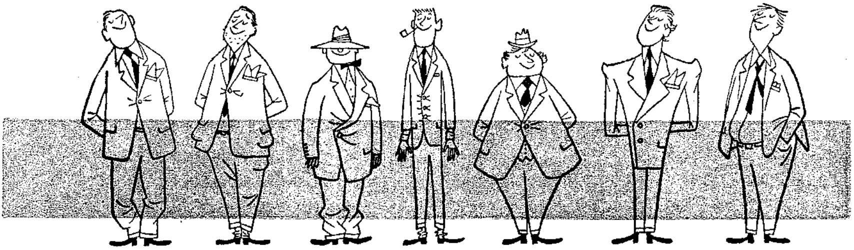
THERE IS NOTHING UNUSUAL these days about seeing an attractive man—one with a young body, a young walk, a young attitude—who does everything he can to destroy his own appearance. He seems to be accommodating himself to his sloppy clothes, rather than doing what "The Weaker Sex" does—making their bodies fit an outward appearance.

I can't for the life of me understand why most men look as if they had borne at least six children, especially since the modern mother no longer shows signs of ever having had any!

Husbands—why are you the first to complain about wives losing their shapes, sleeping in curlers and cold cream, and, in general, letting the glamour fade soon after the little ring has been put on the proper finger? At least they have some concern about looking their best most of the time. Can 90 per cent of the men today honestly say that they care two hoots about, or give two seconds' thought to, their own appearance?

I've often wondered what men would say if women didn't wear garters to keep their stockings up? (I do know what they say when our seams are crooked!) Or if the ladies wore their skirt belts under their tummies or at the fullest point, rather than at the waist? Suppose their clothes looked as though they belonged to their big sisters—just as the length of most trousers and jacket sleeves make men's clothes look like Gargantua's castoffs?

Why do you men wear sleeves so long that they hide your shirt cuffs—and probably an attractive pair of cuff-links your lady has given you? Cuffs are seldom, if ever, seen because, I suppose, it's too much trouble to have the sleeves of your jacket shortened. And, please, stop



trying to fool us about the breadth of your shoulders!

Just think of the money, time and thought devoted to glamorizing your homes. Also, the pride you have in the appearance of your car. When are you going to fit your bodies into some streamlined clothes—for that outer appearance?

Don't you know that we (your ladies) *want* you to be a complement to us? If you can afford evening clothes for her (wife), surely you can afford one dinner jacket for yourself in five years! But, of course, not if you insist on hanging it in the closet year after year, with the weak excuse that it isn't as comfortable as any other suit!

Should there be no occasion for your lady to dress for a cocktail party or an informal dinner party, you could still be a complement to her in a blue suit, rather than the same old one you've worn all day.

YOU MUST ADMIT that seeing people properly dressed for all occasions adds to the spirit of it all. I have several times asked my escorts, who have arrived in sports clothes in the city, to wait until I changed from a black silk cocktail or informal dinner dress to a sweater and skirt. Or I have asked them to go home and change into the proper blue or dark suit (and, please, not with brown shoes!).

I simply will not dress up and have my escort looking like an urchin. Besides, it's rude to one's hostess, who has spent a lot of time and thought on the appearance of her home, herself and the pleasure of her guests.

Really, just being a male is not sufficient. We women, too, like to look at beauty. We, too, want our aesthetic sense pleased. We prefer a faint scent of cologne, especially when we're dancing with you, to mothballs or the smell of smoke.

Just because you hate the barber, there still isn't any reason to have him run a lawnmower over your head so that it resembles a criminal's on the eve of execution. Women suffer more than you do at the hairdresser. What would you say if we had our hair done only every six weeks?

Not long ago, I heard a man, who had an eye for every pretty girl, remark about a woman who had heavy legs—a misfortune over which she had no control. I led him to a full-length mirror and asked him to look at himself.

His shoes needed polishing, he looked 18 months pregnant, his hands and fingernails were unclean, his tie was spotted, his hair uncombed. He is the extreme case, of course, *but* he is still the male who, like his brethren, expects the lady on his arm to be svelte, beautifully coiffed and manicured, well-dressed, well-groomed and to smell sweet.

Since I have worked since I was 14½ years old, I have lived pretty much in a man's world, and I can remember well the pride that men used to take in themselves. It was an era in which a man, believe it or not, had different suits for different occasions. Men were he-men in those days, too. To express good taste in one's appearance is not soft or effeminate. The rugged individualist doesn't have to walk around with his shirt open to prove that he is a gorilla.

I've often made mistakes in dressing, but then, what woman hasn't, with the styles changing every two minutes? But you men can be so beautifully turned out with, let's say, three suits and just a few fundamental musts, such as keeping your socks up. And if you don't mind, why not try wearing braces, because you must know that when you don't, you blow out your midsections to hold your trousers up.

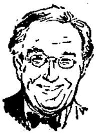
There is nothing the matter with a nice white cuff showing below the sleeve of your jacket, if only to prove you have sleeves. So when you buy your suit, ask them to take an inch or two off the sleeves.

Now you don't have to have a high polish on your nails, but neither are you a sissy if they are manicured. You don't have to change your hair-dos every season, so why not a perfectly normal man look, which requires your hair trimmed a little bit each week or every ten days. And—there are some wonderful things on the market that make you smell good.

I almost forgot—don't nail your handkerchief into your breast pocket in pleats, as if it belonged to a wax figure; and when you feel very gay, why not put a nice posy in that buttonhole?

Honestly, most of you should be spanked. We women adore and love you, and most of you are a mess. I'm sure it's because you're just plain, unadulterated egotists.

Second Man



MENTIONING THE NAME of a well-known public figure, I asked a former neighbor of his what he thought of the man. To my surprise he answered: "Which one? There were two men, you know."

"*Two?*" I repeated.

"There was the one before 1921—whom I didn't like at all," he said thoughtfully. "That young man was brilliant, wealthy, charming, yet as confused and conceited as a spoilt puppy—until one August day when he was out for a sail at the seashore. Sighting a fire in the forest, he hurried to shore and fought it vigorously. Afterward, hot and tired, he plunged into the cold water for a swim.

"Returning to his cottage, he could not concentrate; he was cold, dead tired; severe pains developed in his legs and back.

"At first he thought it was only a chill. But when he lost the use of his hands and his legs he was prepared for the dread diagnosis—polio.

"The doctor warned that the chief danger to the patient's life was mental depression. His mother urged him to give up his promising career and retire to the family estate.

"But he would have none of this. Instead, he began the battle of his life to return to the world.

"During the year that followed, he learned the lessons of patience and never-ending perseverance, and in so doing he acquired courage and an inner strength.

"I had great reverence for this second man, though I was critical of many of the things he did. And I feel that his struggle was symbolic of the future. For in 1932, America was stricken with economic paralysis, and in less than a decade the world succumbed to the paralysis of statesmanship. Franklin Delano Roosevelt had to fight paralysis in three dimensions."

—JEREMIAH BEN-JACOB

HOW'S YOUR ETIQUETTE?

Selected by ROBERT FROMAN

Some nostalgic reminders from the days when our grandparents were young

THE GOOD OLD DAYS measured good behavior in formal rules which covered everything from crossing the street to writing love letters. To guide the uninitiated of the Victorian era, Thomas E. Hill compiled a list of do's and don'ts in his *Manual of Social and Business Forms.* Its pages are an intimate record of the way great-grandmother lived—or at least should have lived—in the Seventies and Eighties.

Bathing: "Upon arising, take a complete bath. A simple washing out of the eyes is not sufficient. The complete bathing of the body once each day is of the utmost importance. Not more than a quart of water is necessary, preferably rainwater."

Hair: "The head should be washed occasionally with soap and water. When the hair is inclined to be harsh and dry, a moderate application of bear's grease or other dressing should be used."

Skin: "Beware of exterior applications of cosmetics. Instead, once every two or three months take a teaspoonful of powdered charcoal mixed with sweetened water or milk. This will prove efficacious in making the complexion clear and transparent."

Bowing: "A gentleman should not bow from a window to a lady on the street, though he may bow slightly from the street upon being recognized by a lady in a window. Such recognition should, however, generally be avoided, as gossip is likely to attach undue importance to it when seen by others."

Dignity: "To greet someone by saying 'Hello, old fellow,' or 'Hello, Bob,' indicates ill-breeding. If you are approached in this vulgar manner, it is better to give a civil reply and address the person respectfully, in which case he is quite likely to be ashamed of his own conduct."

Kissing: "Upon the meeting of intimate friends among ladies, at the private house, the kiss as a mode of salutation is yet common; but this is a custom which ought to be abolished for physiological and other reasons."

Small talk: "No topic of absorbing interest may be admitted to polite conversation. It might lead to discussion."

Conduct to avoid at the ball: "No gentleman should enter the ladies' dressing room at a ball."

Card-playing: "If possible, do not violate the rules of the game and do not cheat. Should you observe anyone cheating, quietly and very politely call it to his attention, and be careful that you do not get excited. People who experience ill-feeling at the game should avoid playing."

Marriage: "Anyone with bright red hair and a florid complexion should marry someone with jet-black hair. The very corpulent should marry the thin and spare, and the bony, wiry, cold-blooded should marry the round-featured, warm-hearted, emotional type."

Husbands: "Always leave home with a tender goodbye and loving words. They may be the last."

Train travel: "People with weak eyes should avoid reading on trains, and those with weak lungs should avoid talking."

Hotels: "A lady should avoid loitering alone in hotel halls or standing alone at hotel windows."

Street etiquette: "When crossing the pavement, a lady should raise her dress with the right hand, a little above the ankle. To raise the dress with both hands is vulgar and can only be excused when the mud is very deep."

Ask a Silly Question

THE 3RD-GRADE was learning the letters of the alphabet.

"What comes after T?" the teacher asked.

To which one little girl quickly replied with assurance, "V."

—VELDA BLUMHAGEN (Instructor)

"I'D LIKE THE telephone number of Stanislaus V. Drenckevdodevitskivitz at 51535 Cockatauwapua Boulevard," a man told the information operator.

After a pause, the operator said, "We have a Stanislaus V. Drenckevdodevitskivitz at 51535 WEST Cockatauwapua Boulevard. Is that the one?" —*Telephony*

A CHESSMASTER tried to teach his 4-year-old son the game, in the hope of making him an expert, too. One day he took the young boy to a tournament in which he was to play. As he was about to move a knight, he heard his son whisper: "Don't move the horse." He followed the boy's advice and won.

When the father realized that his original move would have lost the game, he proudly asked the boy: "Why didn't you want me to move the horse?"

The boy explained: "Because he hadn't eaten yet." —LEONARD LYONS

SAMUEL F. B. MORSE was a well-known painter before he invented telegraphy. He once painted a picture showing a man in the agonies of death, and asked a doctor friend to criticize it.

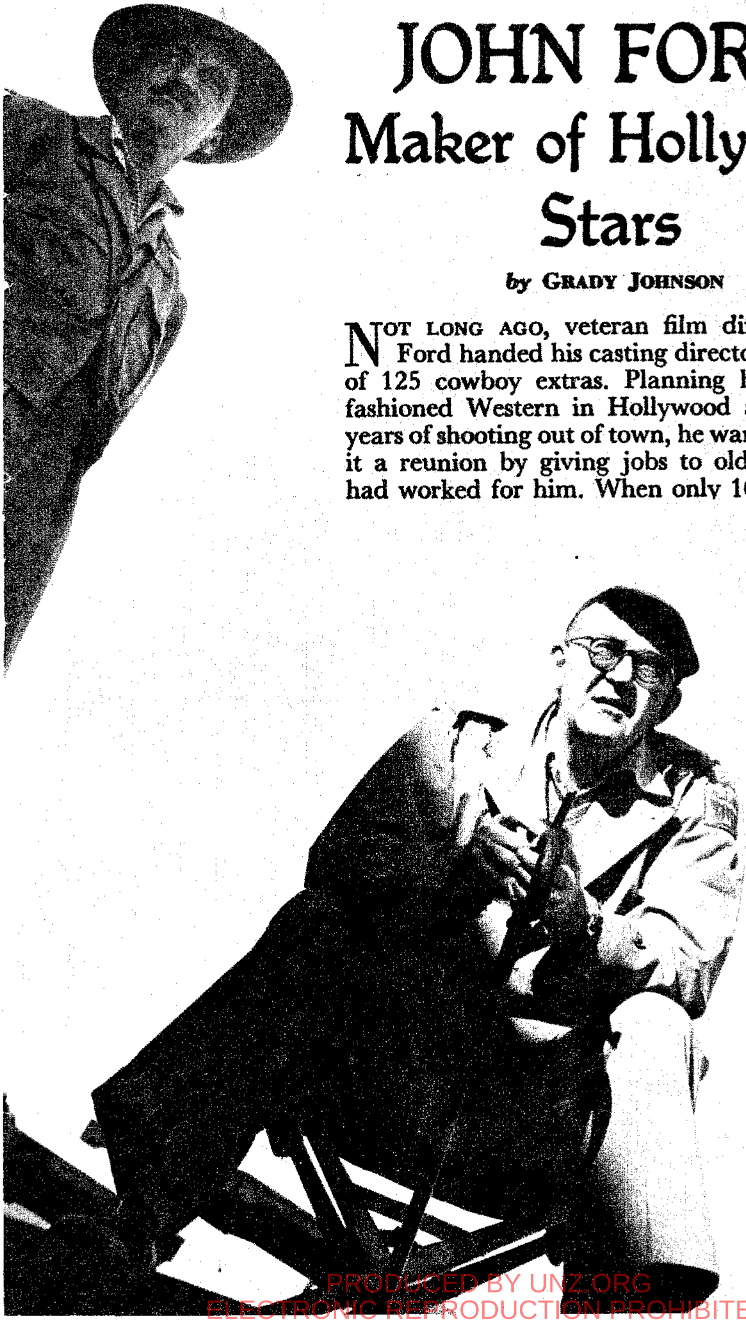
"Well?" prompted Morse after the doctor had looked at it very carefully, "what's your opinion?"

The doctor straightened up and said firmly, "There's no doubt about it. Malaria!" —*Typo-Graphic*

JOHN FORD: Maker of Hollywood Stars

by GRADY JOHNSON

NOT LONG AGO, veteran film director John Ford handed his casting director the names of 125 cowboy extras. Planning his first old-fashioned Western in Hollywood after several years of shooting out of town, he wanted to make it a reunion by giving jobs to old-timers who had worked for him. When only 102 horsemen



lined up for the inspection, he demanded to know why. A grizzled cowboy broke the news—23 were dead, some for as long as five years.

The director lowered his red-gray head for a moment, then looked up frowning. "All right, let's see if the rest of you so-and-sos can still ride," he snarled, hiding ingrained Irish sentimentality with brusqueness. As the horsemen rode away he furtively wiped his eyes.

The men were bottom echelon members of one of Hollywood's quaintest unofficial organizations—the legendary "John Ford Stock Company." Comprised of some of the town's biggest and littlest names connected with the 110 pictures he has made in 35 years, it is virtually a cult dedicated to do honor to the much honored man its members know variously as "Pappy," "Jack," "Skipper" and "The Old Man."

Top ranking stars, afraid of waning popularity, have offered to work for nothing in order to have this big, talented, sensitive Irishman direct them. And when the Hollywood grapevine hints he is preparing a picture, scores of extras find as many ways to bring themselves to his attention while they start letting their hair and beards grow on speculation.

"What can you lose?" one Ford "regular" shrugged. "If the picture calls for beards, you improve your chances of a part, and you can drop casual remarks that you are letting it grow for The Old Man."

Producers hiring Ford know that they also will have to hire a good many of his stock company actors, as well as sundry members of the Military Order of the Purple Heart, whose Hollywood chapter he heads. These men—actors, technicians and cowboys—love and fear him at the same time. He instills both emotions, although his bark is much worse than his bite.

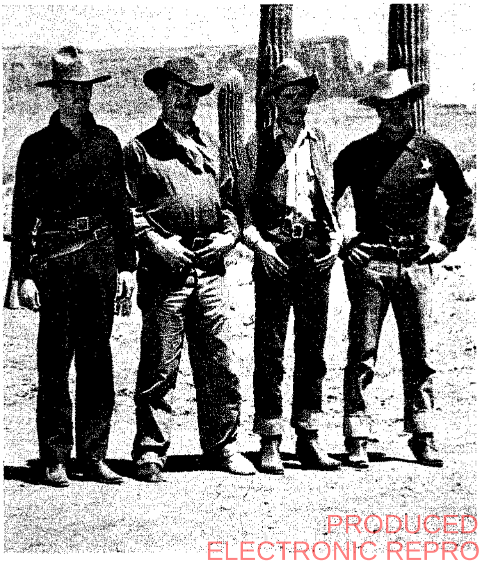
Enigma to some, martinet to many, benefactor to scores, Ford has created stars like John Wayne, Henry Fonda and Ward Bond, and is responsible for the success of many lesser players. Yet if he does not like an actor, he can make the

poor fellow's life miserable by publicly disparaging or ignoring him.

Over six feet tall and powerfully built, this 58-year-old artist is Hollywood's No. 1 rebel, defying convention, authority and box office. He refuses to attend the premieres of his pictures, has his Oscars mailed to him, generally shuns the company of big-name movie folk for cowboys and technicians, and condones publicity for his picture and himself only as a necessary evil of a business he considers primarily an art.

To theater owners, "art" is traditionally unprofitable, but Ford has made it pay with such triumphs as *The Informer*, *Stagecoach*, *The Grapes of Wrath*, *The Long Voyage Home*, *How Green Was My Valley*, *Young Mr. Lincoln* and *The Fugitive*. The last two, he says, were the best he ever made. "Most of the others were made for money."

For elevating the standards of motion pictures he has won four coveted Oscars—an unequalled achievement—four New York Critics awards, two special awards from the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences for making Navy films, and was voted the Screen Directors Guild excellence award in 1952 for *The Quiet Man*.



Ford and his Argosy Pictures partner, Merian C. Cooper, had tried for 17 years to get enough money to finance *The Quiet Man*. Cooper finally went to Herb Yates of Republic Pictures and began telling him the story.

Said Yates, "Never mind what it's about. I don't care what it is or what it costs, just so Jack Ford makes a picture for me."

While commanding such respect from Hollywood's producers he allows no interference from them. He has been known to stubbornly stop all work, in protest, when one comes on his stage. Once, when a producer complained that he was behind schedule, Ford picked up his script, ripped out twenty pages which had not been filmed and said, "Now we are on schedule. You want it fast or you want it right?"

This was an act, since he generally ignores the letter of his scripts anyway, eliminating dialogue wherever possible and interpreting the story in his own way. Writers, hurt by this, suspect that he does it because, one-man show that he is, he dislikes being dependent on anyone.

An associate says it's easy to ascertain Ford's mood. "If he's gently swearing you know everything is all right," he confides. "But watch out when he's polite. It means he's mad as hell."

Sitting tense behind his camera, suffering with his actors and plainly

Ford surrounded by his cast of Western characters for the filming of *Clementine*.

embarrassed by it, Ford releases his emotions by alternately glowering, puffing his pipe, crying or chewing the corner of a handkerchief while pulling on the opposite corner with small slender hands which don't fit his big frame.

He won't permit visitors to his sets. Once, after a screen writer had stood behind him all day, Ford followed the man to his office and took up a position directly behind his typewriter. "Now let's see you work with me looking over *your* shoulder," he growled.

He never sees the daily rushes—or takes—of his pictures and doesn't want his actors to see them, lest they try to change a characterization which he likes. He "cuts" his pictures as he shoots, eliminating footage which he feels would end up on the cutting room floor anyway.

Actors who try to direct their own performances are sure to get a tongue lashing. Once, when actor George Sanders disagreed with him over how a scene should be played, Ford pointed to his director's chair and said, "One of us is going to work from there. If you want the chair, I'll take your place in front of the camera."

Ford says his biggest problem today is to avoid repeating himself. "I don't want to make the kind of junk the screen is offering today," he says, "because we made those pictures better 35 years ago."

FORD HAS OFTEN BOASTED that he never did anything he didn't want to do, and this seems to be the secret of his success. In Portland, Maine, where he was raised, his mother used to pray that he would become a priest. His high-school teacher kept him after school, trying to make a writer out of him.

Ford didn't want to be either. After only three weeks at the University of Maine, he ran away to Hollywood where his brother, Francis, had become a serial star and director. Francis gave him a job as a $12-a-week prop boy and used him occasionally as a stunt man. Whenever an actor complained of danger in a scene, Francis would say, "Yeah, a sissy like you might get hurt. I'll have my little brother do it for you."

The rebel in Ford first showed up in 1916. Disapproving a puny fire which producer Carl Laemmle had ordered, Ford filled the stand-by water buckets with kerosene. When aides sought to control the fire by dashing the buckets' contents on it,

Behind scenes, on set of *The Informer*.

the movies got one of its first exciting spectacles.

Laemmle was outraged over the cost of a huge circus tent thus destroyed, then decided that he liked the scene and made Ford an assistant director.

In those informal picture-making days, an assistant did a little of everything—build sets, act, write and crank the camera. Within a year, Ford had learned enough to direct Harry Carey in a series of two-reelers.

But he wasn't satisfied with these short films. He double-crossed his bosses at the old Butterfly-Universal studio by stretching one of the two-reelers into a five-reeler. Producer Laemmle was indignant over the added cost, but had to release the film in its entirety because Ford craftily had filmed it so that it couldn't be cut.

The picture, *Straight Shooting*, released in 1917, was a hit, one of the industry's first feature-length films. As a result, Carey's salary soared to $1,750 a week and Ford's from $30 to $75.

Until the advent of talking pictures in 1929, Ford ground out a variety of unexceptional films noted mainly for the artistic qualities of their photography. Then he started attracting attention with *Men without Women*, *Born Reckless*, *Up the River* and *Arrowsmith*.

Yet, still the rebel, he was resisting the new talking medium. While other directors were making talking bees of pictures, Ford was using a minimum of dialogue and making his moving pictures move. One day in 1933, Cooper, then an executive producer with RKO, heard a Fox executive complain that Ford

Harry Carey in an early Ford Western.

Will Rogers: ***Steamboat Round the Bend.***

Stagecoach **made a star of John Wayne.**

couldn't seem to get the feel of talking pictures.

"That's too bad," Cooper said and immediately telephoned Ford, offering him a contract which would let Ford make any picture of his choice and not change a word or scene of it if Ford would also direct one of Cooper's choice. This was agreed.

Cooper chose *The Lost Patrol* and it was a success. Ford chose *The Informer*, a story of the Black and Tan Irish Revolution because, it was said, he had run away from home as a youth to take part in it—a phase of his early life which he has kept a close secret.

In the lead of *The Informer*, Ford cast Victor McLaglen—who, critics said, was not a trained actor and never would be—and tricked him into giving the best performance of his career. To make the actor look like the lying, double-crossing "Gypo" who betrays his best friend, Ford started the cameras on what McLaglen thought was a rehearsal. The result was the fumbling delivery of a liar.

He gave Gypo an expression of tortured guilt by assigning handyman Jack Pennick the job of getting McLaglen drunk every night. The actor's hangovers were works of art, remorse under a patina of green.

The picture, introducing new film techniques such as imagery, monologue and introspection, won four Academy Awards for 1935.

After *The Informer*, Ford directed half a dozen big films, then shocked Hollywood by wanting to make a picture in which the leading man was a murderer and his leading lady a scarlet woman. Everyone turned him down except Walter Wanger. The picture, *Stagecoach*, won the New York Critics award.

The Grapes of Wrath, an Oscar-winner notable for its stark simplicity, marked another of Ford's victories over studio brass. When they heard he planned not to use a musical score, they were aghast.

Ford was adamant. He called in his old friend Danny Borzage, an accordionist, whom he had used for years to supply old-fashioned "mood" music to his actors. "Play 'Red River Valley,' Danny, until I tell you to stop," Ford told him.

Softly, throughout all rehearsals, and during the shooting of the opening and closing scenes, the mournful strains of that song permeated the sets, serving as a morose pacemaker for the unhappy film. The actors felt it and reflected it, and critics hailed the result.

In 1941, Ford won his third Oscar with *How Green Was My Valley*.

Ford with Sally O'Neill: *The Brat*, 1931.

Then he joined the Navy, taking with him a group of film technicians whom he had organized as a combat photography unit two years earlier in anticipation of World War II.

Commanding the Field Photographic Branch of the OSS, he directed the activities of 180 men in combat teams all over the world. Ford himself operated the camera at the Battle of Midway, at several Pacific island raids, and at Omaha Beach on D-Day.

At the Battle of Midway, Jap Zeros and bombers were the special objects of his directorial wrath. Witnesses reported that he stood on the exposed pinnacle of a powerhouse overlooking the island, yelling profane "directions" at the enemy planes to come within range of his camera. One obeyed too well and Ford was knocked unconscious by a bomb explosion which drove fragments into his arm.

Recently promoted to the rank of Rear Admiral, he went to the war front to make *This Is Korea,* for which he received the Air Medal.

COURAGEOUS himself, he admires courage in other men. Because prop boy John Wayne volunteered to dive from the high deck of a ship when a stunt man refused, Ford made him a star. Because calf-roper Ben Johnson risked breaking his bones by deliberately falling off horses, the director made a featured actor of him.

Ford's truculent record has left him outwardly indifferent to what people think of him. Asked once to select a photograph of himself for advertising purposes, he came up with a shot that fairly snarled.

The ad man wanted one in which he looked more pleasant, but Ford refused. "They all think I'm a so-and-so," he said. "Let's don't disappoint them."

The recently promoted Rear Admiral.

He is suspected of perversely trying to maintain this reputation to hide his soft side. Aboard his 107-foot ketch, *Araner*, guests tiptoe around until noon for fear of awakening the Admiral, who they firmly believe would put them in irons. Only his two grandchildren, Danny, seven, and Timmy, five, are unafraid. His two adult children, Patrick and Barbara, say they have never outgrown their childhood terror of him.

The director dresses like an elegant bum, often rolling up one trouser leg of his $80 slacks in order to appear casual. He is superstitious about the 30-year-old crushed felt hat he wears while working, and likes to start a picture with a clean shirt. His wife has to steal his trench coat to have it cleaned because he likes it dirty.

Close friends say he avoids making more friends because he can't afford them. Intensely loyal to them when they are jobless or in trouble, he simply hasn't enough love and largess to spread further.

When he took leave from the Navy to direct *They Were Expendable* in 1944, he stipulated that his $225,000 fee be spent on a rest home in the San Fernando Valley for his OSS Field Photo men, over three-fourths of whom were decorated for gallantry.

It was at this home, "The Farm," that funeral services were held for Harry Carey, who had stood by him in his first dispute with a movie producer. Ford had made another payment of this debt by making a star of Harry Carey, Jr., in a remake of *Three Godfathers*, in which the senior Carey had starred for him 30 years before.

The director's brother, Francis, who gave Ford his first Hollywood job, is on his "must hire" list, although friends see sly humor in his assignments. Invariably, Francis is cast as a town bum.

Nor will Ford's veteran colored chauffeur, James, ever be allowed to forget the time his boss left a sickbed to defend him in court against a charge of drunken driving. The arresting officer testified that James walked with an uncertain gait and spoke incoherently.

Ford testified that the uncertain walk was caused by a war injury. As for James' incoherence, the director testified, he never could understand his employee either.

This testimony made a deep impression—even when it came time for James to testify. The chauffeur, proud of his day in court with the boss at his side, literally strutted to the witness stand, and managed to testify in flawless diction!

"I think," Ford said later, "the ham was trying to prove what a good actor he was."

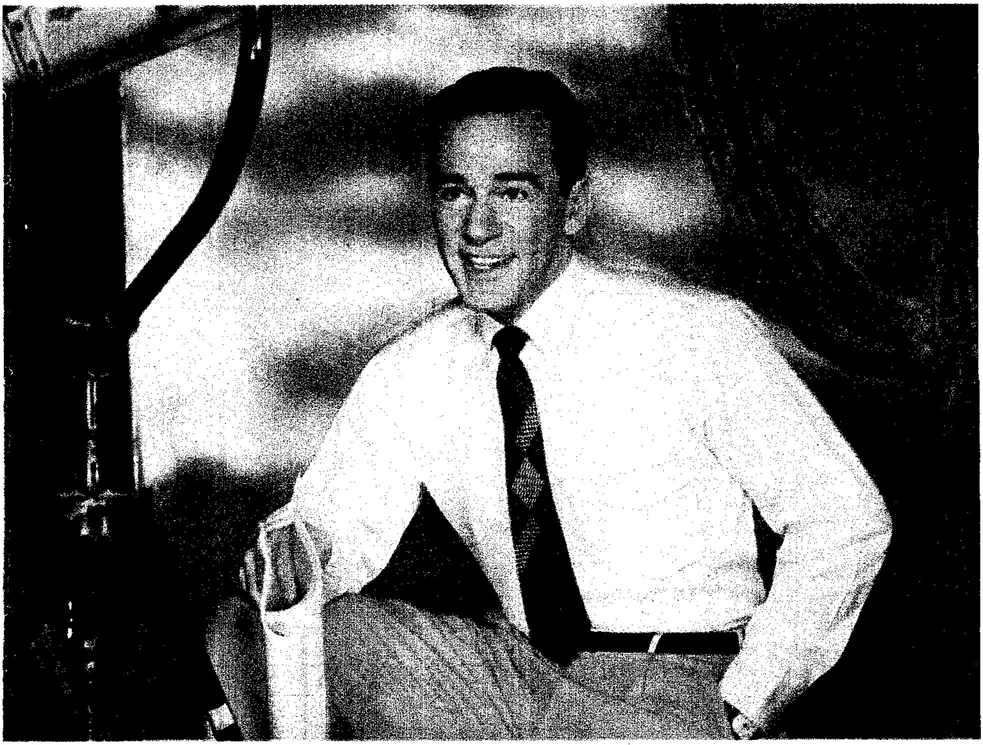
From such camaraderie, understanding and sentimentality, great motion pictures have sprung.

Between scenes with Gable and Gardner in Africa for Ford's latest hit, *Mogambo*.

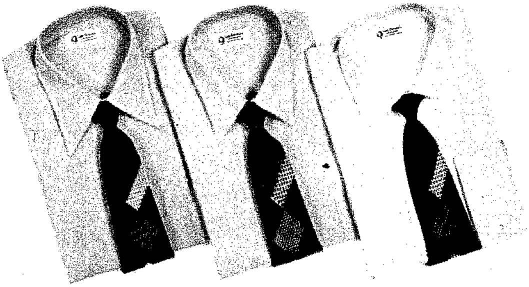
The Van Heusen Christmas Story . . .

Richard Carlson *in*

Van Heusen Vanahue shirts



Richard Carlson starring in Universal-International's "It Came From Outer Space"



The big Christmas news about Van Heusen's Vanahue shirts is: *colors* and *collars!* The *colors* range from subtle shades (like Richard Carlson is wearing) to robust tones—set off by genuine ocean pearl buttons. *Collars* are the most comfortable that ever graced a fellow's neck—tailored in all the newest Van Heusen styles. **$3.95**

Phillips-Jones Corp. • Makers of Van Heusen Shirts • Sport Shirts • Ties • Pajamas • Handkerchiefs • Underwear • Swimwear

The Van Heusen Christmas Story . . .

Tony Curtis *in*

Van Heusen Century

You can twist it…

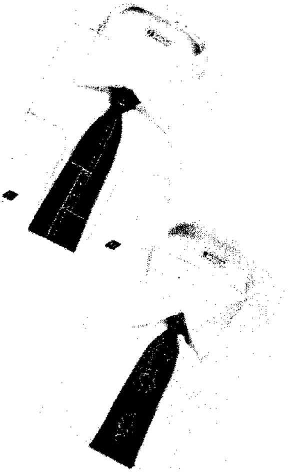
Tony Curtis
starring in
Paramount Pictures'
"All-American"

You can twirl it...

You can bend it...

You can curl it...

The new revolutionary collar on Van Heusen Century shirts won't wrinkle... ever!



Here's the perfect Christmas gift for a man who takes pride in his neat appearance . . . the *only shirt in the world* with a soft collar that *won't wrinkle—ever!*

Soft as a fine handkerchief, it's woven on a curve to fit the contours of a man's neck. It's the world's easiest shirt to launder. The fold-line is *woven in*. Friend wife just irons the collar flat, flips it—and it folds perfectly. And *this* shirt's guaranteed *never* to shrink out of fit!

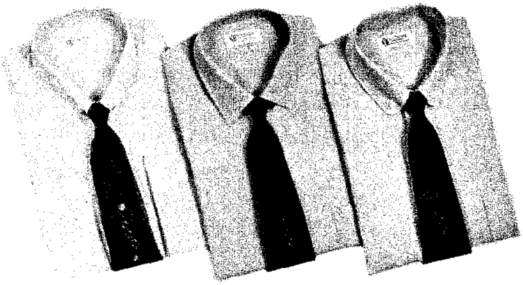
You'll be usin' your Van Heusen Century for a long, long time. Long past the age when wearin' and washin' usually take their toll, your Van Heusen Century will come up smart and smiling. Yet it costs only **$3.95** for white, **$4.95** for colors and Superfine whites!

The Van Heusen Christmas Story...

Dan Dailey *in*

Van Heusen Pan-Am Pique shirts

Dan Dailey starring in 20th Century-Fox's "No Business Like Show Business." Color by Technicolor.



There is no handsomer Christmas gift for a man than a Van Heusen Pan-Am Pique shirt. Traditionally, pique has been plain white. But Van Heusen brings you this luxury fabric in all the newest colors. Traditionally, pique shirts have been conservatively styled. But Pan-Am Piques sport all the popular new short collars. **$3.95**

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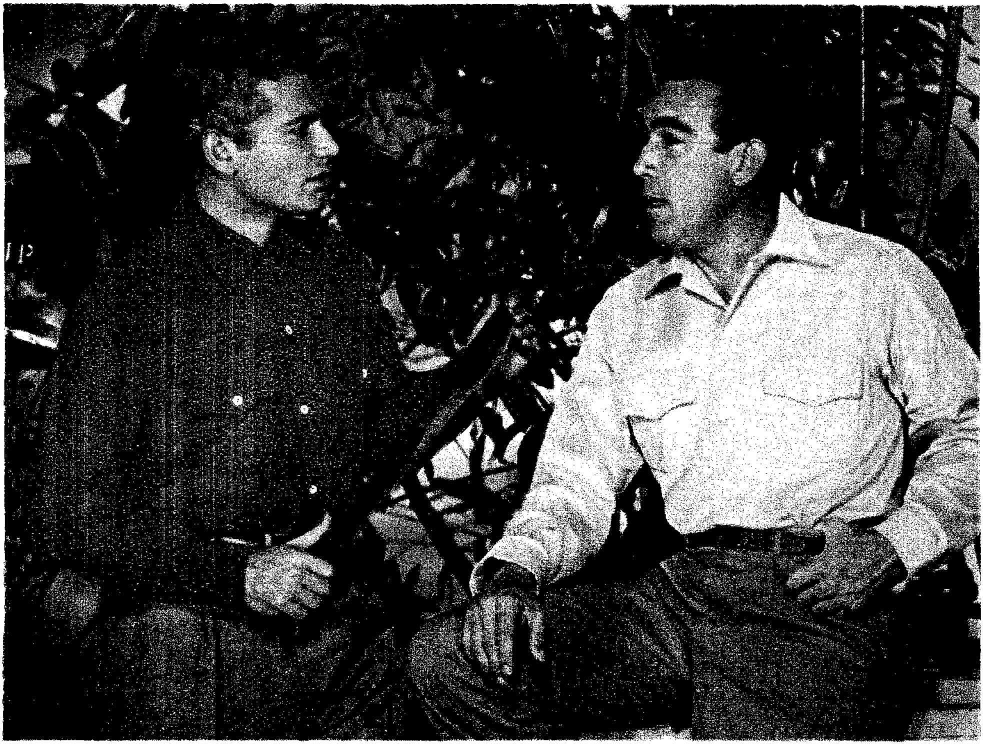
The Van Heusen Christmas Story...

Jeff Chandler and Tony Quinn *in*

Van Heusen Vanduroy sport shirts



Jeff Chandler, Tony Quinn, co-starring in Universal-International's "East of Sumatra." Color by Technicolor.

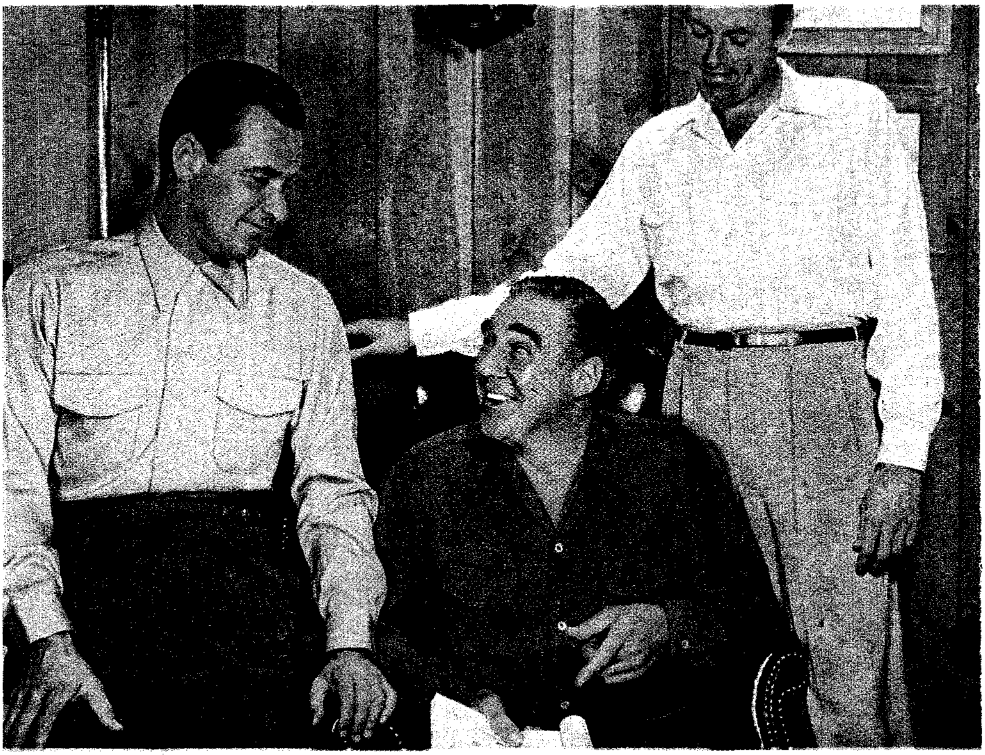
The Vanduroy is tailored of deep-pile corduroy that's he-man rugged, yet soft and luxurious. Cut for perfect neck and body fit, just like the finest Van Heusen dress shirts, the Vanduroy is finished to a king's taste right down to the last gleaming ocean pearl button. Select *his* Christmas gift from a wide range of brilliant colors. **$7.95**

. . . and the famous Van Heusen Century Shirt with the soft collar that won't wrinkle ever.

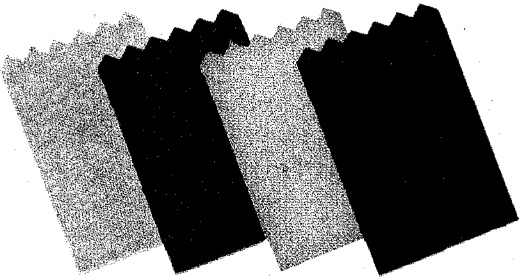
The Van Heusen Christmas Story...

Paul Douglas, Bill Holden and Richard Shannon *in*

Van Heusen Van Gab sport shirts



Paul Douglas and Bill Holden co-starring in Paramount Pictures' "Forever Female"



Van Gab is the amazing gabardine rayon sport shirt that is *completely washable*. It is *guaranteed* never to fade, never to shrink out of size. Van Gab is shirtmaker-tailored throughout—with smart pick-stitching on collar and pockets and genuine ocean pearl buttons. It's America's favorite Christmas Gift sport shirt—yet it costs only **$5.95.**

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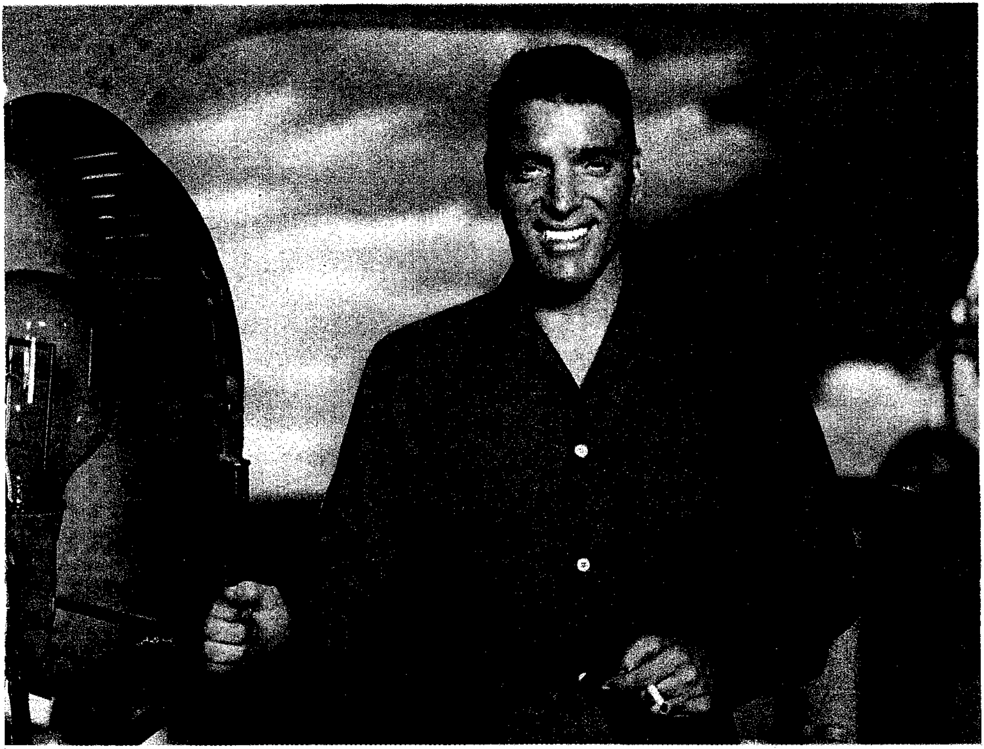
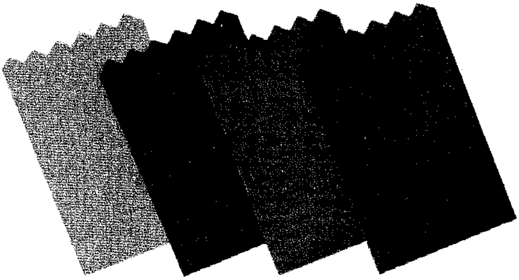
The Van Heusen Christmas Story . . .

Burt Lancaster *in*

Van Heusen Vanacord sport shirts



BURT LANCASTER, star of "HIS MAJESTY O'KEEFE", a Warner Bros. production, color by Technicolor.



Vanacord Sport Shirts are superbly tailored from a new Bedford Cord—, made spot-and-wrinkle-resistant by Dan River's X · 2 finish. Rugged Vanacord will warm a man for many a winter. Completely washable and a cinch to iron, it can't shrink out of size, and its brilliant colors can't fade in sun or tub. The perfect gift—only **$5.95**

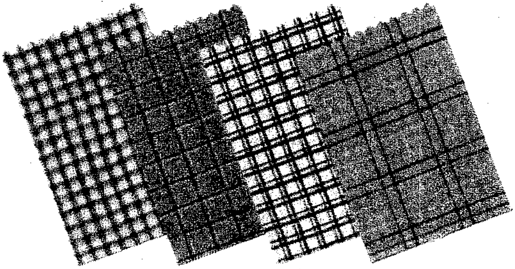
. . . and the famous Van Heusen Century Shirt with the soft collar that won't wrinkle ever.

The Van Heusen Christmas Story…

Sterling Hayden *in*

Van Heusen Plaid sport shirts

Sterling Hayden starring in Universal-International's "Take Me To Town" Color by Technicolor.



There comes a day in every man's life when he likes to don a brilliant plaid shirt and play the rugged outdoorsman. *Best* time to let him indulge that fancy is on Christmas morning. Wherever Van Heusen shirts are sold, you'll find a choice assortment of superbly tailored plaid sport shirts, at prices tailored to fit every Christmas budget.

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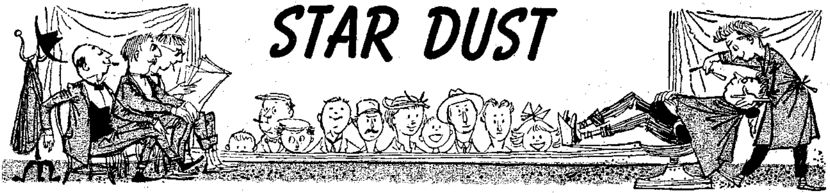
STAR DUST



ON SATURDAY NIGHTS there wasn't much to do around our town, so we'd go down to the barber shop and watch a few haircuts.

—HERB SHRINER

A POLITICAL EXPERT is a guy who tells you today what is going to happen tomorrow and explains the next day why it didn't. —BOB HAWK

MOST ACTORS dream of getting a star on their dressing room door. I'm still trying to get a door.

—JAN MURRAY

PSYCHOANALYSTS are people who want you to remember things so you can forget them.

—GEORGE HAMILTON COMBS (WJZ)

A BABY SITTER is someone you pay by the hour to watch television. —MINDY CARSON

WHEN OPPORTUNITY KNOCKS at the door, some people are out in the back yard, looking for four-leaf clovers. —VAUGHN MONROE

DUEL: Pistols for two, breakfast for one. —RONALD COLMAN

THERE'S ONE GOOD THING about when Congress is adjourned—at least we know the Congressmen are spending their own money then.

—ARTHUR GODFREY

I'VE ALWAYS HAD the theater in my veins—sometimes I wish I had blood. —MILTON BERLE

WHEN I WAS A KID, we were so poor I couldn't afford a sled—I had to slide down the hill on my cousin.

—JACKIE KANNON

WOMEN are really more skilful drivers than men—it's not easy to get a car into the garage sideways.

—GROUCHO MARX

AN ANTIQUE is proof that your ancestors had very well-behaved children. —RALPH BELLAMY

THE MONEY Bob Hope made hasn't gone to his head—most of it has gone to the government.

—FRED ALLEN

EARLY TO BED and early to rise—makes a girl pretty unpopular.

—ROGER PRICE

SAILORS EAT the same kind of food the admiral eats—but, of course, his is cooked. —BOB HOPE

IT MATTERS MORE what's in a woman's face than what's on it.

—CLAUDETTE COLBERT

EVERY MAN should have a bedroom closet of his own for the things his wife can't get into hers. —LISA KIRK

Resentment Is Poison

by **PETER J. STEINCROHN, M.D.**

Bottling-up your frustrations is bound to injure your health and happiness

SOME OF YOUR emotional troubles you would never think of carrying to your doctor. You don't even know they are troubles. You take them for granted. Yet they blast your days and shatter your nights.

Slow, seething resentment, that simmers and never comes to a boil, is responsible for much of our physical and mental distress. If we are chronic haters, consciously or otherwise, inevitably we suffer for it. Most of us have at times been resentful, jealous, envious; many of us have been hostile. What matters is how long we stay that way.

Enrico Caruso, a sensitive artist, was an overly sensitive human being. As a young man, singing in his home town of Naples, the audience sat on its hands unresponsively. The papers gave him unfavorable criticism. Years later, returning there at the height of his career, he bitterly refused to sing.

All those years he had carried the serpent of resentment within him. Caruso "ate himself up." Like all resenters, he hurt himself more than he did the innocent objects of his resentment.

Resentment (another name for hostility and anger) is born of frustration—of jealousy, envy, stubbornness, false pride, childish immaturity, and the inability to find a suitable outlet for inner aggression. Whatever its cause, resentment is potential "poison" for your mind and your body.

For example, consider Tom, a 67-year-old man with a permanent "hole" in his stomach, the result of an emergency operation performed when he was nine. Call it an "open window" that scientists can look through at will. Every morning he goes to work in a laboratory in New York City, and, as part of his job, makes himself available for clinical observation.

As he lies on the table, the investigators—Dr. Harold G. Wolff of Cornell and associates—peer through the stomach opening of this amazing human guinea pig. They carefully observe the reactions of his stomach's mucous membrane to such emotions as fear, disgust, anxiety and resentment.

Once, as Tom was lying there relaxed, an associate of Dr. Wolff purposely intimated that Tom had misplaced an important laboratory report. Immediately he became anxious and frightened; he got paler in the face *and stomach.* When the papers were at last discovered, his

From *The Doctor Looks at Life,* by Peter J. Steincrohn, M.D. Copyright 1952, by the author, and published by Greystone Press, New York.

face became pinker and his stomach became normal.

Tom, as any one of us would do, showed definite physical reactions when feeling anxiety and fright. Here was the direct response to those emotions. These changes in the stomach might last for minutes or months, depending on the weakness or strength of the emotion. What happened invariably to Tom can happen to you or me.

See how it works in actual practice. Here is a highly regarded business executive complaining about his ulcer: "Doctor, I can tell when it's going to kick up. When things get rushed at the office, when I'm under pressure, that's when I get the pains."

There is a saying that there are two kinds of people: those who give ulcers and those who get them. Unfortunately, too many of us have the knack of giving them to ourselves. The resenter suffers more than the "resentee."

The same holds true for high blood pressure. "Take it easy. Watch your blood pressure," says one man to another who is "blowing his top." Yet doctors realize it isn't the sudden outbursts that are so bad; rather it is the patient's sullen resentments against himself and others that aggravate the hypertensive condition.

DR. M. RALPH KAUFMAN of New York's Mt. Sinai Hospital substantiates what doctors observe daily in their experience with high blood-pressure patients: "You will find that there are many patients—such as those with hypertension—who will not take the opportunity to talk about their resentment. If you ask them why they won't talk about it, they will tell you that they've never been able to talk about being angry.

"If you ask them, 'What do you do about your anger?' some of them will say, 'You know, Doctor, I swallow it!' That is a very frequent way of putting it, they swallow it; they just allow it to tear them up inside."

A sense of prolonged grievance can live only in the individual who is out of balance, only in the one whose thoughts are always turned inward more than outward. It thrives in the selfish person and stews him in his own juice.

Many of us are like a little boy who has a roomful of toys but is unhappy unless he has as many as—or more than—any other kid on the block. Marcus Aurelius once wrote: "How much trouble he avoids who does not look to see what his neighbor says, or does, or thinks, but only to what he does himself."

Envy and jealousy are common ingredients of resentment. The big car, the pretentious home, the valuable paintings, the sables, the pendants, the bracelets and rings—these, we think, are the final measure of happiness and content. If our neighbor has more than we, dissatisfaction spills over and mars our days.

But you never can tell by appearances. If you were able to change places with your neighbor, you might easily come out the loser. For example, you might trade a normal blood pressure for two million dollars—and a two hundred blood pressure.

To be satisfied with the little we have is only one of the preventives of resentment. Another is to realize that if you hate or resent, you can often solve the problem yourself. Every case of resentment is not invariably potential material for the psychiatrist. Often you can do a good job of self-evaluation—if you try hard enough. Necessarily, it requires force of will.

Virginia Woolf touched the heart of the matter when she said, "Consider how difficult it is to tell the truth about oneself—the unpleasant truth; to admit that one is petty, vain, mean, frustrated, tortured, unfaithful, and unsuccessful . . . If you do not tell the truth about yourself, you certainly cannot tell it about other people."

If you are having any emotional difficulties with others, it is essential that you get yourself to admit that your aggressive feelings are perhaps the basis for them. If we all took this step, thousands of parent-child, husband-wife and business maladjustments might be straightened out overnight!

Admit that aggression rises from a sense of frustration and insecurity. Your job is to find out what's bothering you—to bring it out in the open. Whom do you dislike, and why? Don't bottle it up. Talk it out, explode occasionally, rather than contain it.

One of the friendliest men I know says: "I'm a good hater. I get over it quickly. You don't catch me hating by the hour. A minute's long enough."

That advice should be good a few thousand years from now, too. In any language, and at any time, it is a sure antidote for the slow poison of resentment.

Royal Repartee

WITH THE TWILIGHT of royalty fades the kingly courage and charm that was the better part of sovereign reign. Such, for example, as the royal sang-froid displayed by the Emperor of France and the Czar of Russia at the Paris Exposition of 1867. As the royal pair rode together down the Bois de Boulogne, a would-be assassin fired at the imperial carriage.

Whereupon the two monarchs turned to each other and, with the most admirable courtesy and self-control, exclaimed in concert: "Don't be alarmed; that bullet was meant for *me*!" —ADRIAN ANDERSON

THERE IS a story that is being told about Mark Twain. Although Twain had a ready wit, he was once left speechless—but it took a king to do it. It all started when Twain wrote a note to Queen Victoria in which he voiced an objection to a certain British tax.

He went on to inform the Queen that he had never met her, but that he had once met her son, explaining: "He was heading a procession in the Strand and I was on a bus."

Long afterward, Mark Twain had occasion to be presented to the King of England who remarked cordially to him, "It's nice to meet you again."

Thinking His Majesty had mistaken him for someone else, Twain hastened to explain that he had never had the honor.

"Why, Mr. Twain," laughed King Edward, "have you forgotten the time you met me in the Strand when you were on a bus and I was heading a procession?" —MARY ALKUS

Baseball's One-Day Wonders

by Don McNeill

When Ty Cobb stormed into the bleachers early in the 1912 season and punched a particularly obnoxious heckler, he started a row that eventually gave nine youngsters a super thrill.

Detroit's immortal center fielder was suspended and, as the Tigers moved on to Philadelphia, there was open talk of a players' strike among his teammates. Such a strike could be serious, for if Detroit failed to meet its schedule, it faced the possible loss of its franchise.

Fans crowded into the Athletics' park on May 18th to see what would happen. Cobb went to his position and was ordered off the field. As he trotted toward the dressing room, the rest of the Tigers followed.

Fifteen minutes later, the Detroit team was back again. But they looked unfamiliar. And small wonder! The Detroit manager, anticipating just this situation, had rounded up a team of sandlot kids and St. Joseph's College players—to face the World Champions!

Jim McGarr stepped into the batter's box to lead-off for Detroit. His uniform was too big for him, especially the shoes, but his face was deadly serious.

Jack Coombs—conqueror of Christy Mathewson in the World Series the year before—threw the first pitch, and the fun was on. But it was thrill-packed fun for the Tiger team that day.

What if the Athletic pitchers did strike out 15? Schoolboy Joe Travers, hurling for Detroit, fanned one—though just which of the World Champions, history does not record.

Jim McGarvey, Tiger left fielder, was nicked by one of the great Herb Pennock's fireballs. He scuttled to first and promptly stole second.

What if mighty "Home Run" Baker and four other Philadelphia sluggers did hit triples? Ed Erwin, Detroit third sacker, hit two!

Bill Linhauser, playing in Cobb's shoes figuratively if not literally, was credited with one assist. Meaney and Smith racked up the game's only double play.

The final score read:

	Runs	Hits	Errors
Detroit	2	4	9
Philadelphia	24	25	1

But those greatly favored nine can point to their names in the record books—McGarr, Irwin, Travers, McGarvey, Linhauser, Smith, Meaney, Ward, Maharg — big-leaguers, if only for a day.

Don McNeill is Toastmaster on *The Breakfast Club*, ABC-Radio, Monday through Friday.

What to Do in EMERGENCIES

by **HELEN COLTON**

Your wise behavior may some day spell the difference between life and death

DO YOU HAVE any idea what you would do if, as you sat reading this, you suddenly heard a chilling cry, ran to the window and saw that a child, your own or a neighbor's, had fallen out and was lying on the ground below?

Your wise behavior in such an emergency might spell the difference between life and death, minor loss and major tragedy, for your family, a friend, neighbor, stranger —or yourself.

Even in a vast throng, the actions of *one* individual can mean that lifesaving difference. Remember the man at the 1952 Democratic Convention who, by repeating into the microphone, "Keep calm. It's under control," averted possible panic and stampeding among 5,000 persons when a newspaper caught fire?

By knowing three simple steps and putting them to work, *you* may be that individual. According to Dr. Joost Meerloo of Columbia University, in his book, "Patterns of Panic," those three steps are *Preparation, Information, Action.*

Preparation: Just as cities, businesses and organizations like the Red Cross function more successfully because they have plans on file for various emergencies, so can you and your family. Good preparation is a mental dress-rehearsal in which you go, step by step, through your actions *should* a particular situation ever arise.

Your planning should help you decide what sequence of action is best; and who, where and in what order of importance and speed are your sources of help.

Let's say you had considered the possibility of being present when someone falls—from a window or a roof. The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company lists falls as the leading cause of home accidents. Mentally, you decided on this sequence of action:

1. Before rushing out, you would phone emergency service.

2. You would grab the nearest blanket or coat, run down, cover the person, and not move him. You would reassure him, quietly. "I've called the emergency squad. They're already on their way."

In planning this sequence of actions, you would probably decide your quickest and primary source of help is a city emergency service —police, fire, ambulance—rather than a doctor who might be out of his office.

Recently, a Los Angeles teenager, ignoring her primary source of help, phoned her father at work when their home caught fire. It took time for him to be summoned. He, in turn, used more time getting through his company switchboard to call firemen. When help finally arrived, the home was gutted.

Different types of emergencies need different plans. If you found a person overcome by gas, you would want to get him outdoors or to an open window first, then call help.

In a fire, your first action might be to rouse occupants. Your quickest source of help might be the fire extinguisher on the wall in your apartment-house corridor. Or you may decide to first call firemen, then run for the extinguisher.

If you think you are the hysterical type who would fall to pieces in such a situation, you'll probably surprise yourself when you have a plan. For the person whose advance mental planning *tells* him what to do is not likely to collapse or waste time standing there shrieking. He is too busy in action.

Information: What information do you need and should you impart to others, for the successful carrying out of your plan?

You would need to know your city's emergency phone numbers. These are usually short, quickly-dialed numbers which appear on the first page of most telephone books, or if you live in a city where all emergency calls are placed through the Operator, you should know that.

Emergency services want only a few facts from you.

1. A *full* street address, plus apartment or floor number, your phone number and name.

2. The kind of emergency and person it happened to. For example: "Elderly woman overcome by gas heater."

If you can define the type of injury, fine. "My baby ate poison" is helpful information. "My baby ate ant paste" even more so. Such detail enables rescuers to come running with the exact equipment or medicine needed for your particular kind of emergency.

3. You should ask, "Is there anything you want me to do until you arrive?"

4. Your last question should be, "Is there anything else you need to know?" Many people excitedly hang up and emergency workers don't know where to call them back.

Fire departments need even fewer facts. "Fire at 10 Washington Street, second floor" is all you need to say to have help on its way.

PROFESSIONAL EMERGENCY handlers say that here are some basic pieces of information we and our families ought to know as well as we know our names.

Oxygen feeds fire. Wool does not burn easily. Guests caught in hotel fires have saved themselves by keeping doors shut, stuffing cracks with wet woolen blankets, kneeling by windows open just wide enough for breathing fresh air.

Lightly burned skin should be greased with burn ointment and covered with a layer of gauze and a bandage. A person with extensive burns should be treated for shock. Until professional help arrives, apply a baking soda solution (three tablespoons of soda to one quart of warm water) with freshly laundered sheeting to the burned area.

Most broken bones are not emergencies requiring speed. They can be set successfully as long as three days afterwards.

Calmness can be as contagious as panic. Repetition, over and over, of short phrases like "Keep calm. Don't shove," has a quieting effect. If there are other calm persons present besides yourself, synchronize your voice and phrasing with theirs. Give concrete, specific instructions, not just: "Call the police," but "Dial 116 for the police."

Action. Don't bother the injured with questions like, "How did it happen?" Ask only those which are absolutely necessary for you to go into constructive action at once.

Always remember—human life comes first, second and third. Property values come last. Many people needlessly risk their lives in efforts to save valuables, suffer injuries for the sake of prized possessions. In an emergency, property values, including the so-called emotional values, should become meaningless.

With some emergencies, your only worthwhile action is to *stay away.* Not only do you hamper relief and rescue work, but you may run *into* danger.

The high fatalities in the explosions that shattered Texas City, Texas, included the curious who, rushing to the scenes of the first explosions, were destroyed by subsequent blasts.

Actually, you may never need most of your emergency plans. But your peace of mind can begin this instant—if you will look in your phone book and learn your police and fire emergency numbers; read the instructions on your fire extinguisher; read the instructions on how to open the emergency door of the bus you ride on; give this article to your family to read.

NEXT MONTH IN CORONET

How to Help Your Husband Get Ahead, by Mrs. Dale Carnegie

Every wife wants to help her mate win advancement and success, but many go about it the wrong way. In this condensation of a new and important book, the wife of one of the nation's most successful lecturers offers some common-sense rules on how and when to help a husband—and, most important, when to leave him alone!

Our Weather *Is* Changing! by Norman and Madelyn Carlisle

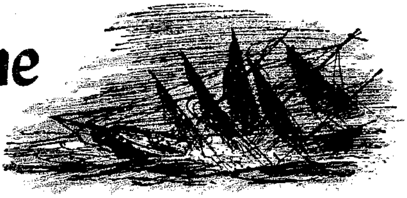
All over the earth, slowly but steadily, the weather is changing—a phenomenon which may revolutionize the living habits of billions of people. In this dramatic article, you will learn what is happening and the reasons —man-made and natural—for this modern meteorological marvel.

On Stardom's Stairway—A Coronet Picture Feature

One of Hollywood's prime assets is its young starlets. Hundreds of girls head for the movie capital every year. They wait for the big break—the role or bit part which will be the first step to stardom. Here, in 16 pages of pictures, is the story of nine young women who have made that start.

The Magic Name

by KATE SMITH



ONE WINTRY DAY in 1664, an Englishman named Hugh Williams boarded the frigate *Menia*, bound across the Channel for France. Violent winds lashed the sea but the vessel bore forward until it was almost within sight of the mainland. Williams breathed more easily.

Then, with the swiftness of lightning, a giant wave swept over the *Menia*. Frantically, Williams clung to the rail, but the fury of the sea tore him loose. With 80 other souls, he was whipped into the churning waters. Crewmen searched the Channel for hours, but only one survivor was found: Hugh Williams.

The years passed. Williams and his remarkable rescue were forgotten when, on a sunny morning 121 years after the *Menia's* tragedy, a pleasure craft wound its way around the Isle of Man in the English Channel.

But while passengers sang and danced, there was panic on the bridge. The captain fought vainly to pull his ship from the rip tides that bore it inexorably toward a great reef, now only yards away. With a groaning sound, the pleasure craft tore itself open on the rocks. Caught in the vicious currents, all hands were sucked out to sea and lost—all but one. A trembling, enfeebled old man pulled himself ashore and staggered to the nearest house for help.

"The ship . . . it's gone down . . . all lost." Then, as blankets were thrown over his shoulders, he started from the beginning: "My name is Hugh Williams . . ."

A remarkable coincidence? Seemingly, but the story wasn't over yet.

On a bright August day in 1820, a band of young Sunday-school picnickers, together with their instructors, set out on England's Thames River for a sightseeing party. Barely had they moved to midstream when the helmsman shrieked a warning. But it was too late: a coal barge, rounding a point of land, slashed into the boat and reduced it to splinters. Children and teachers screamed for help but, of that group, there was help only for a thin, five-year-old lad from Liverpool who bore a charmed name: Hugh Williams.

On another August day, 69 years later, a coal ship foundered in the North Sea. One by one, the crew, vainly treading water, surrendered strength and hope to the relentless sea and vanished.

But two, a grizzled old mariner and his nephew, clung to each other in the darkening waters waiting for help. When, shortly before dawn, a fishing party sighted them and pulled them aboard, they alone remained to tell of that long and lonely night of horror.

The older man was named Hugh Williams, and the boy, his nephew, was his namesake.

Kate Smith stars on the NBC-TV network, Monday through Friday. With the singer on her program is producer-host Ted Collins.

PLANTATION BOSS

by ALLEN RANKIN

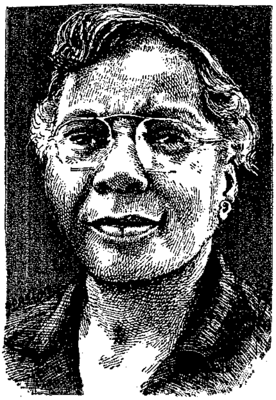
Amelia Jenkins has proved to her fellow Alabamans that enterprise pays off

MOST EVERY AFTERNOON at Loxley, Alabama, a distinguished-looking plantation "boss" of 59 enters her new sedan and drives away from her front door. She is not bound for a cocktail party or bridge game but down dusty back-roads lined with unpainted shacks—to preach progress.

"Take what you have and make what you want," she urges less fortunate or more backward neighbors. And if there is a flicker of doubt on the face of some shack-dweller, her voice grows more combative: "It *can* be done because it *has* been done!"

Since the speaker is graying, matriarchal Amelia T. Jenkins, her listeners have to be convinced. For they remember when "Mother Amelia," as they call her, delivered the same message to them from the back of a saddleless, sway-backed mule.

They recall, too, that just 18 years ago, this ramrod-straight woman lived in an unpainted cabin and owned only 80 scrubby acres of land. Today she is the "Big Boss" of a prosperous 1,109-acre plantation that last year grossed more than $130,000. Moreover, for running her plantation, her 31-year-old son and farm manager, Hilliard P. Jenkins, last year won Tuskegee Institute's coveted National Farm Family Certificate for conducting the most inspiring Negro family farm unit in America.



When Amelia Jenkins says, "You can take what you have and make what you want," even the poorest of her neighbors must listen.

In 1935, Amelia's husband, John Wesley Jenkins, died unexpectedly, leaving her with ten children, the oldest 15, and a $10,000 debt. A lesser woman, facing such odds at 41, might have given up; but Amelia was not the giving up kind. She and her husband, a former railroad section-hand, had just made their big "reach" for a lifetime dream. They had purchased—and owed for—a large tract of timber land they hoped to develop into a farm. But now, John was dead. What could they do?

Amelia did what she had done every morning of her family life. She gathered her seven sons and three daughters around her at the breakfast table and said her usual long prayer. Then she gave them their morning instructions.

"Your Daddy and I had big plans," she told them. "Together you and I are going to carry them out. We're going to keep this land we've bought, and we're going to make something of it, and of ourselves. We're going to be *somebody*. Now," she concluded with a phrase she still uses, "let's put our shoulders to the wheel and all push together."

Until her children were old enough to push with her, Amelia pushed alone. With her own hands, she axed trees, snaked logs out of the woods with mules. She sold the timber and began clearing the land for a farm. Later, she hired a few men to help, but she continued to work with them. She bent her back over a hoe in the cotton fields, started a truck garden and slowly but patiently began to squeeze from beneath the $10,000 debt.

Meanwhile, she pushed her ten children through the Baldwin County Training School, and beyond. "Educate yourselves," she said.

Today, four of the Jenkins sons have finished college and one more soon will do so. One of the daughters is a college graduate and a second is on her way.

The boys have specialized in different subjects, all of which benefit the farm. One took general agriculture; another studied industrial training; a third, business administration; a fourth, veterinary medicine. So that now, the Jenkins family is a self-sufficient "institute of technology," capable of employing the latest scientific farming methods and handling any problem that might arise.

There are good reasons why Hilliard Jenkins, now a 219-pound giant who looks a little like Joe Louis, should have been singled out for the Family Merit Certificate. Hilliard, second-to-the-oldest son, early realized his special role in the Jenkins get-ahead drive.

"I'm bigger than the rest of us," he told his mother upon finishing high school with honors. "I'll quit school now, run the farm and send the rest of us through college."

This he did, and still does, with a cheerful, driving gusto.

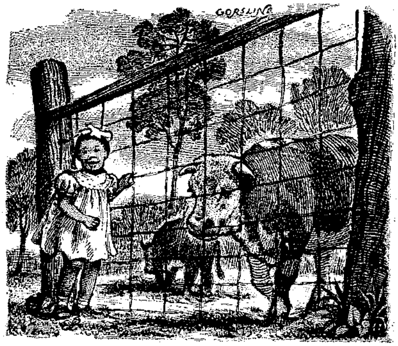
"TIME! TIME!" Amelia has pounded into her children. "Time is the valuable and precious thing! We've got further to go, so we've got to go faster!"

The near miracle the fast-going Jenkinses have wrought is proof that they have not wasted a single second in 18 years; for they farm now not on 80 acres but 1,109, of which 723 they own, 286 they cultivate under contract, and 100 they rent. About 652 acres are in crops, mostly Irish potatoes, and the rest in pasture and woodland. Their equipment includes about $40,000 worth of machinery.

Amelia's high-ceilinged, pine-panelled home has replaced the old family cabin, which has been absorbed into one of three large barns. Nearby is the general store the Jenkinses run for their neighbors and their own farm hands, which, at harvest time, number about 45.

Beyond that is Hilliard's new $16,000 home complete with the latest kitchen and laundry equipment, a pretty young wife and three small children. Hilliard is the first of the sons to marry and build on the plantation.

Amelia still keeps driving her family toward even higher goals. The daily operation resembles an



all-out commando attack, the objective being to take a corn or potato field instead of a beachhead. Up at 4 every morning, the Jenkins sons are often still working their tractors through the fields long after nightfall.

What pleases Mother Amelia most is that Jenkins business—work or play—is entirely a family affair. She is still Big Boss and policy-maker; Hilliard is field commander; John Wesley, bookkeeper; Shelly, assistant farm manager, and Samuel, labor chief.

Even the children away at school or elsewhere have a part in the family progress. Matthew, a junior at Tuskegee Institute, hopes soon to be able to send tips on how to doctor the cattle. Two of the three daughters are now married, one living within walking distance, but all of them exchange home economics information to help run their homes better.

The Jenkinses relax and play like they work. Each night there is a family reunion. They eat together, sing together, play parlor games together, hunt together in slack seasons, pray together, and go to church together, standing, immaculately dressed, in the back of a Jenkins farm truck.

"We enjoy showing people," says Hilliard, "that a Negro can deliver the goods on a quality and quantity basis equal to anyone."

Hilliard recalls how, when he was helping his mother with the small farm, he was dreaming how nice it would be if he could mechanize it in the way he had learned in school. But he lacked money, and he "knew" no good businessman would advance it to a 15-year-old boy.

So he was astounded when a Loxley merchant tapped him on the shoulder one day. "Why haven't you been in to see me, Hilliard?" the man asked. "It's getting to be planting time and I know you haven't any machinery. Drop by the store and I'll credit you with anything you want."

The merchant grinned at young Hilliard's obvious astonishment. "I know your family and a Jenkins' word is good enough for me."

The merchant advanced him, on credit, a disk and digger, a planter and other equipment he needed to get started. "It was the first time I really realized," Hilliard says, "that a family's good reputation is worth more than being rich."

The Bible, not the ledger book, is still the standard for Jenkins business dealings. Their daily board of directors' meeting at breakfast still begins with a prayer, and ends with Amelia's specific instruction to each executive as to how to run his day's work "in the ways of God Almighty."

The Jenkins' share-our-good-luck policy benefits just about everybody in the area. Jenkins' trucks round up the neighborhood children and take them to Sunday school and church, and they carry voters to Bay Minette, county seat 17 miles away, on election day.

"I don't care how you vote," Amelia tells her farm hands, "but vote! You've got to take part in your government to be *somebody!*"

Communism has small chance to impress people on the Jenkins' plantation or in the Jenkins' community. "Communism?" says Hilliard, lecturing plantation workers from the store porch. "Well, folks, I can't help but figure it this way: There must be something wrong with Communists and Communism, or they'd open their Iron Curtain and show us what they're doing!"

There is no curtain of any kind at the Jenkins farm, and hundreds of people, mostly aspiring young farmers, visit it yearly to observe the rewards of hard work and enterprise. Among other things, they sometimes see Negro and white laborers working together at the same jobs, side by side, in harmony. Hilliard has a theory about this, too: "If two men—I don't care who they are—stay together every day, they'll soon find something in each other to like and admire."

The Jenkinses do not stop with theories and speeches. They lay out money to better the living standards of their neighbors. In his small cabin over the hill, a lanky, 41-year-old farmer, Johnny Longmire, beams as he testifies: "I'm competing with the Jenkinses—and they're helping me do it!"

Four years ago, Boss Amelia stormed into Loxley's dilapidated Negro school, which housed six grades in a single room. With righteous anger she noted the slumping walls, the inadequate stove, then descended upon school authorities.

Thanks in large part to her efforts, a safe, modern, three-room structure with a good cafeteria has replaced it; and she is now clamoring for four more rooms—one for each grade—and for a much-needed auditorium.

Recently two neighbors, brothers, were quarreling dangerously and bitterly among themselves, when the community's Big Boss swept indignantly on the scene.

"Stop it! Stop it!" she commanded. And as the brothers obeyed, she ordered more quietly: "Now, put your shoulders to the wheel and push together and become *somebody.*"

As the tractors resumed their chugging, one felt that a great and familiar story was beginning again.

* * *

What's the Meaning?

(Answers to quiz on page 119)

1. No stone has been left unturned; 2. Everything is going up; 3. A girl with a very nice figure; 4. Keep it under your hat; 5. Far away from home; 6. Money on the line; 7. A man and a woman crossing the ocean; 8. Six of one kind and half a dozen of another; 9. A legal separation; 10. Right in the middle of everything; 11. Few and far between; 12. One by one; 13. Take one before each meal; 14. Easy on the eyes; 15. Looking backwards; 16. A day off; 17. Just running around in circles.

MIDDLE AGE:
The Time to Live

by **ZELDA POPKIN**

At no other time during life are there so many opportunities for new achievement

SUSAN, THE YOUNGEST, got married last week. Her parents came home from the wedding, quietly closed the door of her room, dreading the pang of her discarded clothes, the clutter of school-girl treasures on her dresser top. The house seemed empty, a hollow shell.

"Well, Susan's starting a new life," her father said huskily.

"We're alone," her mother replied. "Not a child in the house."

A new life was starting for a beloved daughter and a new life was beginning, too, for her parents. Ahead stretched years which might be lonely, a fruitless struggle to cling to a corner of children's lives, or which might be rich and self-fulfilling. Which it would be, they would learn, was up to themselves.

These years should have been planned for, but they rarely are. We raise families, build homes, as though our children would stay children forever. Yet, at most, the child-raising years add up to thirty out of the span of a life. In the prime, the big job is finished and done. Then comes forced retirement from active parenthood.

For numerous women, this is the only job they have ever had. For men, it has been the incentive, the goad to success. Inevitably, the day arrives when the children are off on their own. There are less mouths to feed, less clothes to buy, the home has a vacant room. And loneliness weighs on the heart. A dutiful telephone call, an occasional dinner together, are poor substitutes for the fullness and closeness of family life.

It is a universal affliction, this loneliness, this new emptiness. But it has its certain cure. The cure is the rediscovery of the world, trying its doors, finding the one which leads to fresh achievement, new knowledge, new fields of service. A great writer stated it simply, "Cross your life with other lives."

Middle age is no handicap. It can be an asset. I know. I was there.

In the year in which my first grandchild was born, I was enrolled in law school, my first serious novel was published, and I made my first trip to Europe on an important post-war mission. It was an exciting and wonderful year. By all the old rules, it had no right to be. Tradition had decreed I should be tucked away on a shelf, growing useless and overweight.

My husband had died three years before. The family-size house we had lived in was sold. My children were married, with homes of their own. Middle-aged and alone, I might have been one of seven million widows, serving time in a spare-room or tiny apartment, cut off from the world of laughter and living, a burden, emotional and financial, on family and friends.

I was none of those things, for I had made a momentous discovery. I had learned that the middle years are the years of the second chance. Any door in the world might be open to me if I walked in, unafraid, willing to risk disappointment, discomfort, danger. Middle age can meet those perils, since, having measured itself against life, it knows its own strength, knows what it is seeking and the values of what it is searching for.

A generation ago, these years were the beginning of the end. Quietly, yet so swiftly the statisticians haven't got at the phenomenon, the outlook for middle age has begun to change.

A pattern of American living is breaking up. Two generations ago, it was fixed. American families lived in large houses. Married children remained under the parental roof. When Father retired, he puttered, did chores in the garden, went fishing or rocked on the porch. Mother became Grandma, helping to raise the babies, doing the cooking and getting in everyone's hair. A widowed mother couldn't be left on her own. She became an unpaid baby-sitter in the houses of kin.

Since it is a rule of living that no kitchen is large enough for two women, related, one by blood, the other by marriage, to the same man, I chose to live alone. Like many people, I had wanted to write and like many women who marry young, I had merely nibbled at the edges of a career.

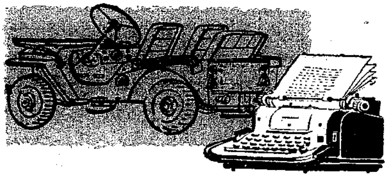
Now, when a day stretched ahead, without family meals to get and household tasks to be done, there was quiet to plan a long piece of fiction, an uninterrupted working day, and a storehouse of experience to write into books. The assets were all on my side.

There were seven evenings in every week; the evenings had to be filled. Lawyers' shop talk had always fascinated me. I often had said, "If I ever have time, I'll study law."

I called my own bluff, added up the old school credits, and qualified for law school. I sharpened my mind on legal logic and enjoyed refreshing contacts with youth.

At the end of the year, a war agency asked me to go abroad. I was free to say "yes." Being alone was a coin of two sides. One face was loneliness, the other was independence.

For six months, through a bitter winter, I moved about a war-bat-



tered continent, in jeeps, trucks, army planes, railroad cars without heat, water, or light. I didn't get tired and I didn't get sick. Fatigue, I found out, is frequently boredom in disguise, and a lively interest more sustaining than vitamin pills.

My experience isn't unique. It is part of the trend. Within this generation, we have begun a revolution in the meaning of middle age. The forties, the fifties, the sixties are refusing to climb on the shelf.

FOR EVERY PERSON, whatever his background and previous experience, there is a beckoning door. For one it is study, or a new sort of work; for another it is travel, or human welfare. In every man's heart rests an unfulfilled dream, regretfully buried in youth, beneath the demands of a "practical" world.

A Southern businessman told me wistfully that he had wanted to be a scholar, to study and teach ancient Greek. "I wanted to marry," he added. "I needed an income. My father's business was there. I stepped into it. It's done well by my family. They've not lacked a thing. No one has been cheated—but me."

Many a man's selection of his life-work was not his own choice. It was a parental decision, the force of their ambition for him, which made him a doctor or lawyer or businessman. The normal desire to get married, the need to pay rent kept his nose at the uncongenial grindstone. With the pressures now removed, with material needs diminishing, he can, if he wishes and isn't afraid, finally make a free choice. There is time enough, one third of a life-time, to make the old dream come true.

A couple I know who had been successful New York advertising people abandoned the skyscrapers and cocktail parties. In a pleasant country house, they set up a small business, woodworking, refinishing old furniture. "We're out of the race," they wrote me. "We work with our hands. That's what we've always wanted to do. We're creative and content at last."

A man in his sixties recently came into the offices of the New York Adult Education Council, an organization which lists 20,000 "offerings"—classes, courses, workshops, hobby groups, each a door to a wider world. He announced he was going to college. "My wife and I talked it over," he said. "We decided we can't take our money with us. We're going to spend it on what we want most—education."

Middle age has streamed back to the classroom, to high school as well as college. One out of five adults enrolled last year for special courses in New York University's Division of General Education were 40 or more. One time, the colleges bragged of their child prodigies, the 15-year-old genius in the graduating class. Today they point with pride to the student, aged 82, awarded his doctorate, the novelist in his fifties, who has just received his B. A.

The wife of a department storeowner in the Middle West told me she had just enrolled as a freshman in a local college. "Middle age," she said emphatically, "is the best time to get your education. In your twenties, you have other things on your mind. Sex, for example, and finding someone to marry. Philosophy, history, economics, great books all are thrown at you while you're too confused and distracted to absorb their meaning and worth."

The long-treasured dream may have been for travel. The train and the ship, the plane and the bus, are waiting, comfortable, safe, and not always costly. And there is time enough now to go leisurely and there is perspective for deep enjoyment. On shipboard, you watch the sea, enjoy its changing beauty, reflect on its eternal quality. It gives you refreshment and hope. But when you're young, you're as restless as that sea. You wonder how fast you'll get across and reach the other side.

Or the dream may have been to serve humanity, to cross one's life with other lives in need of adult compassion and care. I like especially to think of the Gray Gentlemen. A retired bank executive was the first. Back in 1931, he came into the Brooklyn Chapter of the American Red Cross and asked for a chance to be useful. His assets, he said, were banking experience, the hobby of stamp collecting, and a desire to serve.

He took the prescribed Gray Lady's training course and went into the wards of veterans' hospitals. There were sick men who had tax problems, money problems. He became their advisor. He shared his stamp hobby with others. He broadened his own interests and made new friends. Three times a week, he still makes his hospital rounds, and has seen the door he pushed open provide a broad avenue of usefulness for many men.

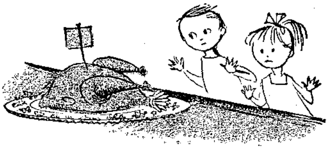
"I first went into this work out of patriotism," a volunteer worker said recently. "In an army hospital I met a boy who was badly wounded. I did a little thing for him and for the first time in weeks, he smiled. Why, I thought, if a little kindness that I can do is that important to someone, I'm going to stick."

Human service, however, is a two-way street. You get as much as you give, often more. "Lonesome?" a motherly white-haired social worker paused in her rounds to answer a question. "How can I be? I've a new family to love. An enormous one. What more can I ask?"

Savory Suggestions

A NEW YORK delicatessen displayed a mouth-watering roast turkey in the window, underneath which was a sign: "Please don't lick the window." —HENRY W. PLATT

HAND-LETTERED SIGN appearing over a fruit stand:
Melons—Your Choice 69c
Our Choice 59c
—FRANCES RODMAN



LABEL on carton sent out by man who sells brook trout by mail: "If not delivered in five days . . . never mind. . . ." —CBS

SIGN in a tiny cafe: "Why bother to get married when MY wife will cook for you?" —HY GARDNER

Australia's Great Barrier Reef Is . . .

The Ocean's Wonder-World

by CAROL BURKE

OFF THE NORTHEAST COAST of Australia lies a world where nature has loosed the full measure of her creative bounty. There, species which are small in other regions grow to giant size and those which are elsewhere dull and drab are clothed in vivid colors.

This miracle of growth and coloration takes place under the sea, in dense, silent forests whose trees are brilliant branching coral and whose birds are tropical fish flashing in and out of underwater grottos. In its gardens flower sea anemones which look like dahlias, chrysanthemums, azaleas.

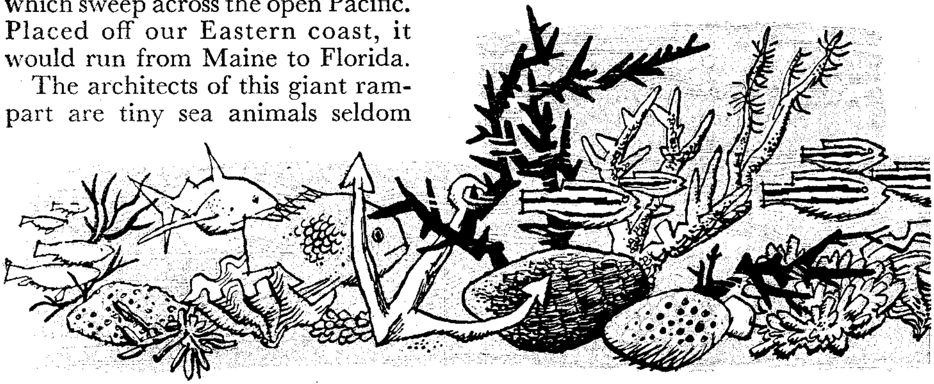
Such is the beauty locked behind the Great Barrier Reef, one of the earth's natural wonders. A breakwater half a continent long, the Reef stretches 1,250 miles from New Guinea to Sandy Cape, Queensland, and shields 80,000 square miles of tropic seas from the rolling swells which sweep across the open Pacific. Placed off our Eastern coast, it would run from Maine to Florida.

The architects of this giant rampart are tiny sea animals seldom larger than the head of a pin. Called coral polyps, they multiply by the million in the bright Australian waters. A single polyp resembles a lump of animated jelly, with a ring of tentacles sprouting from one end. It would perish without trace except that it surrounds itself with a hard skeleton of lime.

Since groups of polyps cluster together in colonies, their skeletons merge into rigid structures of myriad shapes and hues. Some branch into slender, graceful stems like the horns of a stag; others grow into compact boulders, spikes or shrub-like clumps.

Every pastel shade is represented in infinite variety. A colony may be tinted one solid color, or its edges may contrast with the main mass, forming striking combinations of green and lavender, buff and blue, salmon and yellow.

When coral dies, its colors disappear and its flesh is washed away by



ocean currents. But the skeleton endures. Upon its hard substance new generations continue to live and build, extending laterally to form a reef, in a crescent or a circle to form a coral island.

To the mariner, the reefs have always been a region of surprise and sudden danger. Without warning, a Southeaster may scream down to transfer a friendly, sun-washed sea into a lashing menace. Then a ship fights for its life as it threads a perilous course, battling sea and wind which drive it closer and closer to the treacherous coral banks.

Caught in such a gale, a lugger was stuck fast against a reef. Her crew were certain of disaster when, suddenly, a rolling wave swept the ship over the reef into calmer water beyond. There they waited out the storm only to find, as the skies cleared, that their refuge had no exit. They were trapped in the lagoon of a perfect coral island.

Since their only recourse was to dig a canal to the open sea, they began to hack through the barrier. One of the sailors unexpectedly thrust his shovel against an object that resounded with a metallic ring.

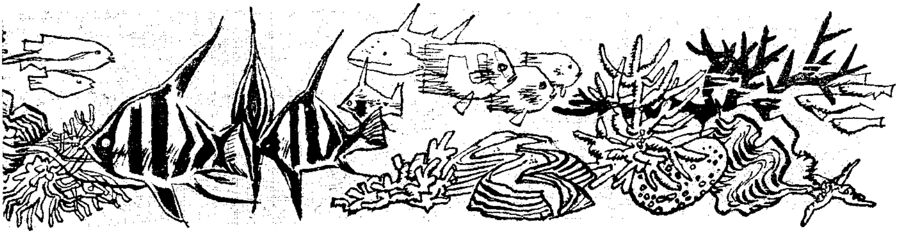
Further excavation turned up a brass cannon and a hoard of silver coins—mute traces of a ship which had been wrecked on that same reef a century before. Relentlessly the coral had continued to build, embedding the relics in its structure.

Clams which can be picked up by the handfuls on our own shores grow six feet long in Reef waters. Even in the pre-historic era of dinosaur and flying reptile, no larger clams existed. They rest quietly on the ocean floor, slightly parted to reveal the fleshy folds, or mantles, which edge their shells. As the tide ebbs or an enemy approaches, the clams snap shut with the strength of a great steel trap. To pry them open again requires a crowbar. To lift them takes the concerted efforts of four or five men, for the record weight of a shell is over half a ton.

Everywhere the crab population runs riot. The most powerful is the robber, which thrives on coconuts. In a departure from customary shellfish behavior, it climbs palm trees 60 feet high to open the fruit with its mammoth claws.

True to name, soldier crabs march in formation, swinging neatly to right and left like an army on maneuvers. But run toward them, and they scatter in an instant to take refuge in the sand. They dig in sideways, their blue bodies twisting round and round like a drill.

Not long ago, a marine biologist was collecting shells which lay in thousands on the beach of a coral island. Carefully he carried a selection to high ground, then left it there for half an hour. When he



returned, he was startled to find that his shells had disappeared.

They had literally walked away, for they were tenanted by hermit crabs, perhaps the most numerous species on the Reef. Since the hermit's own covering shields only part of its body, it protects itself by backing into a shell abandoned by another creature. At the first sign of danger, it withdraws completely, invisible in what seems to be a lifeless shell.

In deep waters, pearl luggers sometimes sight areas gaily flecked with pink, yellow and green, as if hundreds of pieces of painted driftwood were bobbing lazily on the surface. Yet as the boats draw near, the "wood" comes to life and streaks downward to the ocean depths. For the colorful patch is really a school of sea snakes, banded in colors which conceal them among the corals.

The largest sea reptiles in the world, they come close to the legendary sea serpents with which early mariners peopled the unexplored oceans. They occasionally reach 15 feet in length and are as thick as a man's thigh. Because it takes strong poison to kill the cold-blooded fish they devour, their venom is about the deadliest known to science. When they strike a man, they need strike but once.

THE FIRST European to claim possession of the Barrier Reef was Capt. James Cook, explorer of Australia. As his ship rounded the northeastern horn of the continent, he found himself trapped inside a coral buttress of undreamed-of length. He anchored his ship and climbed a hill on the mainland.

As far as his eye could see, the Reef stretched into the southern distance, breaking surf revealing its presence even where it did not reach the surface.

Fortunately, Cook sighted one of the only two breaches in the Reef deep enough to allow an ocean-going ship to pass from the inner channel to the open sea. He sailed back to England to tell with wonder of the mighty natural ramparts off his new continent.

A favorite sport of Reef visitors today is riding on the back of green turtles. Every summer, the female of this species comes ashore to lay her eggs in the sand. As she shuffles slowly back to the water, a rider can easily mount her horny back. By sitting astern, he can counteract the turtle's tendency to dive and continue his ride hundreds of yards out to sea.

Not all the inhabitants of Reef waters rely on size alone for survival. Among its denizens are many smaller fish and animals which depend on cunning. Close to shore, the cylindrical squid slides through the water, trailing its tentacles.

Since it has no weapons, the squid wins its battle for existence by cleverly blending with the life around it. So quickly does it turn from one hue to another that the chameleon is a rank amateur beside it.

Ordinarily, the squid is in full control of these changes, but when it is harassed, a veritable rainbow of colors sweeps over its surface unchecked. Then it clouds the water with a murky, black fluid and glides unseen to safety. Near the outer reefs, squid grow to a record 50 feet.

With only its tail submerged, the needle-fish skims across the water with lightning speed. The archer shoots its insect prey from over-hanging trees with a drop of water. The box-fish grows a hard, square skeleton *outside* its body.

The mermaid of sea legend may have had her birth in Reef waters. For the dugong, resident there, is remarkably human in its ways. These mammals roll and tumble through the water like children at play. When one of a pair is killed, the survivor grieves for days, swimming forlornly about the spot where its mate died. The mother dugong is often seen protectively hugging her young to her breast with a flipper. From these antics, scientists believe that early sailors fashioned the legend of the beautiful fish-tailed maidens.

Yet everyone who has seen the dugong's profile at close range admits that the sailors compounded their ideal of one part reality and three parts wishful thinking, for the face of the animal bears an unmistakable resemblance to the walrus.

Marine products from Reef waters currently yield only a fraction of the potential output. Of the thousand varieties of fish which thrive in the region, at least 250 are edible. With air freight, tuna fishing alone could develop into a highly lucrative industry. Even the sand on the coral shores can be turned to profit, for its properties are ideal for the making of glass, porcelain and cement.

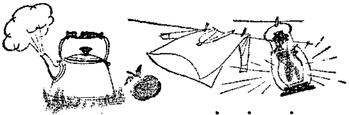
Native divers plunge to the bottom of the coral waters for sponges and oysters. If the risk is great, so is the reward, for there is always the chance that they will find wealth in the form of a large pearl.

Quick to exploit the lure of their natural wonderland for sportsmen the world over, the Australians have installed air service from the major airline terminals on the mainland directly to the largest islands in the Reef region, where tourist facilities have been erected which rival the best American establishments.

The big-game fisherman can pit his skill against the strength of marlin, Spanish mackerel which frequently tip the scale at 80 pounds, and quarter-ton sharks. There is swimming in sheltered lagoons, and the more casual visitor can glimpse the coral world close to shore from the security of a glass-bottomed boat.

Cruising the deeper waters of the Reef offers a tireless enchantment to the adventurer who has learned the whim of wind and sea in this inexhaustible land where danger lurks just beneath the face of beauty.

Beginnings . . .



A SHIRT waving on a clothesline was the beginning of a great balloon, forerunner of the Zeppelin.

A SPIDER WEB strung across a garden path was the inspiration for the suspension bridge.

A TEAKETTLE singing on the stove suggested the steam engine.

A LANTERN swinging in a tower gave rise to the pendulum.

AN APPLE falling from a tree was the cause of discovering the law of gravity.

If you think you can't do much, and that the little you can do is of no value, think on these things.

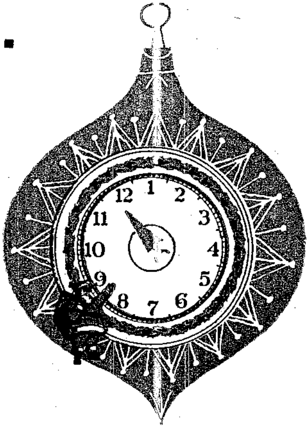
—*Tales of Hoffman*

(See the Gift Finder section, starting on page 6)

for easy shopping . . .

coronet christmas gift finder stores . . .

headquarters
in your area
for your
family's
holiday
shopping



New York City
Macy's Herald Square
Macy's Flatbush
Macy's Jamaica
Macy's White Plains
Macy's Parkchester

Alabama
Birmingham . . . Pizitz
Huntsville . . . Dunnavant's
Mobile . . . C. J. Gayfer Co.

Arizona
Nogales . . . La Ville de Paris

Arkansas
El Dorado . . . J. F. Sample Co.

California
Berkeley . . . J. F. Hink & Son
Crescent City . . . Daly's
Eureka . . . Daly's
Lakewood Center . . . Lakewood Center
Long Beach . . . Buffums'
Los Angeles . . . May Co., Broadway
May Co. Crenshaw
May Co. Wilshire
May Co., Lakewood
Oroville . . . City of Paris
Pacific Grove . . . Holman's
Petaluma . . . Carithers
San Diego . . . Whitney's
San Francisco . . . Macy's, San Francisco
San Jose . . . Hart's
Santa Ana . . . Buffums'
Stockton . . . Dunlap's Stockton Dry Goods Co.
Vallejo . . . Levee's
Watsonville . . . Charles Ford Co.

Colorado
Denver . . . Daniels & Fisher

Connecticut
Hartford . . . Brown Thomson, Inc.
Norwich . . . Reid & Hughes

Florida
Miami . . . Burdine's
Tampa . . . O. Falk's

Georgia
Atlanta . . . Davison-Paxon Co.
Augusta . . . J. B. White & Co.
Columbus . . . Kirven's
Savannah . . . Levy's of Savannah, Inc.

Illinois
Chicago . . . Mandel Brothers State Street
Chicago . . . Mandel Brothers, Lincoln Village
Chicago . . . Evergreen Plaza
Chicago . . . Lincoln Village Shopping Center
Herrin . . . Herrin Supply Co.
Joliet . . . The Boston Store
Peoria . . . Block & Kuhl Co.
Rock Island . . . McCabes
Waukegan . . . The Globe

Indiana
Fort Wayne . . . Earl Groth & Co.
Frankfort . . . The M. B. Thrasher Co.
Gary . . . H. Gordon & Sons
Hammond . . . Edward C. Minas Co.
Michigan City . . . Carstens Bros.

Iowa
Des Moines . . . Younker Bros., Inc.

Kansas
Arkansas City . . . The Newman Dry Goods Co.
Dodge City . . . Eckles
Prairie Village . . . Prairie Village
Topeka . . . Crosby Bros.

Kentucky
Danville . . . Hub Frankels

Louisiana
Alexandria . . . Wellan's
Bastrop . . . Chas. Snyder, Inc.
New Orleans . . . D. H. Holmes Co.
Opelousas . . . Abdalla's
Shreveport . . . Rubenstein's

Maine
Portland . . . Porteous Mitchell & Braun Co.

Maryland
Baltimore . . . Edmondson Village Shopping Center
Frederick . . . Kemp's

Massachusetts
Gardner . . . Goodnow Pearson Co.
Haverhill . . . The Sceva Speare Co.
New Bedford . . . The C. F. Wing Co.

Michigan
Coldwater . . . J. B. Branch & Co.
Detroit . . . Crowley's

Escanaba . . . The Fair Store
Muskegon . . . Hardy-Herpolsheimer's
Traverse City . . . J. W. Milliken, Inc.

Minnesota

Albert Lea . . . Skinner, Chamberlain & Co.
Hibbing . . . G. R. Herberger's, Inc.
Virginia . . . Ketola's
Winona . . . H. Choate & Co.

Mississippi

Biloxi . . . W. V. Joyce Co.
Canton . . . Levy's
Cleveland . . . The Lamar Shop
Greenville . . . The Fair
Gulfport . . . Northrop's
Jackson . . . The Emporium
Vicksburg . . . The Valley Dry Goods Co.
West Point . . . Pryor's

Missouri

Carthage . . . Ramsays
Fulton . . . W. E. Blattner & Son
Kansas City . . . Emery, Bird, Thayer

Montana

Billings . . . Hart-Albin Co.
Great Falls . . . Buttrey Associates, Inc.
Helena . . . Fligelman's
Lewistown . . . Power Mercantile Co.

Nebraska

Columbus . . . Geo. Schweser's Sons, Inc.
Fremont . . . Geo. Schweser's Sons, Inc.
Grand Island . . . S. N. Wolbach Sons, Inc.
Omaha . . . J. L. Brandeis & Sons

New Hampshire

Lebanon . . . Currier & Co.
Littleton . . . Macleod's Shops

New Jersey

Bloomfield . . . Lipton's
East Orange . . . Muir's
Millville . . . Fath's
Montclair . . . Louis Harris
Newark . . . L. Bamberger & Co.
Plainfield . . . Rosenbaum's
Rahway . . . Koos Bros.

New Mexico

Albuquerque . . . Hinkel's
Clovis . . . Hinkel's
Roswell . . . Hinkel's
Santa Fe . . . Hinkel's

New York

Albany . . . W. M. Whitney & Co.
Batavia . . . The C. L. Carr Co., Inc.
Buffalo . . . Sattler's
Ithaca . . . Rothschild's
Jamestown . . . Bigelow's
Rochester . . . E. W. Edwards & Son
Salamanca . . . Fitzgerald Bros.

North Carolina

Greensboro . . . Ellis Stone
Wilson . . . Oettinger's
Winston-Salem . . . Davis, Inc.

North Dakota

Bismarck . . . A. W. Lucas Co.
Devils Lake . . . Manns, Inc.
Minot . . . Ellisons
Valley City . . . The Fair Co., Inc.

Ohio

Dayton . . . The Elder & Johnston Co.
Lima . . . The Leader
Lorain . . . Smith & Gerhart, Inc.
Newark . . . John J. Carroll
Steubenville . . . The Hub
Toledo . . . The Lion Store
Wooster . . . Freedlanders

Oklahoma

Altus . . . Russell's
Ardmore . . . Daubes'
Okmulgee . . . Ramsay Dry Goods Co.
Tulsa . . . Vandevers

Oregon

Portland . . . Lipman's
Salem . . . Miller Mercantile Co.
The Dalles . . . A. M. Williams & Co.

Pennsylvania

Allentown . . . H. Leh & Co.
Altoona . . . The Wm. F. Gable Co.
Bethlehem . . . Bush & Bull
Braddock . . . The Famous
Connellsville . . . The Troutman Co.
Donora . . . Boston Store
DuBois . . . Troutman's
Harrisburg . . . Pomeroy's
Honesdale . . . Katz Bros., Inc.
Lebanon . . . The Bon Ton
Philadelphia . . . City Line Shopping Center
Pottstown . . . New York Store
Scranton . . . Scranton Dry Goods Co.
Uniontown . . . N. Kaufman's, Inc.
Warren . . . Mitzger-Wright's

South Carolina

Batesburg . . . Garber's, Inc.

Lancaster . . . Robinson Cloud Co.

South Dakota

Aberdeen . . . Olwin Angell
Mitchell . . . Baron Bros.

Tennessee

Chattanooga . . . Lovemans, Inc
Clarksville . . . McNeal & Edwards Co.
Jackson . . . Holland's
Johnson City . . . King's Inc.
Maryville . . . Proffitt's

Texas

Abilene . . . Minter's
Fort Worth . . . Monnig's
Galveston . . . Robt. I. Cohen
Houston . . . Foley's
Midland . . . Hinkel's
Port Arthur . . . Bluestein's
Taylor . . . T. W. Marse Co.

Utah

Provo . . . Taylor's

Vermont

Burlington . . . Abernethy's

Virginia

Charlottesville . . . C. H. Williams & Co.
Newport News . . . Nachman's

Washington

Bellevue . . . Bellevue Shopping Square
Spokane . . . The Crescent
Tacoma . . . Rhodes Bros.
Vancouver . . . Caplan's

West Virginia

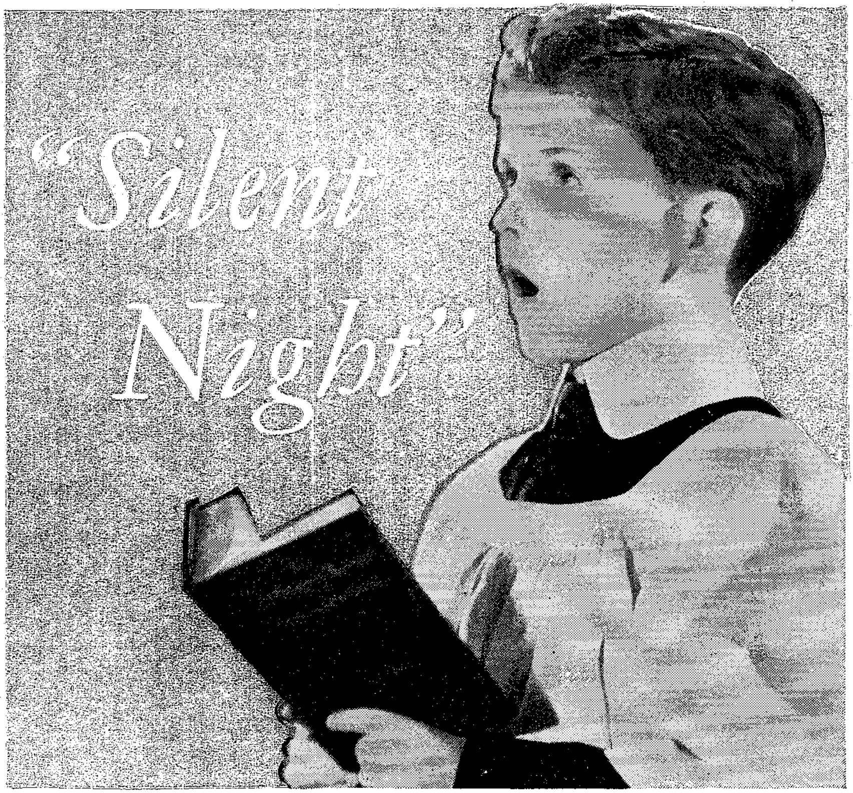
Bluefield . . . Hawley's
Clarksburg . . . Watts-Sartor-Lear Co.
Logan . . . Logan Mercantile Co., Inc.
Wheeling . . . Stone & Thomas

Wisconsin

Beloit . . . Chester's
Cudahy . . . Dretzka's
Eau Claire . . . Samuelson's
Madison . . . Harry S. Manchester, Inc.
Milwaukee . . . Boston Store
Reedsburg . . . The Big Store
Superior . . . Roth Bros. Co.
Wausau . . . Winkelman's

Wyoming

Cheyenne . . . The Fashion



Coronet's magnificent new Christmas film . . .

. . . a beautiful visualization of the beloved carol—now, for the first time, an outstanding 16mm sound motion picture.

Here is the true-to-life story of *Silent Night*—a poem first composed in 1818—and how it traveled from the remote villages of the Alps throughout Europe . . . and finally to the farthest corners of the world . . . to become a tradition as beloved as Christmas itself.

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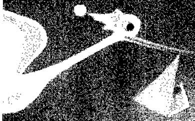

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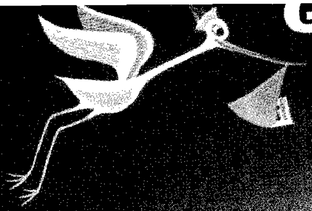

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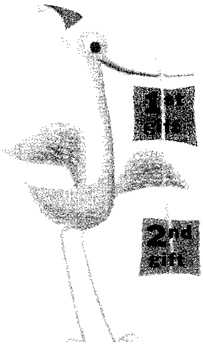

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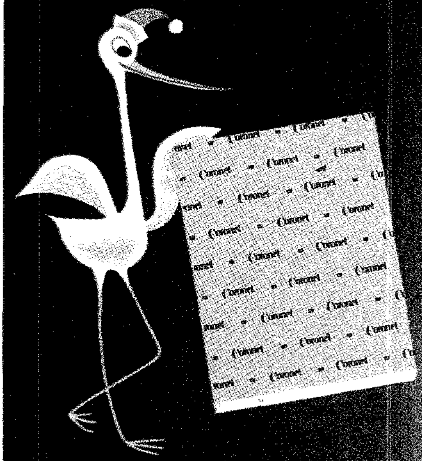

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Grin and Share It

IN A CERTAIN backward community where shoes are mostly for Sunday wear, a candidate employed this ingenious electioneering technique: To each voter who turned a sympathetic ear to his campaign promises he gave a single shoe, explaining, "You promise to vote for me, but I'm not certain you'll do it. So I'm giving you one shoe only. If I'm elected, I'll come back and give you the other one!"

He was elected by a landslide.

—ARBUTH ARUNDALE

THE GREAT MOVIE PRODUCER got home early one morning to find his wife awaiting him angrily. Stamping her feet, she demanded to know where he had been.

"Well," replied the producer, "we previewed the new picture and afterwards I got to talking to the leading lady. She's very lovely, dear. We had a few drinks and she said she wanted me to see her apartment. Well, you know how that goes—one thing led to another, but here I am, dear."

"Don't lie to me, you louse!" exploded his angry wife. "I know you've been out all night with the boys playing gin rummy!"—*The Seafarer*

MRS. THEODORE ROOSEVELT, the younger, after having been absent from home for several days, wired her husband to meet her at a certain station. Hurrying to be on time, Colonel Ted arrived at the station just in time to see the train whiz through at great speed. Somewhat bewildered, he stared at the speeding cars and was more astonished to see his wife on the back platform waving an important looking envelope, which she threw at him.

Scrambling about in the bushes into which the envelope had fallen, the Colonel finally found and quickly opened it. He was amused and somewhat relieved to read: "Dear Ted: This train doesn't stop here."

—*Thesaurus of Anecdotes*, edited by Edmund Fuller, copyright 1942, by Crown Publishers

TWO ULTRA-CONSERVATIVE Englishmen were shipwrecked. For a long time they swam alongside each other, neither saying a word. Finally one hazarded:

"Pardon me for speaking to you without being introduced, but can you tell me the nearest way to Southampton?" —*Louisville Courier-Journal*

A GROUP OF MEN were working on an excavation where there was danger of flooding. Suddenly the foreman called, "All out!" Every man leaped out of the trench. Then at the command "All in!" they jumped back and resumed work.

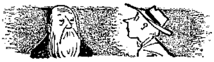
These orders were repeated several times in rapid succession until the district supervisor, standing nearby, was puzzled. At length he asked the foreman, "What's the idea? There isn't any water coming in there."

"No, sir," explained the foreman, "but those fellows dig a lot more dirt out with their boots than with their shovels!" —ELEANOR C. WOOD

THE PROFESSOR'S CLASS in English literature was comprised largely of the college's first-string athletes. He asked one muscular hero, "Will you describe some of the characters mentioned in Tennyson's 'Morte d'Arthur'."

The great man roused himself from a reverie, hesitated a moment, and then ventured: "Well, I guess first of all, there was old Mort himself!" —*Wall Street Journal*

A FEW YEARS AGO in a town in the Deep South, the local chapter of the Ladies' Aid Society decided to bring a little sunshine into the state prison by writing cheery letters to the inmates. One lady didn't quite know how to go about addressing a man she knew only by a string of numbers. But finally she achieved what she happily believed to be a measure of friendliness: "Dear 688395," she wrote. "May I call you 688?" —*Crustene Courier*



A NEWSPAPER sent a reporter out to buttonhole male passersby and ascertain their views on the Woman of Today. One of the first men to be interviewed confessed to the ripe old age of 101.

"What do I think of women today?" he repeated with a cackle. "Son, I quit thinking about women almost two years ago!" —Vallejo (California) *Times-Herald*

A MAN was driving past a lake in a park at the time when the park attendants were putting swans, geese and ducks into the water. Interested, he parked his car and sauntered over to the water's edge to watch.

As one of the attendants opened a crate and released some birds, he asked, "How do you know which are the geese and which are the ganders?"

"We don't," replied the attendant. "We just turn them loose and then let them figure it out for themselves." —*Typo-Graphic*

AT A DINNER in London, a visiting American and the English lady seated beside him were discussing the cordial relations existing at this time between their respective countries.

"And to think," the American remarked, "that in 1812 we were deadly enemies. Why, the invading English destroyed many of our historic shrines and even burned Washington."

"My word!" the English woman exclaimed. "I knew we had burnt Joan of Arc, but I never heard that we had burnt Washington!" —JOHN R. MANSFIELD in *The Sign*

TAKING A LIKING to a certain Chicago florist, Al Capone, the gangland czar, commissioned him to prepare and deliver the fancy and expensive wreaths he always

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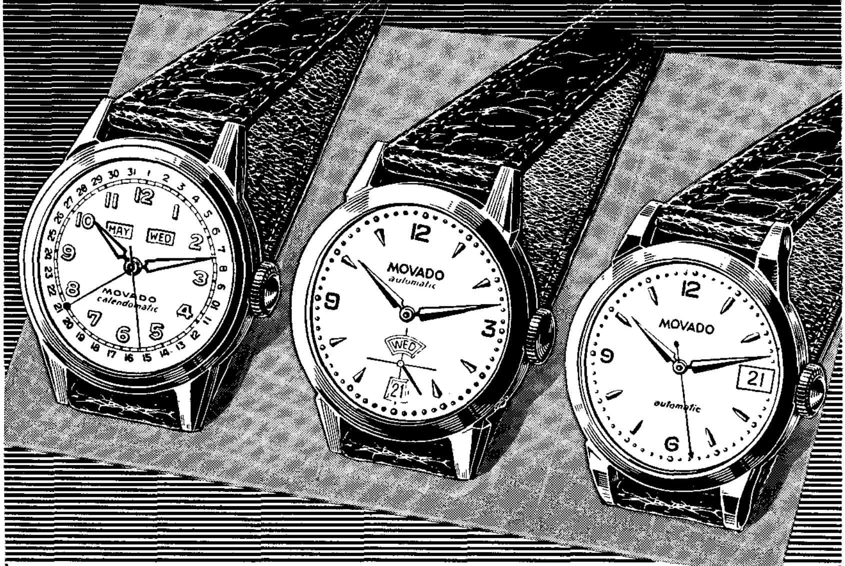
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Capone insisted that his floral offering not only be the most lavish but also the first to arrive, a form of camouflage intended to show that the departed was, indeed, a very dear friend.

The florist, in his desire to please, slipped up once—and the wreath arrived before the police had even identified the body!

—Irv Kupcinet (*Chicago Sun-Times*)

An old lady was having her eyes examined. The optician held up a card with the letters XZPTVCH, and asked her if she could see them clearly. She said: "I can see them clearly, but I can't read Russian."

—*Homeward Bound*

A lovesick but suspicious sailor bought some stationery for his sweetheart with her name and address printed thereon.

"Will that be all?" asked the salesgirl.

"No, just to make sure, you'd better print on each sheet, 'Dear Herbert'."

—*L. & N. Employees Magazine*

One day, an old man who had lived in the same house for 50 years surprised his neighbors by moving into the house next door. Reporters were sent to see why he had moved. When they asked him, he replied, "I guess it's just the gypsy in me."

—*Capper's Weekly*

A businessman whose wife was a rabid video fan was housebound with a sprained ankle. After a couple of days, he complained more and more bitterly at the frequency and length of the TV commercials.

"I don't see how you can stand them all morning long, day after day," he told his wife.

"Stand them?" she replied. "Heavens, if it weren't for those commercials, I'd never have a chance to get any work done!"

—*Sunshine Magazine*

A pretty blonde told her boy friend she would marry him when he had saved $1,000—cash. Five months later, as June rolled around and many of her friends were planning to become brides, the blonde asked how the fund was building.

"I've saved $35," the boy said.

"Okay," she said brightly. "That's near enough."

—Ben Hayes in the Columbus (Ohio) *Citizen*

It was lunchtime. The elderly clerk opened his sandwiches, looked at them, and exclaimed bitterly, "Cheese sandwiches! Always cheese sandwiches!"

"Why don't you ask your wife to fix you another kind of sandwich?" a colleague asked.

"Who's married?" said the man indignantly. "I make these sandwiches myself."

—*Irish Digest*

At a carnival I watched a horse perform on a piano. To the amazement of all, he played beautifully. "How did that horse ever learn to play?" I asked.

"How does anyone learn?" the

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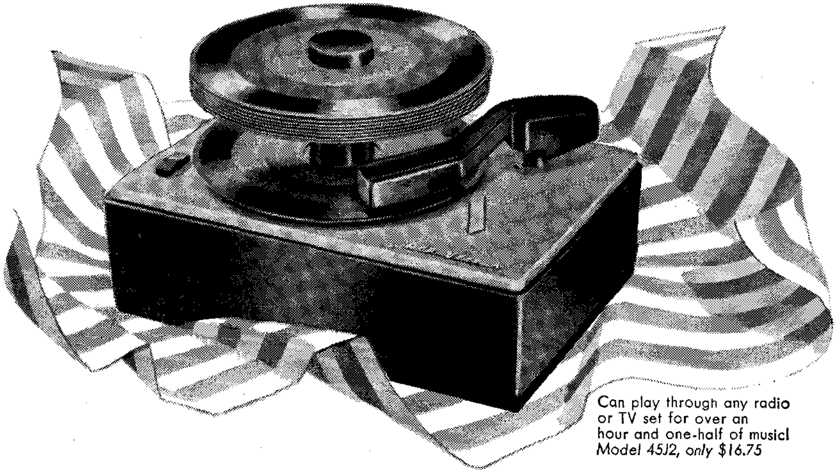

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manager replied disdainfully. "He took lessons!" —Jan Murray

Ossy Renardy, the young violinist, likes to tell of the time he was a child prodigy and rehearsed a concert piece. The conductor, directing a particularly romantic portion, roared at the musicians: "Men! Haven't you ever loved a woman? Think of her, with ardor, with passion! I want you to play like that." Then he pointed his baton at the 12-year-old Renardy, and said: "And you, boy—you play from the notes." —Leonard Lyons

An army lieutenant recently received from his fiancée a snapshot taken on a beach and showing two couples smiling contentedly while his girl sat alone at one side, forlorn and lonely. The accompanying letter explained that this was how she was fretting away the time until he returned.

At first the lieutenant was delighted, displaying it proudly to several fellow officers. That night, however, after studying it a long time in silence, he turned to his roommate. "Carl," he said, "I wonder who took that picture."

—*Automotive Dealer News*

A man who wanted to borrow $5 was told that the bank did not lend such small sums.

"But lending is your business isn't it?" he demanded.

The banker admitted it was.

"Well, I have good security and I want to borrow $5."

Finally the banker agreed to make the loan. When the note was drawn and the interest of 30 cents calculated, the borrower drew from his pocket $10,000 worth of Government Bonds and handed them over as security.

Before the banker could recover from his astonishment, the stranger completely bowled him over with: "Now, this is something like it. At the other bank they wanted to charge me $10 just for a safety deposit box to keep these things in."

—*Commonwealth Comments*

A fellow who is a bit of a—let's face it—pain in the neck was inspecting a case of stuffed birds at the home of an ornithologist friend. Peering into one case he sniffed, "What's that thing?"

"That," the bird fancier replied, "is a snipe."

"It's certainly not *my* idea of a snipe," the man snapped.

"Maybe not," his friend smiled, "but it's God's idea of a snipe."

—Robert Budge (*Quote*)

The male half of a dance team was pleading with a producer. "You never saw anything so sensational. At the finish of our act I take my partner by the hair and whirl her 'round for 20 spins. Then I wind up by heaving her through an open window!"

"Heave her through an open window?" the producer repeated incredulously. "Do you really do that at every performance?"

The dancer shrugged, "Well nobody's perfect," he admitted. "Sometimes I miss." —*Montreal Star*

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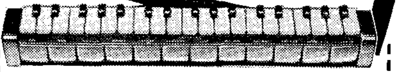

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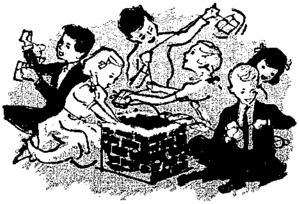
RECREATION

CHRISTMAS GAMES



CHRISTMAS BELONGS TO THE CHILDREN. Make it even more fun for them by planning games ahead of time to relieve the boredom of adult conversation after Christmas dinner—or to make a small-fry party a real success.

Even the adults may want to join in this one. Wrap an inexpensive and silly present in about a dozen layers of paper and ribbon. Then have everyone sit in a circle on the floor, while music is played on the record player or piano —Christmas carols are perfect for this. The package is passed from person to person, and every time the music stops (which should be frequently, and for just a few seconds), whoever is holding the present tries to unwrap it. Of course, each piece of ribbon and paper must be removed separately, which is likely to make this a long and hilarious process. The one who finally unwraps the package keeps it as his prize.

For older children who can read and write, there's fun in playing "Feel the Stocking." Several Christmas stockings are stuffed with bulging and oddly-shaped objects. These are passed around the circle, with each contestant being allowed about a minute to decide what he thinks is causing the bumps and knobs. He writes his list down, then passes the stocking to the next person. When everyone has had a chance, the stockings are emptied, present by present, and the child having the most nearly correct list wins.

It's a good idea to alternate quiet, sitting-down games with others giving young guests a chance to move around and work off excess holiday energy. Have the group form a circle, standing shoulder to shoulder. The person who is "It" stands in the center, and the others pass a small, tinkly bell around the outside of the circle, where "It" can't see. "It" has to listen carefully, and catch the person who has the bell. That child then becomes "It."

Since children are easily bored, try to stop each game at the peak of its popularity, and go on to another. If you wait until interest has faded, the children are likely to say, "Aw, we didn't want to play anymore, anyway."

There's a variation on the classic "Pin the Tail on the Donkey" which is sure to be a success with children of all ages. Divide the group into two teams. On the wall in front of each, fasten a Santa Claus on cardboard. These Santas, however, are minus arms, legs, eyes, noses, ears and beards.

Each team is given its quota of "finishing touches," and the object is to pin them as close to the place they belong as possible. The first person in each team is blindfolded, and given the part he is to pin in place. Then it's the next child's turn, and so on. At the end, the judges decide which team has come closest to producing a recognizable Father Christmas.

The perfect way to end any Christmas party is with a distribution of presents—little things the children can take home with them. Make Santa's chimney by covering a cardboard carton with red crepe paper, or the kind which has the bricks already marked on it. A coating of snow can be provided by a band of fluffy cotton, pasted around the top. Into this box put the wrapped presents, with a ribbon firmly attached to each one. Make the ribbons long, and tangle them with each other. To get his present, a child has to follow his ribbon, untwisting it as he goes—and trying to keep out of the way of his friends, who are as eager as he is.—JANE TUCKER

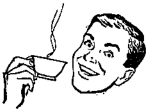
Tired of getting up dead tired?

New medical findings revealed! You may actually be "starved" for the RIGHT KIND of sleep

AT BEDTIME and especially during the long nighttime hours without food, your brain may become *starved* for blood sugar, your vital "sleep food." Result: You may feel too nervous to *go* to sleep, too restless to sleep *well.*

How you can help your body get the "sleep food" it needs. Take something before bed that will help maintain your blood sugar supply. Sweet, sugary foods are too quickly burned up . . . but the new Postum Nightcap is ideal. Made with INSTANT POSTUM and hot milk, a drugless Postum Nightcap is good-tasting, safe—helps assure a *slow, steady* supply of "sleep food" . . . the kind that helps give you more refreshing sleep *tonight*, a brighter, more productive day *tomorrow.*

The new Postum Nightcap is safe and so easy—try one tonight! If the *right* kind of sleep is a problem for you—get yourself a jar of INSTANT POSTUM and try the new Postum Nightcap tonight. It's easy—just a teaspoon of INSTANT POSTUM in a cup of hot milk. See if you don't sleep better, *nights*—wake to more energetic *days*. Remember, too, that POSTUM is a great mealtime beverage—no caffein, no "Coffee Nerves"!



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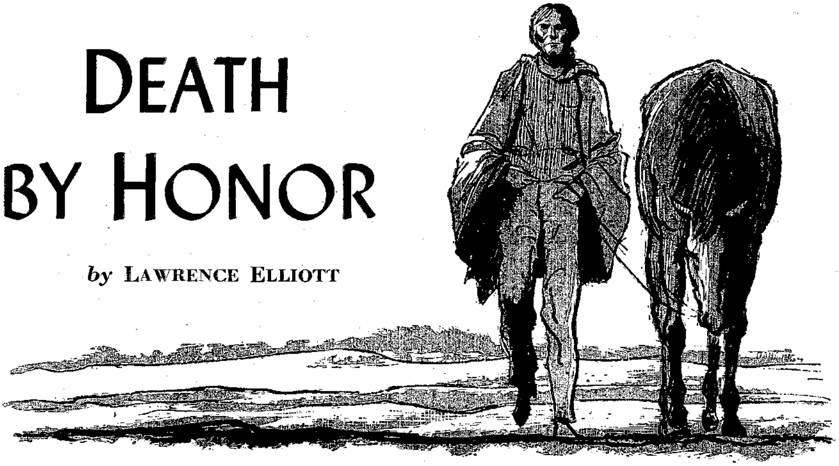

Only the Indians knew why a convicted killer voluntarily returned to meet his fate

By mid-morning the grass plain was covered with people. Choctaw braves and their women stood with white settlers who had driven their wagons across the great prairie. It was November 5, 1894, and they had come to see a man die.

The man's name was Silan Lewis. He was a Choctaw. Two years before, a squabble over a tribal election had flared into violence and Silan Lewis had led a band of men on a rampage through the opposing party's settlement. Four officials had been killed and the raiders arrested.

Many men were tried for the crime, but then Silan spoke: "I alone am to blame."

His trial was held in the old council house. A Choctaw judge listened to the evidence. Then he looked into the eyes of the prisoner and pronounced sentence:

"Silan Lewis, you have been granted a fair trial by the high tribunal of the Choctaw Nation. Clothed by the great power of Our Father, it is my duty to sentence you to be executed by rifle shot at high noon on the fifth day of November, 1894."

In the hawk face of Lewis, not a muscle moved. He muttered acknowledgment of the sentence, then strode, alone, from the room.

No one made a move to stop him. Lewis mounted his pony and rode off into the scrub pine on the hillside. It was June, 1893.

By the Choctaw code a man might be punished in only one of three ways: by a fine for minor offenses, by the whiplash for thievery, and by the bullet for murder. The fine or whiplash was to be administered on the day of judgment, the bullet after the prisoner had made his peace with the world.

But in all the Oklahoma Territory where Choctaws lived, there was not a single prison. The elders had patterned their codes after

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those of the U. S. Government, but with this one exception.

"You cannot enclose the spirit of a Choctaw in a stone cell," they said. "His guilt is imprisonment enough. And if he must die, he will return on the appointed day."

So it was that in June, 1893, Lewis rode into the hills in the custody of his conscience, bound only by honor to return on the day of judgment a year and one half later.

Now the day had come, and a settler spoke to a Choctaw: "Why do you think he will return? In all these months, he could have made his way to Canada."

"White man doesn't understand," the Choctaw replied. "In his heart, he is already dead. He will return."

The sun was directly overhead when a sharp-eyed Indian boy pointed to the foothills. There, a man on foot was leading his horse onto the grass plain. It was Silan Lewis.

Straight and tall, he walked up, tied the pony to a tree and went to sit on a blanket that had been placed on the ground.

One deputy took Silan Lewis' arms and extended them to the side. Another dipped his finger in a can of ochre and painted a crude circle over the prisoner's heart.

A dozen paces away, a squad of Choctaws raised their Winchester rifles. For a moment they sighted. Flame crackled from the muzzles. Silan Lewis slumped forward and fell to the blanket.

For half a minute, the great crowd stood motionless, speechless. Then, slowly, they began to walk from the plain. It was over. Choctaw justice had been done.

Statement of the ownership, management, and circulation required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Acts of March 3, 1933, and July 2, 1946 (Title 39, United States Code, Section 233), of CORONET, published monthly at Chicago, Illinois, for October 1, 1953. 1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher, Gordon Carroll; Editor, Fritz Bamberger; Managing Editor, John Barkham; Business Manager, A. L. Blinder, 65 E. South Water Street, Chicago, Illinois. 2. The owner is: ESQUIRE INC., 65 E. South Water Street, Chicago, Illinois. Stockholders: The Smart Family Foundation, 65 E. South Water Street, Chicago, Illinois; David A. Smart Trust, c/o City National Bank & Trust Company, 208 So. LaSalle Street, Chicago, Illinois; Continental Illinois National Bank & Trust Company of Chicago and Gaby Dure Smart, Executors of the Estate of David A. Smart, Deceased, 231 So. LaSalle Street, Chicago, Illinois; Estate of Alfred Smart, 65 E. South Water Street, Chicago, Illinois; John Smart, c/o Continental Illinois National Bank & Trust Company of Chicago, 231 So. LaSalle Street, Chicago, Illinois; Edgar Richards, 2754 Monte Mar Terrace, Los Angeles, California; Florence Richards, 2754 Monte Mar Terrace, Los Angeles, California; Vera Elden, c/o Continental Illinois National Bank & Trust Company of Chicago, 231 So. LaSalle Street, Chicago, Illinois; Northern Trust Company, John Smart and Edgar Richards as successor trustees (Sue Smart Trust, Joan Elden Trust, and Richard Elden Trust), 50 So. LaSalle Street, Chicago, Illinois; A. L. Blinder, 5 Horseguard Lane, Scarsdale, New York; Continental Illinois National Bank & Trust Company of Chicago, Trust Under Trust Agreement dated 8/30/45 with Helen Mary Rowe Gingrich "T", 231 So. LaSalle Street, Chicago, Illinois. Stock to the extent of more than 1 per cent is registered in the names of the following company, but the company is a nominee for a number of stockholders, no one of whom is known to own 1 per cent or more: Sutro Brothers Company, 120 Broadway, New York, N. Y. 3. The known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None. 4. Paragraphs 2 and 3 include, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting; also the statements in the two paragraphs show the affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner. A. L. Blinder, Business Manager. Sworn to and subscribed before me this twenty-third day of September, 1953. (SEAL) Leon Pearle. (My commission expires March 30, 1954.)

PHOTO CREDITS: 53-60 Three Lions; 85-6, 90, 93, 98, 100 Culver Service; 89, 97 George Eastman Collection; 94 National Archives; 133 Alexander Kahle; 134-5 Lee Weber; 136-7 top & bottom, 138 Culver Service; 137 center, Penguin Photos; 139 U. S. Navy; 140 M-G-M.

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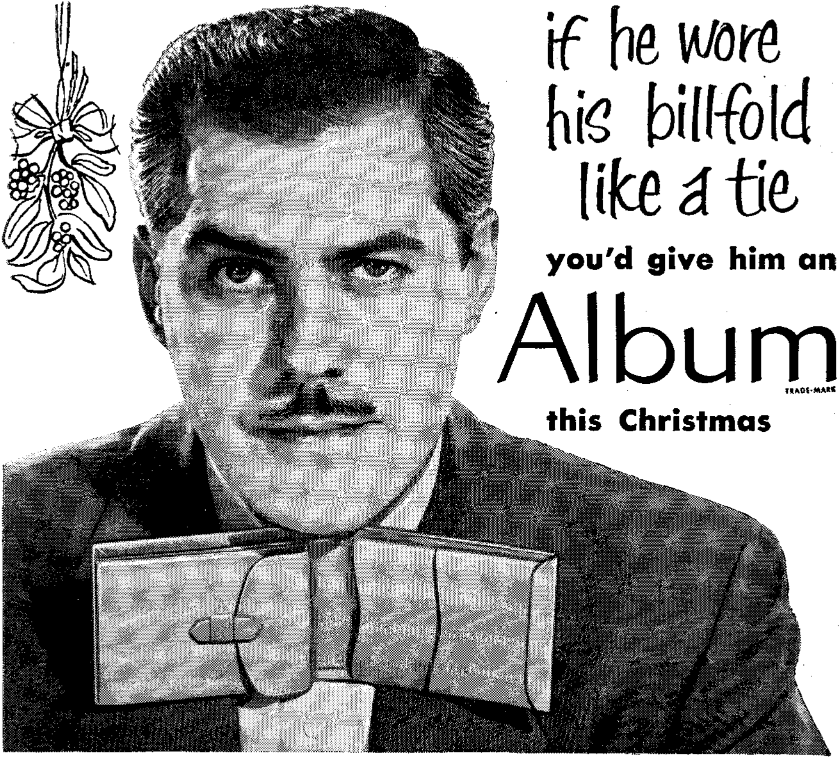


if he wore his billfold like a tie

you'd give him an

Album

TRADE-MARK

this Christmas

because his billfold *is* as important as his tie! The ALBUM holds from 2 to 32 cards and photos without bulging. In luxurious leathers. At leading dealers' from $5.00* to $25.00*

And tell him you'd like
the new ladies' Album
$5.00 and $7.50**

EXCLUSIVELY

Enger-Kress
WEST BEND, WISCONSIN

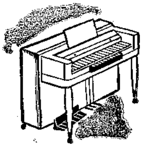
**plus tax*

CORONET GIFT FINDER

Children, Recreation

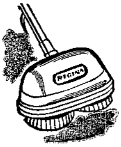
Once an active boy or girl has graduated from the tricycle stage, you can be sure of just one thing: he or she will want a bicycle. And since cycling is a healthy, year-round sport, why not get one this Christmas? Columbia has between-size Juveniles especially built for safety and, for older boys, The Newsboy Special with a built-in kick stand. Both fully guaranteed.

Home, Entertainment, Cultural



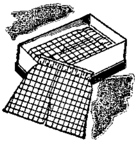
The family piano will become the center of attention with the addition of two instruments now available. The Hammond Solovox, $375, gives instrumental effects like the violin, flute and clarinet, while left hand is free to play the usual piano accompaniment. The Lowrey Organo enables you to get organ music, organ and piano combined, or piano alone. Priced at $695.

Feminine, Practical



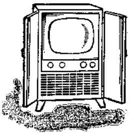
If there's a kitchen in the house and a housewife in the kitchen, only one more thing is needed to make them both brighten up: an electric floor-polisher. Regina's Model S Twin-Brush, $67.95, including tax, will do the scrubbing and the polishing. Weighs under 17 pounds, works smoothly and quickly on wood, linoleum, tile and terrazzo floors, as well as on many above-floor surfaces.

Masculine, Personal



The *really* well-dressed man is immaculately attired beneath his suit, too. As a rule, underwear is strictly a personal gift. But Fruit of the Loom Guaranteed Underwear has put out a Christmas-banded box of six pairs of under-shorts, so colorful and Christmasy that you can give them to any man on the list. Tartans, stripes or polka dots, elastic or gripper waist, $4.10.

Home, Entertainment



The new TV console models are the handsomest and most enjoyable furnishings you could hope to have in your living room. Sylvania features the "Stratford," a 21-inch mahogany model, about $450. Zenith has a 24-inch in modern ebony finish, high-fidelity speaker. Called "The Dynasty," it costs $599.95. RCA Victor's "Nassau" has a 27-inch screen and mahogany finish, $650.

Family, Practical

Even Junior's painfully written English compositions will look better when they're typed. For your children as for yourself, a typewriter is a great aid to neatness and a remarkable time-saver. Underwood's "Finger-Flite," $97.50, has curved keys designed to fit the fingertips. Remington's "Quiet-riter," also a portable, has operating controls usually found only on office machines, $105.

(*Continued on page 188*)

"Wherever I go, my new Capri really sends me!" says BOB HOPE

See BOB HOPE in
HERE COME THE GIRLS
Color by TECHNICOLOR
A Paramount Picture

WORLD'S SMALLEST, LIGHTEST, 3-SPEED PHONOGRAPH

Duosonic Capri

All-plastic, three-speed, portable phonograph with exclusive, true-to-life Stereosonic Sound®

$29.95*

*Slightly higher in the west.

*Pat. Pending

Wonderful, Wonderful Gift Idea!

The Capri, the Perfected Portable
Plays All 7", 10" and 12" Records

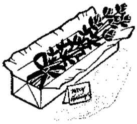
- WORLD'S SMALLEST, LIGHTEST, 3-SPEED PHONOGRAPH
- NEW EXCLUSIVE STEREOSONIC SOUND
- FEATHERWEIGHT PICKUP
- DUAL NEEDLE RETRACTABLE TONE ARM*
- LONGLIFE OSMIUM NEEDLE
- DECORATOR COLORS

Here it is at last—the **perfected** portable all-speed, all-plastic phonograph with revolutionary new Stereosonic Sound! You have to **hear** it to believe its amazing tone. You have to **see** it to appreciate its beauty. You have to own it to enjoy the finest value of them all!

SONIC INDUSTRIES, 30-30 NORTHERN BLVD., LONG ISLAND CITY, N.Y.

CORONET GIFT FINDER

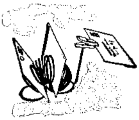
Feminine, Personal



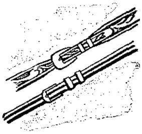
The flowers which bloom in 1953 are just as sweet and old-fashioned as those which bloomed a century ago. Few new inventions on the flower market—not a petal has been added in years—but flowers remain one of the loveliest tokens of remembrance. The 7,500 members of the Florists' Telegraph Delivery Association will, as always, deliver them for you all over the U.S.A.

Home, Practical

There are people whose desks are always neat, who always have notepaper handy and know in just which drawer they put the doctor's bill. For the other 95 per cent of the population, the Salt & Pepper Shop, 445 E. 86 St., New York City 28, has an item you can order direct: The "Letterbug," in wrought iron, holds all the memos and bills you please, $1.25.



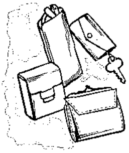
Masculine, Personal



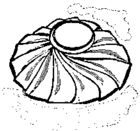
If clothes make the man, accessories make the clothes. A warm scarf to fit with his winter coat is a fine gift, and can be had in a wide selection of fabrics and knits. Belts are another item which men seldom bother to buy for themselves, but appreciate having. A Paris belt in molded saddle leather, with a pearline tongue buckle for initials, is available at $3.50.

Feminine, Practical

The lady whose handbag always seems to bubble over may need only some incentive to keep it neat—an incentive which you might provide by giving her purse accessories she can be proud of. Enger-Kress has a matched set in the finest leather. A key case, cigarette case, eyeglass case and French purse (which doubles as a billfold) make up the ensemble, at $11.25. Six unusual colors.



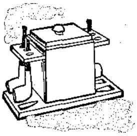
Home, Practical



Tops among the good things that come in small packages is a new kind of hot-water bag, which will work overtime by doubling as an ice container in the summer months. Made of nylon, the Walker Double-Duty bag dries in a wink, weighs just four ounces and is leakproof. Its size is deceptive for, when expanded, it holds two full quarts of water. Sells for $2.98.

Masculine, Personal

The pipe-smoker is no ordinary smoker. He has problems all his own. And various companies, recognizing this, have come up with special equipment. For his car, small tobacco pouches are available from $1 to $2. For the home, a handsome caddie-and-humidor set can be obtained by writing to Greenhall, 509 Fifth Avenue, N.Y.C., 17. Holds six pipes and one pound of tobacco, $3.50.



(*Continued on page 190*)

"I have a LOWREY ORGANO in my home, and I think *It's a Marvelous Instrument*"

Liberace

Yes, You Can Enjoy Easy To Play ORGAN MUSIC

in your own home this Christmas

It's new—it's different—it's years ahead of time—it provides full authentic organ tone as well as beautiful new sound possibilities, including organ and piano together.

The LOWREY ORGANO is so easy to own—so easy to play—so compact that the smallest home can have both organ and piano.

This magic electronic instrument fits your piano—plays from the same familiar keys. See why so many Stars are choosing this new music. Listen to the LOWREY ORGANO at your dealers. Get information, today; send the coupon.

Price—Standard Model, Only $695.00.

West Coast—Slightly Higher

LOWREY ORGAN DIVISION
Central Commercial Industries, Inc.
332 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago 4, Ill.

Gentlemen:

☐ Please send complete information on the LOWREY ORGANO for my present piano.
☐ Please arrange FREE demonstration.
☐ Send information on complete built-in models.

Name______________________________

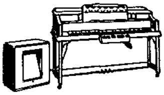
Address______________________________

City________________Zone______State________

Canadian Representative: Ed. Archambault, Inc.
500 Ste. Catherine St., E., Montreal 7, MT-3

LOWREY
ORGANO®
CHICAGO

For Everyday Enjoyment



"My 12-year old son and 9-year old daughter are the ones using the ORGANO. They are not permitted to use the ORGANO during their regular practice periods, it is an extra, and they both enjoy it, and derive great benefit from it. Myself, I enjoy it immensely to listen to the children."

Dr. E. E. Dunlap, Box 217
San Diego, Texas

Built-in models available from dealers who sell

JANSSEN

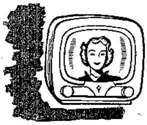
STORY & CLARK

IN CANADA

MASON & RISCH PIANOS

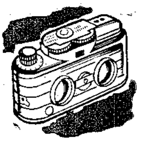
CORONET GIFT FINDER

Home, Entertainment



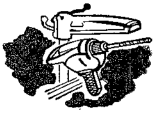
The best shows on television—the ones that deserve your viewing time—also deserve to be seen on the best TV sets available. Table models come in many styles, many sizes. Motorola's has a 17-inch screen, sells for $180. Admiral's 21-inch screen model retails at $200. General Electric offers model 21T20, with genuine mahogany panels and a 21-inch screen, for $329.95.

Hobbies



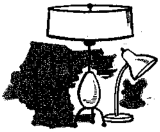
Cameras are available in a tremendous variety of styles, prices ranging from under $5 for a beginner's model to $400 for the professional. A new stereo camera will take full-color pictures at a lower cost than black-and-white snapshots for an ordinary camera. Called the View-Master Personal Stereo, it has the additional virtues of being easy to operate and costing only $149.50.

Masculine, Children, Practical



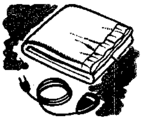
For the man of the house, or the youngster who is anxious to follow in his footsteps, home-workshop tools make a splendid leisure-time gift. Junior will thrill at the chance to do a man's work, and his father will thrill at the saving of labor costs on home repairs. Fine tool sets can be had for under $20, and an all-purpose kit, complete with drilling accessories, comes to about $50.

Home, Practical



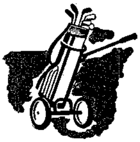
Lighting fixtures are always popular Christmas gifts, and the most popular of all this year may be the gooseneck lamp. But if you want to give something very special and unusual, choose between the stagecoach lamp, which hangs on the wall and comes with a rust-proof finish for possible outdoor use, and a table lamp designed with modern simplicity of line.

Family, Practical



It's during winter weather that people most appreciate electric blankets and that the blankets, aware of their usefulness, are most happy to be of service. The new custom-contoured automatics are designed so as not to bind the feet and to stay put all night. One-control models for either twin or double beds are under $50, and the double-bed two-control models just under $60.

Masculine, Feminine, Sports



Special devices for the golfer: For those who would like to know how many miles they walk on the golf course, there is the Golf-O-Meter, $6, which is fitted with a clip to attach to belt or pocket. The Golfscope, $1, is a pocket range-finder on which the golfer can read the distance to the green. A rubber-tired cart, about $30, holds all equipment, solves caddie problems.

(*Continued on page 192*)

When you're asked: "where did you get such exquisite playing cards?" It's because you chose Duratone the original plastic coated playing cards

AT BETTER STORES ALL OVER NORTH AMERICA

ARRCO PLAYING CARD CO · CHICAGO · TORONTO

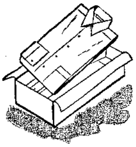
CORONET GIFT FINDER

Home, Entertainment

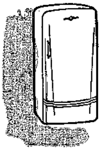
Something new and unique is on the market, just for record lovers: a machine you attach to your radio, phonograph or TV set, to play records at any speed. Your old records will last longer with this new device to baby them, and they will be played oftener when you can listen hour after hour without reloading. Called the RCA "Victrola" three-speed attachment, it costs about $50.

Masculine, Personal

For that alarmingly self-sufficient male in your life, the man who has *everything*, get a full box of shirts. If you happen to be the man's wife, this will also be a present for you. The next time the laundry is late, there'll be a few extra shirts waiting in that drawer. Van Heusen offers something new—the Century shirt, $3.95, with a soft one-piece collar that won't curl or wilt.



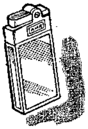
Home, Practical



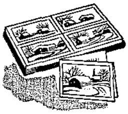
The average housewife walks many miles a day. You can save your favorite homemaker one of those miles by giving her a refrigerator which knows what is expected of it in a modern kitchen. Here are just a couple of tricks a well-trained refrigerator should be able to perform: defrost automatically, and carry a month's supply of food in the freezer compartment.

Masculine, Practical

Whether he uses pipes, cigars or cigarettes, a lighter will make his smoking more enjoyable. Among the many styles to choose from are pencil lighters, about $10; cigarette cases with lighters attached, $10 and up; and combination table and pocket lighters which run as low as $3. For the pipe smoker, there are special two-way lights with reversible flame.



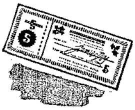
Friends



Even Dad can give Christmas presents a decorator's touch with new Hallmark Gift Trims. They are the clever, three-dimensional trims that can be glued to the top or side of any package after it is wrapped. And don't overlook the sparkling collection of Hallmark Gift Wraps—papers, tags, seals, ribbons—available in coordinated sets, or separately, wherever Hallmark Cards are sold.

Everyone

If, after looking through the Gift Finder columns, you still cannot find the perfect gift, or if you have discovered so many perfect ones that you can't choose between them—don't despair. Department stores all over the country will be standing by until December 24, to help you fill out Gift Certificates for any amount you care to spend. Then the recipient can make his or her own decision.



(*See page 170 for list of stores featuring Gift Finder selections*)

She might be yours...

...with all the good things to make her life a full and happy one...

Or, she might belong to a family impoverished by the tragedy of war, born in the rubble of its aftermath. She might lack even the most essential clothing and food for this formative first year.

It is not unusual in many war-scarred countries for a baby to have only a few pieces of tattered clothing wrapped around her to keep her warm. Many a baby boy or girl must survive this winter in a damp, barely furnished, unheated room. Thousands of babies need help NOW while they still have a chance for a healthy childhood.

It takes so little to sponsor one of these babies. For four dollars a month you can have food and all the essential clothing needed for that first year, sent to a baby in Austria, Germany, Greece, France, Lebanon, Italy or Korea. *The Save the Children Federation*, with twenty years of experience, will do all the buying, packaging and mailing for you. Full information about the baby you sponsor, a photograph, and the name and address of the baby will be sent to you.

A contribution of $10 will buy a complete layette for a baby, including diapers, shirts, a sweater, wool blanket and other necessary items, delivered overseas. Please remember a needy baby this Christmas.

SCF

SCF National Sponsors include: Herbert Hoover, Thomas J. Watson, Faith Baldwin, Mrs. Wendell L. Willkie, Dr. Ralph W. Sockman, Norman Rockwell, Rev. Daniel A. Poling, D.D., Mrs. Mark Clark.

SAVE THE CHILDREN FEDERATION C-3
Carnegie Endowment International Center
United Nations Plaza, New York 17, N. Y.

• I would like to sponsor a baby boy ☐ girl ☐ in________(country). I will pay $48.00 for one year (or $4.00 a month). Enclosed is payment for the full year ☐ the first month ☐.
Please send me the baby's name, picture and address.

• I cannot sponsor a baby, but I want to help by giving $________.

Name________

Address________

City________Zone______State________

Contributions to the **Save the Children Federation** are deductible from income tax.

The Save the Children Federation is a non-profit, non-sectarian membership corporation organized in 1932 to serve underprivileged children without regard to race, creed or color.

THANK YOU . . .

VOICE OF FIRESTONE

"From that memorable night on December 3, 1928 to the present, you have never ceased to bring us the world's finest music, presented by the most gifted artists of the operatic and concert stages.

"This month marks your *25th Anniversary* as radio's oldest coast-to-coast musical program and also affords you the honor of being called an "Old-Timer" in the comparatively new medium of Television.

"Such distinguished names as Eleanor Steber, Lily Pons, Rise Stevens, Lawrence Tibbett, Nelson Eddy, Richard Crooks, Lauritz Melchoir, Gladys Swarthout, Ezio Pinza and many, many others have graced your stage and brought us countless hours of truly great musical pleasure!

"Thank you again and congratulations on your 25th Silver Anniversary!"

THE PEOPLE OF AMERICA
AND
THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY

Radio and Television, Monday night

THAT'S A TRANSISTOR, ***invented at Bell Telephone Laboratories.*** This tiny electronic device can do many things that vacuum tubes can do and more besides. Though little larger than a coffee bean, it can amplify electric signals 100,000 times.

She's Holding a Five-year-old Granddaddy

The ***Transistor*** was announced only five years ago but it is already the daddy and granddaddy of many promising offspring. All of the uses of this tiny electronic device stem from its invention at Bell Telephone Laboratories.

A recent issue of *The Reader's Digest* calls it "The Fabulous Midget" and reprints these words from *Science News Letter:* "In less than half a century, the electronic tube has changed the world. The effect of the transistor on our lives may be equally potent."

The Bell System, in accordance with its established policy of making all of its inventions available to others on reasonable terms, has licensed forty companies to make and sell transistors. These include makers of advanced equipment for defense, as well as radios, television sets, hearing aids and a wide range of electronic apparatus.

One of the first uses of the ***Transistor*** was in the electronic equipment which enables telephone customers to dial Long Distance calls from coast to coast.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

Be with Them
This Christmas
Say it with Flowers-By-Wire

FLORISTS' TELEGRAPH DELIVERY
Send Flowers Worldwide
INTERFLORA

Say "Merry Christmas" this tender, graceful way . . . with Flowers-By-Wire through F.T.D.

It's easy! No crowds of shoppers to battle . . . no worry about "right size" or "becoming style." Just phone or visit your F.T.D. Florist. He *guarantees* delivery . . . when and where you want it!

Look for SPEEDY and the MERCURY EMBLEM. They identify the right shops all over the world.

FLORISTS' TELEGRAPH DELIVERY ASSOCIATION
Headquarters: Detroit, Michigan

Sheaffer's
new SNORKEL® pen
World's ONLY
clean-filling pen
...from $7.50

WORLD'S FINEST PEN ~
YET NOT A COSTLY GIFT

Sheaffer's is universally recognized as the *quality* pen. The name is known and respected the world over. Yet Sheaffer's are priced so anyone can give this prestige . . . this craftsmanship and flawless performance. For the finest gift of its kind—a gift that speaks deep esteem—give Sheaffer's.

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